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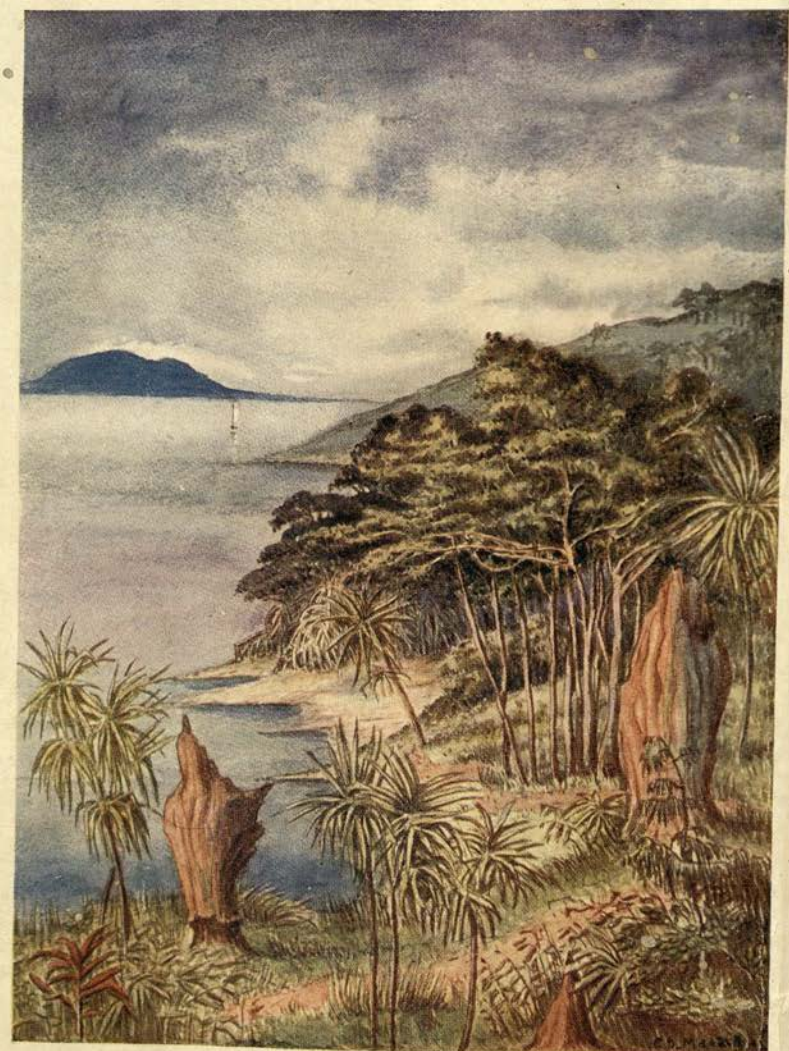
SCENTED ISLES AND CORAL GARDENS



ANT-HILLS AND PANDANUS TREES, TORRES STRAITS.

(Frontispiece.)

SCENTED ISLES AND CORAL GARDENS

TORRES STRAITS, GERMAN NEW GUINEA AND THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

By C. D. MACKELLAR

AUTHOR OF "A PLEASURE PILGRIM IN SOUTH AMERICA"

"I AM haunted by numberless islands, and many a Danaan shore,
Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow come near us no more;
Soon far from the rose and the lily, and fret of the flames we would be,
Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoyed out on the foam of the sea!"

W. B. YEATS

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PREFACE

THE letters contained in this volume were written some years ago, and were not originally intended for publication. They describe at first hand a fascinating part of the world, which is visited by few people, and under conditions which have passed or are rapidly passing away.

It is curious to look back on the opinions expressed and the facts stated just as they happened at the time, for if here and there, in brackets, changes have been noted or comments made, it has been best to leave it all as originally written. People of intelligence can always discern where real changes have taken place, or where time must inevitably alter circumstances, things, and places. There have been many changes, yet, curiously enough, not nearly so many as one might have expected, and Progress in places has made little way. These letters are the flotsam and jetsam of years gone by, but I have been encouraged to publish them by those who are better able to gauge their value and interest than I am. If in places they may seem patchy and discursive this is due to the circumstances in which, and the object with which, they were written.

For the coloured pictures an apology is due. The author, as is evident, is no artist, and they are only published here to try and give even a small and imperfect idea of the colour which the pencan only tell of but never paint.

For the other illustrations I am indebted to many sources—to the Official Australian publications; to my friends Jonkheer Carel van Haeften and Jonkheer Francis van Haeften; in some cases to unknown photographers; and lastly I wish to express my most grateful thanks to Messrs. Ruys & Co. of the "*Rotterdamsche Lloyd* Royal Mail Line" for their courtesy in placing me in communication with the "*Vereeniging Toeristenverkeer te Batavia*" or "Official Tourist Bureau" of Weltevreden, Batavia, Java, and to the latter for the very kind permission they gave me through their Amsterdam representative to make use of any illustrations in their publication *Java the Wonderland.*

Any one contemplating a tour in what is so truly called a Wonderland, can do no better than place himself in the hands of the above-named companies, from whose officials they will receive every aid, courtesy, and information. They may wander for months in the fascinating Dutch East Indies and not exhaust their varied interests.

I also would here like to take the opportunity of thanking all those people, personally unknown to me, who, on reading another publication of mine, did me the honour and the kindness to write me

such very pleasant and friendly letters. Especially did I appreciate those from invalids, and if I did indeed afford them some hours of amusement and interest I am grateful that I was allowed to do it. I hope those same kind people will "Please come again" and make another journey with me in these pages. They have told me how they laughed at this or enjoyed that situation, and I in return say they cheer one on the way, and whether it is at me or the incidents they laugh, what matters is that they do laugh, as that is good for them.

C. D. M.

December 1911.

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I

TORRES STRAITS

THURSDAY ISLAND,
TORRES STRAITS, 1885.

I HAD returned to Rockhampton, in Queensland, from a visit to Raglan, a cattle station near there, and it suddenly came into my mind that here was an opportunity to carry out a long-wished-for project of visiting Torres Straits and, if possible, New Guinea. No one in Rockhampton could give me any definite information about either place. To make up my mind whether to go or not, I did what was there regarded as an extraordinary thing to do at any time, but especially in such heat—I went for a walk! No one dreams of walking there, you ride or drive always. Nevertheless I went for a walk out to Lake's Creek on the Fitzroy River, where there is a huge "boiling-down" and meat-preserving factory, and also a most excellent vegetable garden kept by Chinese.

On my way back I passed a roadside hostelry where I thought I would try to get some lunch. Its doors opened directly on the road, and on entering and exploring it I could find no one. Even the bar-room was taking care of itself, and I or any one might have helped himself to free

drinks. After a time I heard the sound of voices and approaching footsteps at the back.

Suddenly in rushed a dog and stopped in petrified surprise, to be followed by several children, who all also struck the same attitude and gazed at me in astonishment.

"Is this an hotel, or what is it?" I asked of the dog, who seemed to be the most intelligent looking. "I want something to eat and drink." The dog turned tail and fled, followed by the children.

In a few minutes they returned accompanied by the landlord and his wife—Ould Oireland written all over them. Of course I could have lunch; and the whole family, dog and all, set-to at once to prepare; and to say they were cordial is to put it lightly, why such excitement I could not think.

The luncheon put before me was cold salmon, some of the Lake Creek corned beef, with a dish of vegetables and a bowl of potatoes that would have done for a regiment, a huge apple tart with cream, and a quart bottle of Bass's Ale. No danger of starving, anyway. Friendly and attentive was no word for the family and the dog, and their brogue—for I am sure the dog had a brogue too—was as bountiful as their fare. When finished, I asked what I had to pay. After consulting the dog and the children and long debating it, they said they had no idea what to charge me, but did I think 1s. 6d. would be too much?

"But," I said, "that must be the price of the beer alone," a quart bottle of Bass is not got for nothing in Queensland.

"Sure, now, but ye've niver drunk it all at all!"

"That makes no difference," I said, "no one else can drink it."

Explanations then ensued. They were newly arrived Irish immigrants—that was patent enough; had just started this hotel, and I was the first customer! We became bosom friends on the spot. They all, including the dog, sat down and regaled me with their whole history and impressions of Queensland. Would I had a pen that could record it! Then I gave them a long lecture, pointing out that they must look well after their interests; they were among no simple, guileless people by any means. They would be cheated right and left, and done out of everything if they were not smart and careful. They thought it all bate Bannagher, and Bannagher bate the devil. Then we inspected the whole establishment, discussing matters, and I advising on subjects I knew nothing about, and they were genuinely put out I had to go. The result of all this was that they were quite hurt that I should want to pay.

"Sure 'twas the grand luck I was bringing them,"—their first customer—"a rale gintleman and a friend, and was it the dirthy money they would be afther taking from me at all! It was good luck that was coming to them," they were sure. Another lecture from me—this time with the dog and one sticky child on my lap—and then I insisted on settling the bill according to what I thought right and proper under the circumstances, and drank with them to the success of their enterprise. Till I could see them no longer, they were standing at the door waving adieux and screaming Irish blessings and wishes for good luck after me. Poor unsophisticated folk, they would soon learn what sort of people they had to deal with, and would have to look sharply after their affairs. I hope their first customer did bring them good luck.

At seven in the evening (26th August) I left

Rockhampton by the steam tender *Dolphin*, and for four hours we steamed down the Fitzroy River, which looked quite beautiful in the brilliant moonlight. Such nights in Australia are lovely. We anchored in Keppel Bay opposite to the Golden Shore Hotel on Curtis Island. At 4 a.m. the A.S.N. Co.'s s.s. *Quirang* arrived in the bay, and I at once boarded her and went to bed. She left at 6 a.m. When I emerged from my cabin I found it was blowing rather stiffly, and we were steaming close to the coast amidst picturesque rocky islands and islets. Captain M'Lean was a pleasant, cheery, kind old man, but he and the passengers expressed the greatest wonder that I should be bound for Thursday Island, and evidently thought me "a freak" to want to go to such a place for pleasure.

We stopped at Flat Top Island about midday, it being only a small isle with a lighthouse. We arrived in Cleveland Bay and anchored off Townsville about 11 p.m. A steam tender took passengers and baggage ashore. A bar keeps large vessels from going to the wharf, and even the tender could only enter at high tide, so we steamed very slowly up the Ross Creek, and on arrival at the wharf a sailor carried my things to the Queen's Hotel. The islands we had passed all the way up were beautiful, some very green and wooded with fir trees scattered about. The Whitsunday Group and Hook Island seemed desirable places. They are, however, just now useless for sheep, there being some plant that poisons them, so they are unoccupied save for some blacks.

I found the hotel very clean, and the meals both good and abundant. There is never anything niggardly in Australia about such matters. With a population of 9000, Townsville seemed a

pleasant, prosperous place. A granite hill and cliffs rise in the centre of the town, and are dotted over with picturesque ramshackle houses, palm trees, cacti, children all trying to break their necks down the banks, goats, empty bottles and tin cans—giving quite a careless, homely aspect to it all. Numbers of blacks were camped around; there were Chinese store-keepers; wagonette cabs and hansoms were dashing about, and a tramway was in process of building.

Just at this time there is talk of dividing Queensland into two colonies, and Townsville has made up her mind she is to be the capital of the new colony of "Alberta," and has even fixed a site for the Government House, so bent are they on separating from Southern Queensland. There are two newspapers, and the advertisements of the land sales are very high-flown, as for instance:

"The scenery in the neighbourhood is of the grandest description. Glorious nature (in her varied form of imposing mountain grandeur, limitless plain, majestic cataracts, and maritime scenery) is viewed from St. Kilda as the eye of the denizen wanders to each point of the compass. Lofty Mount Louisa rears its noble crest and shelters St. Kilda from the keen and cutting southerly blasts of winter, and its cloud-capped summit causes copious and seasonable showers to descend upon and refresh this much favoured and naturally beautiful suburb."

This is still better:—

"From the time of the advent into the world of Adam and Eve

"Great changes have occurred."
"New Kingdoms have been founded."
"Mighty Empires have been swept away."
"New Cities have been formed."

"But the greatest event that has ever occurred has happened in our Own Days, viz.:

"The Rise and Progress
of the
Great Empire of Britain,
With its immense Dependencies;
Its vast Colonies;
Its Huge Centres of Commerce,
Amongst which can be numbered those
Great Emporiums of Trade, viz.,
London on the Thames
and
Townsville on the Ross."

I liked this town and its go-ahead spirit, and could see fine possibilities before it. They have had the bad taste to allow the rocks and cliffs to be covered with huge painted advertisements of somebody's sewing machines and the like.

I sat down on the rocks under an umbrella sketching, surrounding by goats, children, dogs, flies, and the empty tins and bottles. The dogs, flies, children, and goats were deeply interested in my work and gave me no peace; the empty tins and bottles were done with the vanities of life and had no interest in Art. Now and again goats and children fell over rocks for my benefit, and then came to see if it was made historical in the picture, and were quite put out that their artistic efforts had been in vain. The goats butted me behind, and the children said I must "Go a-wy, or else they would put me in the By," which was quite poetical of them. (These sketches of Townsville—as the proposed capital of the new colony—were published in *The Graphic*, but neither colony nor capital has come into existence. When *The Graphic* returned me these sketches, after using them, accompanied by a nice cheque, they addressed the letter to "Victoria, New South Wales, Australia." Victoria and New South

Wales being at that time bitterly jealous rivals, some one in the Sydney Post Office underlined the "Victoria" with blue; and wrote under it, "Not known in New South Wales!" These sketches, and others I sent to *The Graphic*, I have seen in many places since, helping to paper bedroom walls and so on—for where does not *The Graphic* go ?)

Mount Cudtheringa (Castle Hill) rises over the town, and away at the end of a long stretch of sandy beach is Cape Pallaranda (Many Peaks).

On the 31st I boarded the A.S.N. Co.'s *City of Melbourne*, and we left at midday. I had Captain Thompson's right hand at table; and we were soon good friends. He at once made me free of his deck cabin, which was most artistic and pretty, with flowering plants and pale green creepers trained over its white walls and ceiling.

Amongst our few passengers was Mr. H——; the travelling representative of an Assurance Company, with his *confrère*, a young doctor all airs and graces, bound for Normanton in the Gulf of Carpentaria. An old sea-captain going as sailing master of a dredger at Cooktown, yarned away to me all day, giving me much information as to the islands and coast where he has traded for long, as did also a Mr. Macroarty, a Police Magistrate and Collector of Customs at Normanton, and quite a quiet man, despite his name. They all know who I am, and feel sure I have designs in the way of land purchase or some investment, and that my extraordinary quest for pleasure is but a blind. I was not long on board ere I found the *City of Melbourne* had adopted me, and was bent on making me quite at home, in which they entirely succeeded.

The Great Barrier Reef, which lies along this coast "*by the long wash of Australian seas*," is most interesting, though very intricate and dangerous

navigation. The islands and rocks are countless, and its corals and fish of the most varied and curious character. We steamed inside it all the way.

It is a great haunt of the *bêche-de-mer* fishers. This disagreeable looking thing is a sea-slug from six to eight inches long and five inches in circumference, but one variety is some feet long. They are found frequently about coral reefs and shallow waters, but also in deeper waters. Some of them discharge long white filaments when touched, and these blister the skin. As soon as caught they are split open, cleaned, the body distended by sticks, then smoked over a wood fire, when they shrivel up and look like dry indiarubber. After being left to dry in the sun for a time they are packed in sacks and sold to the Chinese, who pay from £50 to £150 a ton for them, and make soup of them. They may be obtained, as a delicacy, at Fortnum & Mason's in London, by those who like such nasty things. Tortoise-shell is also a Barrier product.

Shortly after leaving Townsville we passed the Palm Islands, the largest of which is said to be one of the best islands on the coast. It is inhabited by cannibal blacks and by a white missionary. The old sea-captain says the latter is "cranky," and that is why the blacks do not eat him. My sympathy is with the blacks, as "cranky missionary served up with sea-slugs" does not sound inviting. It is a large, thickly wooded, and pretty island, with numerous adjacent smaller isles. The Queensland Government, which has gone in for Henry George's theory that the land belongs to the people, will neither lease nor sell any of these islands. [They do now (1909), I think, lease them.]

We next passed Hinchinbrook Island, the largest up here, very high and with a bold picturesque outline. The Rockingham Channel lies between it and the mainland.

Captain Thompson entertained me with many yarns. I am fond of yarns, and believe everything that is told me: it saves worry. He was for some years in the South Sea Island trade, and on board the *Carl* brig of such infamous notoriety, and knew Dr. Murray, who was such an unmitigated ruffian. The actual details of the atrocious massacre which brought the doings of Dr. Murray and the *Carl* to a climax, I forget. They used to kidnap the natives in order to sell them—which was what it amounted to—as indentured slaves in Australia. On one occasion the natives, having risen, were all driven down into the hold, where Murray and his men fired down on them, killing and wounding the helpless wretches. Seeing one of H.M.'s ships bearing down on them and knowing they would be overhauled, they threw the dead and dying natives overboard, and quickly whitewashed the floor and walls of the hold to hide the blood stains. All was, however, discovered, and these miscreants met with their just punishment.

Captain Thompson related an amusing story about Bishop Selwyn. Some man went to one of the islands, and being attacked by the natives put on a white robe and announcing that he was Bishop Selwyn, whose fame had reached them, commenced reading to them out of the *Nautical Almanac*, not having a Bible handy. When the real bishop turned up afterwards they would not listen to him, regarding him as an impostor. The Captain said that in those days in the islands he never carried a revolver or any arms with him, and was never molested, and his opinion was that if you left their women alone, adopted none of their vices or customs, but treated them in a friendly manner, that they would never harm you.

After Hinchinbrook Island came Gould Island. It was continually very warm and close, and everything had a damp feeling.

We arrived at Cooktown on 1st September. The ship lay a long way out, and the town was not visible, as it lay behind Grassy Hill on the Endeavour River. Mount Cook, 1500 feet high, and a "great mountain" here, is near. Captain Cook discovered the river in his ship the *Endeavour*, hence its name.

It was in 1770 that Captain Cook beached the *Endeavour* on the opposite side of the harbour to where is now the town. This celebrated explorer, whose father was a farm servant at Marton in Cleveland, a village a few miles from Great Ayton in Yorkshire, was born there the 27th October 1728.

It was on the 6th May 1770 that he left Botany Bay in New South Wales, afterwards called Port Jackson, and after spending the evening in Broken Bay named a high point Cape Byron, as he sailed north. On the 27th he named Cape Manifold, between which cape and the shore is Keppel Bay and the island that then bore that name also. They were greatly struck at this part with the clouds of white butterflies which covered the trees like snow, and the nests of the white ants "as big as a bushel" hanging on the branches of the gum trees.

On Trinity Sunday, after passing Cape Cleveland, they visited various islands and named Trinity Bay—then Cape Tribulation, as they ran on a rock and were nearly wrecked, so had to seek refuge for repairs in a harbour into which flowed the river they named the *Endeavour*. When aground on this reef near Cape Tribulation in lat. 15° 45′ S., six or seven leagues from the mainland, six guns were thrown overboard, and yet—

probably encrusted with coral—await rediscovery. All attempts, so far, with the aid of divers, have been unsuccessful.

Of course it was all new and wonderful to them, and as there was no one to contradict them, they saw many strange things. One of them saw the devil, "as large as a 1-gallon keg and very like it; he had horns and wings; yet he crept so slowly through the grass that if I had not been *affeared* I might have touched him." One does not feel much surprised at the reference to a gallon keg, as it probably accounted for the vision —the devil appears to have been a bat "as large as a partridge." They were all seeing things: a midshipman saw "a wolf"—probably a dingo —and someone else "two straw-coloured animals of the size of a hare, but shaped like a dog"; also other "mouse coloured animals," and we hear about a cockle which was large enough for two men. They also saw the nude natives, and felt much shocked at them; so Captain Cook gave one a shirt, which he wore on his head as a turban, and no doubt he meant to pay them honour in doing so. The natives had tame dogs, and they saw also "goats, wolves, and polecats," so it is evident some one had been there before and introduced these animals. In fact, it is evident that Australia was a quite civilised place before Captain Cook discovered it, and knew what was the "correct thing," for he tells us they saw a kangaroo, and "it was dressed for dinner," so evidently it expected to dine on the *Endeavour*, instead of the *Endeavour* dining on it; and one can imagine it coming forward with a polite society smile, its hand in its pouch, its best white waistcoat on, and the worry it had in the heat to tie its white evening tie properly, and welcoming the strangers with a "Captain Cook, I presume?"

It seems to me it was Captain Cook who presumed, for he shot that high-toned kangaroo, and that is how it went to dinner on the *Endeavour*. Then they left, and I don't wonder at it. They kept along the coast so as to find the straits between Australia and New Guinea, then passed through Providence Channel, naming Weymouth Cape and Bay—where the cockles were so large it took two men to lift them. This, however, is no exaggeration, as it probably refers to the Giant Clam (*Tridacna gigas*), some of which are from four to ten feet long and weigh a ton. Some of the old shells are so covered with coral and other growths as to be not easily discernible, and it is said that some of the native *bêche-de-mer* fishermen, having trodden in these, their feet have been seized by the clam with such force as to hold them prisoners until the rising tide overwhelmed and drowned them. The smaller or Frilled Clams are ten to twelve inches in size and are varied in colour, some having many markings and others turquoise, blue, or green. On the 21st August they discovered and named York Island, proclaiming the country New South Wales, and hoisting the flag for the king. Then they passed through what are now Endeavour Straits to the Prince of Wales Island, and on for days till they passed the islands of Rotti and Seman, viewing the Aurora Borealis, and found themselves at an island, Savu, where they must have been surprised to see houses, flocks of sheep, and palms, and from the ship beheld horsemen, one of whom wore a gold-laced cocked hat, and coat and waistcoat of the fashion of Europe. On landing they found the inhabitants with chains of gold round their necks, and "dressed in fine linen." The Rajah and Lange, a Dutchman, the only white person on the island, received them. They saw

sheep, buffaloes, and ponies, and the natives then as now wore the *sarong*. On the 21st they left for Java, meeting "the Dutch packet-boat" on their way, which sounds up-to-date, and on the 16th October we find them at Batavia, going out to dinner with a Scotsman, Mr. Leith, the only Briton in Java. As they did not shoot him he was probably not "dressed for dinner," indeed, more likely to be undressed, to judge from the way they live there now. Even then Batavia had its beautiful houses extending for miles into the country, and Captain Cook remarks that the lawyers or judges are very partial in dealing out justice, and you get in that line what you pay for. I remember a charming Dutch lady, daughter of a Batavian judge, when visiting my Scottish home, asking quite innocently how much we paid the judge when we wanted to win a case, and she evidently thought it a foolish arrangement that our judges could not be bribed. Captain Cook was disturbed about the Mohawks, those Malays who ran "amuck" when they were drunk with opium, killing every one they met—quite a usual thing. He tells us, too, that the people believed that when a woman gave birth to a child she also gave birth to a crocodile, which was put in the river, but its twin brother or sister had throughout life to go daily and feed it. The *sudaras*, as they called these crocodiles, were different from others, and had golden rings on their toes and rings in their nose, and even on their ears, though they haven't got any. There are still *sudaras*. Things don't change much in the East Indies, and Captain Cook would be quite at home there yet, if all tales are true.

At Cooktown there was such a gale blowing and such a heavy sea on that there was no going ashore. The officer in command of the boat

which went to fetch the pilot wanted me to go with him, but the Captain absolutely refused to allow my precious life to be risked. They always take a pilot here to get through Torres Straits. They get £25 each way, that is £50 for the short trip. The one we shipped is a well-known character, Captain B——, a tall, good-looking man, not at all the usual pilot type.

Of the new passengers we embarked at Cooktown, one was a Professor Payne, an American, and "champion shot of the world." He gives performances, and had with him on tour a pale-faced, seedy youth, off whose head he shoots glass balls. The Professor was an interesting and quaint character, and I found such favour in his sight that he offered to shoot glass balls off my head, assuring me there was not the slightest danger. I was sure there was not, and thought it most kind of him, but didn't want to bore him when he was having a holiday, so I declined!

Not long after leaving Cooktown, and when steering our way through the countless islands and rocks, we passed the island—one of the Howick group—now famous as the one on which the heroic Mrs. Watson underwent such great sufferings and perished in such an awful way. She and her husband, a *bêche-de-mer* fisher, lived on Lizard Island, which we passed early in the morning. During his absence the blacks came over from the mainland and attacked her. She was alone with her baby and a Chinaman, but barricaded her house and made such a determined resistance that the blacks withdrew to the mainland for reinforcements. Knowing that when they returned certain death awaited her, she took the lid off an iron tank, and with her child and the Chinaman embarked on the sea in it. They in their strange

[*Photo, Kerry, Sydney.*

AUSTRALIAN NATIVE, TORRES STRAITS.

To face page 14.

vessel eventually reached an island, where they remained some time, but then removed to a small barren rock farther away, which rock we passed quite close. There they remained till they perished of starvation.

When their remains were found, with them was a diary kept by Mrs. Watson, written with her blood, and in which she records from day to day their horrible sufferings in the burning heat on that unsheltered rock; how her milk goes dry and her baby perishes, and how the Chinaman went mad and died of starvation—the record of most terrible sufferings, so nobly borne, set down in short words. When the diary was found and published, a wave of pity and grief, wonder and admiration, swept through all Australia. To see the spot made one shudder, but afraid to try and realise it all. A monument to this brave woman has been erected at Cooktown.

The blacks along that coast on the mainland, the unexplored Cape York Peninsula, are very dangerous and troublesome, and are reputed cannibals. So little is known of this part that the Captain told me that one day four sailors suddenly appeared at the Palmer Gold Fields, and being questioned as to where they had come from, amazed every one by saying they had been cast adrift at sea and their boat washed ashore at the mouth of a fine river, up which they sailed with the tide, landing at a short distance from the goldfields, though no one there had any idea of the existence of this river, and little dreamt there was such easy communication with the sea. It was, I think, the Kennedy River.

Off Cape Bathurst we passed close to the Channel Rock Lightship. We had a quantity of stores for her, but she refused to send her boat for them, there being too heavy a sea on. It must

be a very lonely, dull life on these lightships. Not long ago this one was attacked by the blacks from the mainland, who were only repelled with difficulty.

We also put stores on board the Clement Isle Lightship. On it lived the master, his wife, and three other men. They sent some fresh fish on board, gorgeously coloured red-scaled things which some one called Red Brim. We had to anchor there all night, it is such dangerous navigation inside the Barrier Reef. Many of the dangerous reefs are covered all the year round, and some others are only visible at abnormally low spring tides. However, all this intricate coast-line has been admirably charted and lighted with beacons and lightships.

That night every one set to work to relate marvellous tales of mysterious disappearances. The Captain said that once the British Government, before the days of steamboats, built four or five brigs of war. They all sailed from England on the same day for different parts of the world, and not one was ever heard of again, and no trace of their fate was ever discovered.

In the Red River Campaign in Canada the Gordon Highlanders lost a whole company of men, who disappearad entirely, not a rifle, a sword, or trace of them of any sort being ever discovered, nor could the wildest theories account for it. Is this a mere yarn, or is it true? I wish some one would tell me.

Another case was that of a surveyor and party of men who landed at some place in New South Wales and have never been heard of since. Their boat was found drawn up on the beach all right, left just as if they were to return to it, and in it was found a bullet, but though every search was made nothing could be found to account for

their disappearance. There were no natives about, and at the time it was considered a most extraordinary thing, and yet remains an unsolved mystery. There is the mysterious fate, too, of Leichardt, the explorer, no trace of whom has ever been discovered. It is one of the great aims of Baron von Mueller to send forth exploring parties to search for traces of that expedition, and many a time have I endeavoured to aid him by trying to induce people to support the project financially. The Baron always hopes that the remains of his friend and comrade may yet be found, and with them some record of his work. Then, too, there is the disappearance of Gibson, a member of Ernest Giles' expedition in the interior of Australia. This happened quite near a place named Fort Mackellar, after my father, who had been one of the chief supporters of this expedition. It is strange that no trace of his remains has ever been found. I have heard Ernest Giles describe it all when dining with my family, and how he himself was so near starvation and so ravenous that seeing a young kangaroo dropped from its mother's pouch he fell upon it there and then, and ate it up alive, fur and all! I can hear yet the clatter of falling knives and forks occasioned by this anecdote!

The coast became more barren and uninviting as we progressed, and the natives are said to be most fierce and treacherous; but towards the north of this Cape York district there are a few white settlers. We stopped at the Piper Bank Lightship to provision it, but the old man in charge was, for some reason, in such a towering rage that he would scarcely wait with his boat to get his stores. It was a ludicrous scene, and no one understood what ailed him. There was a small sailing boat tied on to the lightship, and it seems

that two white *bêche-de-mer* fishermen, with some Kanakas, had landed on an island to get water and were attacked by the blacks: one man was killed and the other, badly wounded by a spear, was on board the lightship. (He also died later.) We generally had to anchor at night, the strong currents and countless reefs being most troublesome.

On the morning of the 4th, as I was dressing, what was my surprise to see suddenly framed in the porthole a beautiful picture of a large house on an eminence with a flag flying, and below a beautiful little cove with boats at anchor! After days journeying up the barren wild coast, inhabited only by savages, this came as a surprise, and I rushed on deck at once. We were passing through the narrow straits between Albany and the mainland. This was Mr. Jardine's house and cattle station at the extremity of Cape York Peninsula. His father had been the resident at the settlement of Somerset here, and when it was abandoned and removed to Thursday Island the Jardine family continued to live at this place. It is quite a large two-storied house, surrounded by verandahs and balconies—a beautifully situated place. There are said to be no men about it, and only black gins (women) employed in the station work, and some of these ladies we saw galloping about on horseback—and I assure you a black gin galloping astride on a barebacked horse is a sight to see. What a freak the man must be to have nothing but women's tongues around him! Mr. Frank Jardine rendered most hospitable service to many of the wrecked survivors of the ill-fated *Quetta*. This vessel, a mailboat of the A.S.N. Co., of 3480 tons, on 28th February 1890 struck an uncharted submerged coral reef between Albany and Adolphus Island, and sank in three minutes. Of the

282 persons on board, 120 were drowned and 162 escaped. Miss Lacy, a girl of sixteen years of age, swam and floated for thirty-five hours until rescued by a boat.

The Barrier Reef has claimed, one way or the other, many victims, and many a good ship's ribs lie coral-encrusted in its beautiful waters. Danger lies there, but also mystery and even romance.

All along the land visible rose the great pyramids of earth—ant-heaps—which have such a peculiar aspect amongst the palms and other foliage. It was all very beautiful as we came through the narrow straits and entered the waters of Torres Straits, which separate New Guinea from Australia, and which straits are about eighty miles wide.

The Police Magistrate from Normanton who is on board told me a tale which is not very pleasant. You must understand that the natives are carefully protected by the Government; that is, if any one wrongs a native he is punished as severely as if it had been a white man. But people often live beyond the reach of the law, and are, and have to be, a law unto themselves. They treat the natives as they please, and say nothing about it. There is, of course, but a small scattered community in the north of Australia at all, settled on or near the coast, with a hinterland of unexplored savage-peopled land.

This Police Magistrate was once riding, I presume somewhere in the neighbourhood of Normanton, in the Gulf of Carpentaria, and a man, known to him, joining him, they rode on together. After a time the Magistrate, looking down, was horrified to see a pair of bleeding human hands tied to his companion's stirrup.

"Oh," said the man coolly, "it was a black

gin I captured and was bringing along. I tied her hands to my stirrup, but she howled and made herself such a nuisance that I just took my tomakawk and chopped off her hands at the wrists to get rid of her!"

He had been actually too lazy to untie her hands, and had of course left the wretched woman to bleed to death in the Bush! The cool callousness of it takes away one's breath.

Of course he was arrested and punished, but I do not know what punishment he got.

I said the *City of Melbourne* adopted me: it seems like it, for every soul on board, including sailors, stokers, and the like, loaded me with kindness, and all went out of their way to make me feel at home, as I did. You do not know how frank, open, and unreserved these people out here are: there is no nonsense about them. They are genuine; and have no idea that it is necessary to hide anything. With their free, frank independence, always combined with good-humoured manners, they appeal to me strongly. Independence, you know, is not *bad manners* as it often is at home. There are no people like these in Great Britain, so you will scarcely know what I mean. They are no pattern saints or plaster images, or anything like that—far from it—but most of them have a good-comradeship feeling about them. Every one on that ship came to me as a matter of course with a cheerful "Well, Mister," and entertained me—cabin-boys, stokers, and all. Without the slightest *mauvaise honte* they begin telling you all about themselves in their free, independent, but perfectly polite way, paying you the great compliment of being sure that they may do so. Australians are often boastful—absurdly so at times—and they think no place equals their own land; and of course this land holds much of

the riff-raff of the world, the gone-under ones, the adventurous ones, and the many whose past is a mystery. Here, indeed, in the Gulf of Carpentaria is a place they call Dead Man's Land, where many men *who died,* and some who were even *buried,* are living—I have heard many strange tales.

But also Australia holds many of the fittest: some born here, others who rose above their crippling surroundings at home and escaped into an atmosphere where they can breathe and where there is space to move, and scope for the energies and enterprise dormant at home.

These people on the ship meant only to be friendly and kind, and were pleased when anything interested or amused me. I am not likely to forget it.

All is rather primitive up here, and people who do not live amidst crowds or others are much more natural and kindly, and are devoid of all airs and affectations.

A great future probably awaits Port Darwin in the Northern Territory, and all that Australian coast. The harbour is a fine one, which large ships may enter at any state of the tide. Palmerston, the town, has large Government buildings, and behind it lie great tracts of fine land. I wonder how many people realise that the Northern Territory of South Australia is equal in size to Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy combined, and that it contains 335,116,800 acres, and has but a very small population. Yet land is obtained on very easy terms. It was annexed by South Australia in 1863. Nor is this part of North Australia without its history, there being evidence that the coast was known as early as 1512 to the Portuguese, and it is claimed by some that it was discovered by De Gonneville, who

sailed from Honfleur in 1503. A copy of an old map in the British Museum would show that the Portuguese Manoel Godinho Eredia was there in 1601. Torres and Tasman were later than that. Charles II.'s Ambassador at the Hague, Sir William Temple, reports that the Dutch East India Company had long known of the continent, though not its extent, but concealed all knowledge, having sufficient trade and not being desirous of other nations going there; and for centuries it would appear that the Malays from Macassar and elsewhere had been in the habit of going there for trepang, pearls, pearl shell, etc. Captain Flinders, on his voyage there in 1803, found many Malay phraus, and was informed there were sometimes sixty of them, armed with brass cannon and muskets. These Malays had not seen a ship there before, nor had they heard of Port Jackson (Sydney). Military posts were established in 1824 at Fort Dundas and Raffles Bay in Melville Island, and some time later at Port Essington in Arnheim's Land, the last of them being deserted, I think, about 1849. The cattle and horses left on the islands and mainland bred and multiplied rapidly. The ruins of forts and entrenchments still remain. With the troops, a certain number of convicts were taken to these places, and presumably taken away again when the posts were abandoned. It must have been a curious life at that time. In later times have been strange doings amongst the lawless characters who flocked to this coast. When the Transcontinental Railway is finished to Port Darwin, strong endeavours should be made to develop the Northern Territory, and Port Darwin and the Northern Coast should be fortified and military forces re-established. For the breeding and shipment of horses to India, it is admirably suited.

THURSDAY ISLAND,
TORRES STRAITS, 1885.

I arrived here on the 4th September, and a quaint place it is! The wooded island looked very pretty from the sea.

The Captain came ashore with me to see that I was properly launched in local society, and first installed me at the hotel which is kept by an Irishwoman, Mrs. M'Nulty. There was much "shouting" at the hotel bar, as every one asks every one else to have drinks. The sailors who carried my belongings to the hotel of course came in for their share. I was then taken along and introduced to the Collector or Sub-Collector of Customs. The young airified doctor who came up with me in the *City of Melbourne* is applying for the post of Health Officer, a billet worth £800 a year, outside of any private practice, as a hospital and a quarantine station are to be established. Great things are expected of Thursday Island; they want it to be made a naval station, and to be fortified, as then it would command the whole Straits. (Something of this has since been done, and a garrison is maintained there.)

Professor Payne rushed about distributing his advertisement bills as "Champion Shot of the World," and I suppose means to perform here when he returns from Normanton. The Captain gave Mrs. M'Nulty the strictest injunctions to look after me well, and to see that this and that person was introduced to me, and was more than kind.

The ship then left for Normanton in the Gulf of Carpentaria, and will be back here in a week, when I rejoin her. They all said good-bye to me as if they were leaving me on a desert isle, though it is anything but that.

The town is not laid out with any regularity; the modern bungalows, surrounded by balconies and verandahs, and all built on piles, are just dotted down anywhere in the sand and inland from it, a good many being drinking shanties and billiard saloons. At the back rises a wooded hill. This hotel is quite roomy and comfortable, two-storied, and with broad verandah and balcony. It too is planted on the sand near the sea and pier. It is distinctly an Irish establishment. There is no doubt about the nationality of Mrs. M'Nulty, and still less about that of Bridget, her hand-maiden. The big dining-room has a piano, pictures of Emmet, Daniel O'Connell, and many other patriots, and the bookcases contain Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's works and those of numerous other Irish writers. In the days when I knew Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; I could not imagine how he could inspire any one with enthusiasm, clever and cultured though he was, for he could scarcely be described as a sympathetic character.

Such of the houses as are not built of wood are of corrugated iron. The house of the Government Resident, the Hon. John Douglas, is at a point, with a prominent flagstaff. He is away just now; so I cannot see him. There is another hotel; the Torres Straits, and as well I see near here a boarding-house, kept by "Tommy Japan."

There are about two hundred white people on this and other islands scattered throughout the Straits, and about two thousand people in all, counting the mixed races of whites, Kanakas, Australian aborigines, Malays, Japanese, Chinese, and half-caste Manila men. There is a Queensland National Bank, not so big as its name, and prominent is the general store of Burns, Philp & Co., a well-known firm.

Mr. S—— told me that the Customs Revenue returns from Thursday Island were last year over £11,000. Visible from here are many islands—Hammond, Prince of Wales, Friday, Wednesday, Sunday Isles, and others, all hilly, well wooded, and extremely pretty. It is; in fact; a beautiful scene, and I am delighted with it all.

We dine at one o'clock, Mrs. M'Nulty and Bridget not only waiting on us, but entertaining us and entering fully into the conversation. Both are most important ladies here, and Bridget is the only respectable unattached white woman in the community, and so has many admirers and friends. The company comprises two pilots, Captains H—— and L——; a youth, C——, who is postmaster, I think; a young Irishman, the banker here; and a miserable, fever-stricken, drink-soddened man, and myself.

Then at supper in the evening were various others—all most friendly and kind, full of wonder at what I can be doing here, and perfectly certain that I mean to invest money in some scheme. The sea beach in front is a fine stretch of firm sand, and near there is a graceful group of palms with a shady seat under them. The different natives look quite picturesque going about, and some of the Malays and Kanakas are fine-looking men. Some of the Kanaka divers have white women living with them.

As I strolled along exploring, I saw a golden-haired lady in a pink silk tea-gown lying in a hammock on a verandah, and being surprised at such an apparition here, I suppose I stared somewhat, for up jumped the lady, said "D—n your eyes!" and flounced indoors. She belonged to one of the Kanaka pearl-divers.

As soon as I went to stroll along the sands a dog flew after me, appeared delighted, and has

never left me since. Whose dog it is I know not, but it has simply adopted me right away, and is my friend for the time being. Then down came a tame cassowary, and after stalking all round me once or twice, also joined in the walk. Then I saw a boy run to a tree, climb it hastily, and come to meet me with some of its fruit—another friend! So am I not in clover—a nice, cheery, kind boy, a dog, and a cassowary, all determined to be my friends? Besides this, at the hotel are two tame pelicans and various other birds and animals, all equally friendly, so there is not the slightest danger of my being dull.

I ascended the hill behind the town, and amidst some "scrub," as they call a tropical jungle in Australia, came on some blacks camping and having a sort of corroboree. From the hill are perfectly lovely views of the green wooded islands and coral reefs all round, with here and there a glimpse of white houses, pearl-fishing stations, and between the islands always lovely stretches of sea of the most exquisite turquoise blue, pale green and yellow in the shallows, and amethyst purple where the shadows rest. At each island "station" lies a group of sailing-boats, and small white-sailed schooners are plying everywhere. Why, it is quite a lovely place, and the more I have seen of it the more I have admired it. I know no prettier spot anywhere about Australia. Sky, sea, and land, it is all beautiful. They are astonished at my admiration, and I see them cast surprised looks round.

"Scenery!—what's the good of scenery? There is nothing to be got out of that." That I could be such a born idiot as to come here merely to look at the scenery, they cannot, will not believe.

One day all these islands in the Straits are to be the Sanatoria of Northern Australia and New

Guinea, as they are fever free and there is always a cool breeze blowing; are to be thickly populated, and the whole Straits of the greatest importance. But I am glad to see it as it is now. I have wandered all over this island exploring it, studying its interesting vegetation and its queer pinnacles of clay. These high structures which are so striking are ant-hills, and some are of very large size and height; but, strange to say, I have not discovered an ant in one of them. They and the pandanus trees are most picturesque objects.

I have gathered many of those large beans out of which matchboxes mounted with silver are so often made. The huge pod holding many of these dark-brown polished beans, grows on a gigantic vine, and is of very great size. There are most beautiful trees, beautiful as to their high straight stems, and as to their crown of foliage blazing with pink or scarlet blossom. I can tell you nothing of what they are, as they are new to me, and no one here knows or cares. There are pandanus, banyan, and pawpaw trees. There are quantities of ferns, palms, and beautiful orchids. I wander about through all this quite happy, my dog as content as I am. I think Captain Thompson must have spoken to the dog ere he left, and bid it take care of me, as I find that he left messages for every one directing them to see after me.

Once when I was sketching on top of the hill a cassowary suddenly appeared. At first I thought it was my friend from below, and that it had actually followed me up all the way; but I soon saw it was not the same, but a wild one, if you can call such a bird "wild." They are the quaintest of birds. Have you ever seen them dance at the Zoo in London? If not, go at once and try to see it; it is too comical for words. Well, this one stalked all round me, put its head over my

shoulder to look at the sketch, then walked round in front and put its head over from that side, without the slightest doubt deeply interested in the sketch, or curious as to what it was all about. They are always full of curiosity; but I never met one of this sort out in the scrub before. At first I was greatly amused and tried hard to sketch it, but at last I became quite frightened of the thing. It seemed too human, too knowing, too uncanny. I cannot describe it exactly, but somehow I suddenly got a sort of disagreeable panic, absurd as it seems, and looked round me as if there was some sort of influence about, something almost supernatural, and I was quite glad to get away! The tame one at the hotel is different, and so absurdly tame that one is not surprised at its queerness, but that a wild one out in the scrub should behave in this queer, familiar, uncanny way does not seem natural. It brings to mind the beautiful poem—

> "I would I were a Cassowary
> On the plains of Timbuctoo;
> I would eat a missionary,
> Skin and bones and hymn-book too!"

I promised Baron von Mueller, the Government Botanist of Victoria, and, as you know, one of the most famous botanists in the world, that I would collect plants for him when I was in any out-of-the-way spot, and this I have been trying to do, though without knowledge. It is very interesting, and one discovers all sorts of tiny curious weeds one would never be aware of till one searched like this. I get them with their fruit or seed, stalk and leaf, dry them, and write down the place I find them, so that he can judge of their distribution. He tried to bribe me by saying that I may find some new one, and that it will bear my name in a Latin

form; but I regret to say that I always mean to write d wn the place, but don't always do it, so that already I have confused them, and that is of no use. The Baron[1] is a very old family friend, and I feel ashamed at my lazy method of trying to oblige him, and always mean to do better "in tyme coming."

There are many stunted eucalyptus trees, and the ground everywhere, save in the scrub, is strewn with granite rocks and stones. There are both sheep and goats on the island.

For two or three days I noticed a man amongst the trees continually throwing stones at nothing, until he had made a heap; then he went to that heap and threw them back again, until he had formed another heap—it seemed the occupation of a lunatic. Curiosity got the better of me, and I asked him what he was doing. He told me he was a digger detained a week in Thursday Island waiting for the boat to go south, and he found it the dullest, dreariest hole he had ever been in (he used quite other words to these, but a long line of blanks looks foolish), and so he was just killing time, and he went on doing this for that whole week! I remonstrated with him at last, and asked why he did not "go on the spree," and get dead drunk for the rest of the time? He yawned, and said he had done that so often it bored him also. I pointed all round, and said it was a pleasure to be alive and see all that, to wonder at it and revel in it. He surveyed me with unbounded astonishment.

"Well, I'm blanked!" he gasped.

"You irritate me," I said. "You are big and strong, God made you so you may pass for a man, but what are you passing on to? Do you suppose you will be of any use to yourself or any one else-

[1] Long since passed away.

where, above or below, when you have 'passed the time'? What's the good of you, anyhow?"

"Well, I'm blanked!"

"You are a stick, a stone, a stupid animal, a mere apology for a man. Can't you *live*? Can't you go and fight some one, or do something to amuse some one? You go on like a cranky Chinaman—I suppose the other diggers kicked you out from where you were; you must have bored them to death. Go and get an island of your own, where no one can see you, and be blanked to you!"

He scratched his head, surveyed me up and down, and then burst out laughing.

"They don't grow your sort up here, Mister. I'll be blanked if they do. Now what would you have me do? Just name it, and I'm your man, and I'll not chuck another of them blanked stones, I'll be blanked if I do!"

"Stop blanking for one thing, you are withering up these already half-withered stunted trees. Do as you please, only drop this silly nonsense of chucking stones about. Why, look at me. I grudge each minute of time that passes, and am so ashamed that I did not get something out of each of those lost minutes. They are gone, absolutely gone, and can never come back. There is not time to think, they go so quickly, and whilst one debates what to do with them they are gone; and yet one can *live* in each of them, have life, love, joy, laughter, what you will. I am never dull, I have no time for it; I want to do a hundred things in each minute—and you only want to kill those minutes—they are dying, dead as we speak!"

"Well—I'm—blanked!" he said in a dazed manner, as he by force of habit threw another stone.

"You *are* blanked!" I said, and strode away—and the wretch is at it still. Once I was strolling up the hill and I saw him stop and come striding towards me, but I waved him away scornfully, and he stopped as if he had been shot; and though I did not hear him, I know well he was blanked again. It seems he came to the hotel and asked about me, and when told who I was and that I had come for a week "to amuse myself," merely to see the place, he was "struck of a heap," and said he had never heard the like before, but "that's the one for me," which I certainly was not and am not; the sight of the idiot sets my nerves on edge. How can any one rouse such a being? Yet he is a big, strong, healthy-looking man, and does not even look stupid.

"If he would only make love to you, Bridget," I said, "you would liven him up!"

"Is it me? Bad cess to ye! Is it after me ye'd be having him? Sure 'tis niver a crathur like that I'll be wanting."

In the hotel is living a man who is terribly ill with the coast fever; came here, where there is none, to recruit, and has delirium tremens all the time—the wreck, the miserable wretch, is awful to see. All day and night he calls without ceasing on Mrs. M'Nulty or Bridget for drink, and they are angels of goodness and patience with him, for he is a terrific nuisance. I have heard Mrs. M'Nulty rise up in the night, go to him and reason with, and chide him as if he were a child. She is adamant in refusing him more, so now he sometimes comes to me on the verandah, goes down on his knees praying, crying, and entreating that I will order a drink—whisky or brandy, of course—for myself and give it to him. My heart bleeds with pity for him, but of course I cannot do it, and Mrs. M'Nulty is quite worried at the time I am

having through this poor lost man. Every one is full of pity—but what can one do? They are so cunning, such people. He manages to get drink somewhere, somehow—no one can guess how.

I have an extraordinary housemaid attending to my room. He—for such servants are always he's here—is a Kanaka, a new arrival. On being engaged he was furnished with a whole new rig-out: a suit of thick blue pilot cloth, flannel shirt, boots and socks, felt hat, and woollen muffler. It is very hot, but all these he wears all day and always. He has had, I suppose, his instructions about sweeping out my room, and adheres rigidly to them. When I am dressing, in he comes, ignores me absolutely, sweeps out the room, often bringing the broom over my toes, and continually sweeping out socks, shoes, and anything which for a moment lies on the ground. He pays no attention to my remonstrances, not understanding a word of English, and I am often to be seen darting out in scanty attire to rescue something he has swept out ere the cassowary and the pelicans eat it, and one day found these creatures sampling a pair of braces he had swept out. Luckily the pelicans were at one end and the cassowary at the other, so I was able to defeat both.

Bridget likes to come along and have a chat with me, as of course I am the interesting visitor to the island just now, and every one is curious about my real motive for being here. It cannot be pearl fishing; what can it be? They know I have to go soon, so that really they are making much of me here. But why Bridget likes to confide in me is that I am no resident here, and she can yarn away about all her admirers in safety. I often tell her she will be the death of me; but she thinks there is no dying about me, and that I'll "kape."

"Sure," she says, "it's jist afther tellin' ye everything I'd be, a gintleman like ye as thravels for play—sure, jist as the rale gintry does in the ould counthry." Bridget is neither young nor beautiful, but is a good soul with a very big heart in her, and unalloyed enjoyment in her many followers. She showed me a glass bottle of pearls, some quite good ones, given to her one by one, by her admirers. At all hours of the day I am being offered refreshment, in case I should be tired, or feeling the heat or something. Bridget pauses as she goes by and has a little chat; then I say something impudent and she goes away giggling, and saying the queerest Irish things to me that keep me tittering for long. It really is a delightful quality the Irish have, that of taking life cheerfully and ever being ready with a pointed repartee.

There is such a glare from the sand and the heat is so great that one is forced to the hardship of a chair in the shady verandah where the breeze reaches one. I watch the Kanakas and other natives; there are even negroes in this menagerie, and to see all these at play in the evening is a real entertainment. They are very fond of a skipping-rope, and to see the fat women skipping with babies in their arms is simply killing. I nearly expire with laughter, and they are in the same state themselves, and often roll on the ground shrieking with laughter. Imagine a great fat black woman dressed in one short garment or petticoat, or sometimes a long flowered calico one. She is probably coy at first, and has to be urged on by the others. Every time the rope comes round she makes the most frantic leaps, but yards away from it, till, emboldened by the encouragement of the others, she gradually goes nearer, and at last the rope does go over her, catches her on the back of the ankles or somewhere, and down she comes

on the sand with a great display, amidst yells of delight from the others, in which she herself joins. What kills me is to see them leaping with frantic energy yards away from the rope.

Then a gorgeously dressed Kanaka — how gorgeously dressed you cannot imagine—comes to the hotel bar. As he is seen approaching, others rush out to meet him. They strike attitudes of astonished admiration, walk all round him just like the cassowary does round me, discuss each article of his attire, he beaming with flattered pride and consciousness. Then they look inside his purse—all just like children—link their arms in his, and lead him into the bar in triumph. This happens continually. They are merely happy, simple, amiable, attractive children. Attractive many of them are, for some are very good-looking, and have got very taking manners. When well treated they are happy people too.

It is curious, but all natives everywhere like a person like me who is amongst them doing nothing : I mean, that has no business or occupation with them, but is merely travelling and idling. What exactly it is that appeals to them I don't know, but I imagine the idea of the thing to them is that you have attained what they consider must be an earthly paradise, and that you are some great rich chief above all need of work, or something of that sort. Here they say to me, " Oh, that man ! He no good, he common man ; he no gentleman like you " ; or, " That man—he only ' this or that ' ; he common man—no good." They have their own ideas, and are very clever at seeing some things, though often very childish otherwise. One said to me about a well-known character on the island whom I did not see, Mrs. M'Nulty not permitting it—

" That man—he no good. This what he do."

Here it is described to me. "I black man, he white man, but I think shame to do thing like that. You no speak, you no see that man. He speak black man, but no good for gentleman." How tickled I was at this idea of even a native thinking about whom I should know and whom I should not, and their own idea that what was good enough for a black man was not good enough for a white one. They are all chaperoning me. I know only the ones Captain Thompson and Mrs. M'Nulty decree I should know. She deplores the absence of the Resident, Mr. [afterwards Sir John] Douglas, and explains to me I am not seeing society properly in his absence. I am very good, and do just as they wish me.

All these mingled natives get rather rowdy at night time, and the *one* policeman of the island has his work cut out for him; and I must tell you about that policeman, who is another of my friends.

One night I was sitting out in the dark on the sand at the edge of the sea, in front of the hotel for the coolness. Some one came along in the dark and said, "Please, sir, may I speak to you?"

"Certainly," I said; "what is it?"

It turned out to be the policeman. He told me he was so sad and lonely; that he never had any one to speak to, because he could not be friendly with them, as he had to look after them, keep his authority over them, and continually interfere with them when they got drunk or troublesome, which was very frequently. Hence he had to keep entirely to himself, and he did feel so solitary and lonely. But I was only a visitor, and going away soon, and he did want to come and speak to me.

"Sit down right away," I said, "and tell me

'all about everything." And so he did, and opened his heart and poured out all his grievances, wants, feelings, and everything. I encouraged him and let him talk on, knowing it was a real relief to the poor man to be able to just say out everything. I can quite understand it. If he is to keep any authority over these turbulent people of all sorts here, he has himself to be a very pattern of austerity and the power of the law personified. I feel quite sorry for him, and advised him to get married, so that he might have his wife to talk to; but there is no one here for him to marry. I all but offered to find him some one when I went south, and send her up, but recollected in time that however well-bred old maids' and old bachelors' children are, the old maids and old bachelors can scarcely be the ones to find husbands or wives for others when they have found none for themselves. He, however, brightens up now at the very sight of me, and I give him plenty of opportunities for a chat on the pier or the sands. I have faithful friends here: the policeman, the boy, the dog, and the cassowary, and I think Bridget too; but where all are so friendly it is needless to discriminate. And they thought I would find it dull here! My life has been a rich one these few days, and I enjoying every minute of it. Mrs. M'Nulty takes complete care of me, warns off those she deems undesirable, and tells me whom I am to know and whom not!

Sometimes when by myself in my chair on the verandah I laugh over it all, but I am sure I shall always have a warm place in my heart for this queer Thursday Island.

Mrs. M'Nulty brought in and introduced four men one night, a sort of deputation of the bachelors of the island. Two of them are in Burn Philp's store; another, Captain D——, is manager of a

pearl-fishing station; and the fourth is the Second Officer of Customs. They came to tell me that they were going for a holiday cruise in a cutter to a lot of islands; that Captain B——, the pilot, is also going, he being here for a week as a guest of the bachelors of "Thirsty Island," as they call it, with reason, and they had come to invite me to go with them.

Mrs. M'Nulty, who stood behind them, nodded at me to say Yes, and I was delighted at the idea. Nothing could exceed their kindness, as they are eager for me to see everything and have a good time. Of course, I accepted, and was about to ask Mrs. M'Nulty to bring in drinks when Bridget appeared with them all ready, giving me a knowing secret wink as she plumped down the glasses, as much as to say, "You don't need to tell *us* what is necessary." If I am two minutes alone here, they are afraid I am dull, and seek some way of entertaining me.

THURSDAY ISLAND,
TORRES STRAITS, 1885.

I am back from my cruise, and alive to tell the tale. On a lovely day, with a cool fresh breeze blowing, we started on this holiday jaunt. We had a schooner yacht belonging to a pearl fishery, lent by Captain D—— for the occasion. Two men from the store, Captain B——, the pilot, I, and three blacks formed the pleasure party. One of the blacks, Jack, is a great character and a most intelligent man. We had a splendid sail, and went first to Prince of Wales' Isle, which I admired as much as did Captain Cook. Captain D—— came over with us from "Thirsty Island" in the boat, and we went first to his pearl-fishing station. This was a charming place, most picturesque, and lying at the bottom of a wooded hill; the numerous buildings, house, store, and men's quarters being

painted white, so that they looked cool amidst the green cocoanut palms. All these stations consist of quite a settlement of white houses; and the groups of gaily dressed natives standing about, the white houses, green waving palms, yellow sand, and the turquoise blue of the sea in front, with the white-sailed boats lying at anchor, always form a quite perfect picture. My companions are amazed at my admiration, but glad I am pleased.

Everything about this house was most tasteful. The verandah had gay Chinese lanterns hanging up, and the walls of the drawing-room were lined with Japanese vases of the basket pattern, each vase having a single orchid in it, whilst lovely flowering orchids—plucked wild outside—were thrown on the top of the pictures, where they flourished without soil or water, long trails of exquisite blossom hanging down. The effect was to me quite novel and was most effective. Fancy having a dado of living orchids all round your room. The drawing-room was like that of any refined Englishwoman anywhere: full of pictures, books, flowers, and photographs, and as pretty and charming a room as you could see anywhere. Remember this is a place separated from modern civilisation by thousands of miles of unexplored land inhabited only by savages.

At each station is a store for the convenience of their Kanaka employees, to whom they sell anything they want, including clothes and eatables. Of course all the wages *come back* this way, as the natives are perfect children and give any price for anything that takes their fancy, and cannot resist buying. They are very fond of "music," or noise, if you like it better—are not the two words often synonymous? They go in wholesale for gorgeous concertinas, accordions,

and musical-boxes, mostly constructed of paper, it seemed to me, and not warranted to last. Any one who can rise to possessing a barrel-organ—which they call a mangle—is the envied and adored of all. Coloured handkerchiefs are another thing in great request.

We were all photographed on the verandah here. Native men and women were posed about in front, but every time the cap came off the camera they bolted, vanishing into the shrubs like streaks of lightning, and you saw grinning or frightened faces peering out in every direction. Then they would be posed again and assured no one was going to be shot—but off they went again. We grew quite hysterical with laughter over this, and whenever I think of those bare legs and feet disappearing into the bushes in every direction it sets me off again.

We then walked to another station, where were no ladies, and where Captain D—— was our host. Here we remained for the night—and what a night! Other men were there, and they all went in for "a regular night of it." The amount of liquor of every description consumed was great. I kept secretly upsetting my glass over the verandah edge, but it was always filled again. Captain D—— took me to see the native quarters and to get out into the fresh air and quiet for a time. They had large numbers of Kanakas and others, also Chinese. I looked into one house, and three Chinese were sitting on the floor, with a lamp beside them, playing cards and gambling and forming the queerest of pictures in the circle of light. They were so absorbed that they neither heard nor saw me, and even when I went in and stood beside them, watching, not one of them noticed me. I was thankful when it came at last to bedtime, and the drinking was over. We all

camped anywhere—some on the verandah and several in a room, a bed being made up for me on the floor in one room.

On going in to breakfast in the morning it turned out that this bachelor establishment had run out of tea and coffee, and I was offered *beer in a cup!* I shudder yet when I think of it, for beer the first thing on a broiling hot morning is not in my line; but beer in a cup! This station was almost demolished ere we left it, that being the thing to do on such a holiday visit as this. It would take them a week to put it right again. However, it was expected, and no one seemed to mind. I adapted myself as best I could to the company and the ways.

We then went to a station on another island—a most lovely spot—called Wai Weer; here gin was offered and had to be accepted, as they are offended if you refuse. I was greatly taken with this island, and could I have done so would have purchased it on the spot. Then we embarked again and had another glorious sail to Goode Island, to S——'s station. Here we found Mr. S—— and Mrs. S——, a very nice-looking, refined lady—a new arrival in this part of the world—also their children and a visitor. All we men tramping in were taken as a matter of course, and a good dinner was served at once. The house was entirely built of corrugated iron, but painted inside and out with many coats of white paint, which made it look quite nice; and they had many tasteful and pretty things about, and even some old family portraits on the walls. I would have liked to meet these pleasant people under other circumstances; the mixture of refinement, comfort, and primitiveness up here in the Straits is rather quaint.

We then went on to Friday Island—and I

wondered if we were going to do the whole week —and first to Moggs' station, where, much to my relief, no one was at home; so we walked on to another, Muggins'! Can you believe such a thing, Moggs and Muggins living on an island side by side! Mr. Muggins, or whoever we saw there, had no drink to offer and was roundly abused, he returning it in kind, but all, of course, in good humour.

I must say this sailing about in the broiling sun, and tramping through these tropical islands, made me as keen as any one for something "cool and wet."

Then we came to F——'s station, where we were received by Mrs. F——, young and good-looking, and Mrs. Moggs, whose place we had been at. The ladies were very nice, evidently used to this inundation of men, taking it in a very matter-of-fact way; but I cannot say I liked this sort of thing. My companions, however, were bent on taking me everywhere, thought I must be delighted, and, of course, I did not show I was not. Naturally, in this small community of white people living up here in these remote parts every one knew every one else. In the evening we returned to Thursday Island, Jack on the boat declaring it was "a very dry picnic this," though that is not what I would have called it. Sharks, venomous water-snakes, and, I suppose, alligators infest these waters, and I did not forget them! Back in the hotel, any amount of cool drinks were procurable. Every one came to ask me how I had enjoyed "the picnic," and, of course, I said it had been delightful, as it certainly had been in a way.

I dined with the collector of customs one night. A young man, S——, lived with him and a Captain H——; Captains H—— and C—— were

also there. Here, even, are "sets," and these were amongst the "upper circles," and though all meet and are friends they don't consider themselves all on the same level. What the difference is, or where the line is drawn, I know not. I discovered all this when I proposed to give a dinner—a regular "spread"—at the hotel to them all, in return for their hospitality, but found they did not all wish to be asked together, and on Mrs. M'Nulty's advice left it alone. It would have been rather difficult to fit in the policeman, the boy, the cassowary, and the dog, and in my eyes they were the most desirable, for I was attached to them all.

The Irish banker was a pleasant man, always hanging about, and he sometimes came and sat on the verandah in the evenings. Every one seemed to have a desire to get me to himself and talk to me—I suppose a stranger was a sort of relief from the small circle where they all knew each other so well.

I used to play the piano for Bridget's benefit and to amuse the children, for Mrs. M'Nulty's children were as friendly and cordial as every one else. One night, stirred up by my Irish surroundings, I was playing the "Wearing of the Green" when the door opened and the Irish banker looked in and said most plaintively, "Oh, don't—don't—play that, I cannot—I cannot stand it!"

What he meant may be doubtful—ill-natured people can take it as they please—but I took it that it awakened in him memories he could not stand, and that he did not mean a severe reflection on my musical talents. Lives are lonely in such places, and men become very human about things and no doubt let memory dwell on brighter days of the past. This man then came and sat beside me on the verandah and

[*Photo, Kerry, Sydney.*

KERAPUNA, BRITISH NEW GUINEA.

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said never a word for long, and then suddenly began to talk about Ireland.

I have been hankering after New Guinea and had vague ideas that I might be able from here to pay it a flying visit, but it is not possible. Sir Peter Scratchley is the High Commissioner; no one is allowed to enter New Guinea without his permission, and he is *in* New Guinea at this moment. [He died there after a few months.] Captain D—— says that if I return here and get permission to go, he will arrange it all and take me there in his schooner.

New Guinea, or Papua, is an island larger than Borneo, and next to Australia—which, however, cannot be called an island—is the largest island in the world. It has an area of 319,000 square miles; is about 1500 miles long by 450 miles wide at the broadest part. It was in 1883, two years ago, that Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith, the Premier of Queensland, annexed all that part of the island which was not Dutch; but Lord Derby and the Home Government refused to sanction it. But last year, 1884, a Protectorate was established over 98,000 square miles of it, the Germans having 71,000 and the Dutch 150,000 square miles.

On the 6th November 1884 five British ships of war at Port Moresby saluted the flag as the Proclamation was made, and Captain James Elphinstone Erskine, commodore of the Australian Squadron, read out the declaration. Sir Peter Scratchley was then appointed Commissioner, and, as I said, is now in New Guinea, so I cannot go. [He was succeeded by Sir John Douglas, and owing to the discovery of gold it was declared no longer a Protectorate but a British possession, and on the 6th September 1888 an Administrator, Sir William Macgregor, was appointed.] This is the

beginning almost of a new country up here, and I am glad to see it in its early days, for how different it will be thirty or forty years hence! The natives of New Guinea are Papuans, Polynesians, and Malays. You can trace a connection from Northern Australia right up to Japan, the races having had some commingling, no doubt, for centuries. These Straits are eighty miles wide and full of islands, therefore some of the natives must have found their way across.

In the early days of New Guinea much harm was done by the disgraceful traffic in the labour supply for Queensland. This was a scandal for long known to every one. In 1883 there were 648 natives kidnapped and taken to Queensland. The most notorious ships engaged in this traffic were the *Lizzie, Ceara, Hopeful, Sybil, Forest King*, and *Heath*. They visited New Guinea coasts and islands, the Solomon Isles, and many South Sea Isles, enticed natives on board, detained them, pretended to engage them for three years—the natives never understanding what it meant—and took them off to practically sell them to the Queenslanders, who *pretended* to believe it was all right. The poor wretches coming on board these ships to trade were thrown under hatches, and those in the canoes threatened with death if they did not come on board. A Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into it at last. Two notorious fiends were M'Neill and Williams, of the *Hopeful*. They seized natives everywhere and burnt their villages. Once M'Neill having fired at and killed a native, others jumped into the sea and were pursued. Williams overtaking one in the water near the shore, got hold of him by the hair, bent back his head, and cut his throat. A boy being of no use to them, they tied a couple of cocoanuts under his arms, as floats, and threw

him overboard. They watched him drown in the surf. They frequently flogged them, and shot them swimming in the water when they tried to escape. They were tried for murder and got penal servitude. Through the revelations made before the Royal Commission this labour traffic was brought to a close, and all the natives got presents and were returned to their homes—that is to say, they were landed somewhere, as they seldom knew anything but the native names of their village and not the new name of their island, and their fate often was to be killed and eaten by a strange tribe. This prohibition of native labour ruined the sugar planters, but *some of them knew* how their labourers were obtained.

The sugar plantations cannot be worked well by any but native labour, and had the Government acted properly from the first any amount of native labour could have been obtained in a fair and open way, to the good and profit of the natives themselves; but this disgraceful traffic was ignored and winked at till it became a great scandal. The wrongs they had suffered the natives naturally revenged on every white man who came near their islands. [By the Pacific Island Labourers Act, 1901, no Pacific Islanders were allowed to enter Australia after March 1904, or to remain there after 31st December 1906.]

Of late years much of British New Guinea has been explored. Sir William Macgregor ascended Mount Victoria, 13,200 feet high, the highest peak of the Owen Stanley Range; and British New Guinea is rapidly changing. At Kwato is now a fine mission-house and a stone church, and on Samarai or Dinner Island in the beautiful China Straits are also good buildings. But there has never been any settled policy pursued, and British New Guinea will never have any

chance until it is removed from the Australian Commonwealth jurisdiction. The Government refused to give land to a syndicate which introduced tobacco, and opposed all tobacco plantations—why, no one can understand—whilst now German New Guinea tobacco and cigars can be had all over Germany. This possession of ours is only four hundred miles by sea from Cooktown, in Queensland, but it yet remains half unexplored and without any definite aim in its government. Once it is entirely separated from Australian interference—if that can ever be now—it will progress as any other place does. May that day come soon.

At or near Triton Bay, on the west coast of Dutch New Guinea, are remains of stone houses and piers, said to have been an English settlement many years ago—in 1623 or so. Who these people could have been, and on what grounds it is supposed they were English, no one seems to have any idea.

The pearl shell—used for mother-o'-pearl articles—is the great industry here, not pearls, though they sometimes find good ones. A fleet of perhaps fifteen or twenty boats, mostly built in Sydney and from 5 to 12 tons, is sent away to the fishing-ground with only natives on board and the Kanaka divers, who get £20 a month and so much per ton. The divers now always use the diving-dress, though formerly they worked without it. They are paid by the results of the cruise, according to the amount of shells they bring back. They tell me that my desire to go away with the fleet for a week or so is impossible of attainment, as, with only natives, I would have a comfortless time; but all that could be arranged, and I know I would enjoy it. However, it cannot be now, as I must return south again when the *City of Melbourne* comes in.

I am quite forlorn at the thought of parting with the policeman, the cassowary, and the dog—the latter does belong to the hotel, but evidently thinks now I am its master, as it is devoted to me, and, for the matter of that, I am to it. It really is a funny place here, and I have become so attached to it. I have been here but a week, but feel as if I had been living here for years.

I can foresee a splendid future for Northern Australia—this island paradise in the Straits, and British New Guinea—it is far away, but it is to come one day. To me it is inexplicable how few people ever seem able to look beyond the present. The Barrier Reef and Torres Straits are mines of gold.

There are many Australian aborigines knocking about. The North Australian black is a much more intelligent and finer specimen than those of the south were—I have to say *were*, for they are no more. As from time immemorial the Malays from Macassar and elsewhere have visited Northern Australia in their phraus intent on pearl-fishing and trading for *bêche-de-mer*, dugong, and other things, it is probable that the aborigines have benefited by an admixture of Malay blood, as well as Papuan. Nevertheless, their war-dances and such things I find very tedious, though curious to see. The wild ones who come amongst these islands behave themselves and are quite secondary to the Kanakas and other natives. There certainly is some Papuan blood in their veins—these Straits with their islands could not be bar enough to prevent it. One Australian black here—a chief—was quite striking in looks, a powerful, imposing person. But soon they will vanish as they did in the south. [All along the Australian coast, where there were so many, absolutely savage, when I first passed

along it, are now very few indeed; and though they are "protected," ere many years are gone there will be none. So great is the change that it is curious to think how, on this very trip I have written about, we were in danger from them when ascending Mount Cook. It seems to me but a short time ago—yet they are gone.]

They will destroy much of the beauty of these islands in getting rid of the "scrubs," or tropical jungles, which are so beautiful, and probably many of the trees and plants will become extinct. Some are of great beauty.

BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND, 1885.

When the *City of Melbourne* came in I had to bid quite a moving farewell to many. I eluded the dog, and I suppose he is still hunting for me and wondering where I am. The policeman and the Irish banker wrung my hand and said nothing —I think I regretted the policeman more than any one, but I am glad I was not "a ship that passeth in the night."

I was received by the *City of Melbourne* as if I had been the Prodigal Son. They did not actually fall upon my neck, but I had to shake hands with every one on the ship and retail all my doings. The "blanked" man embarked, but I did not trouble about him.

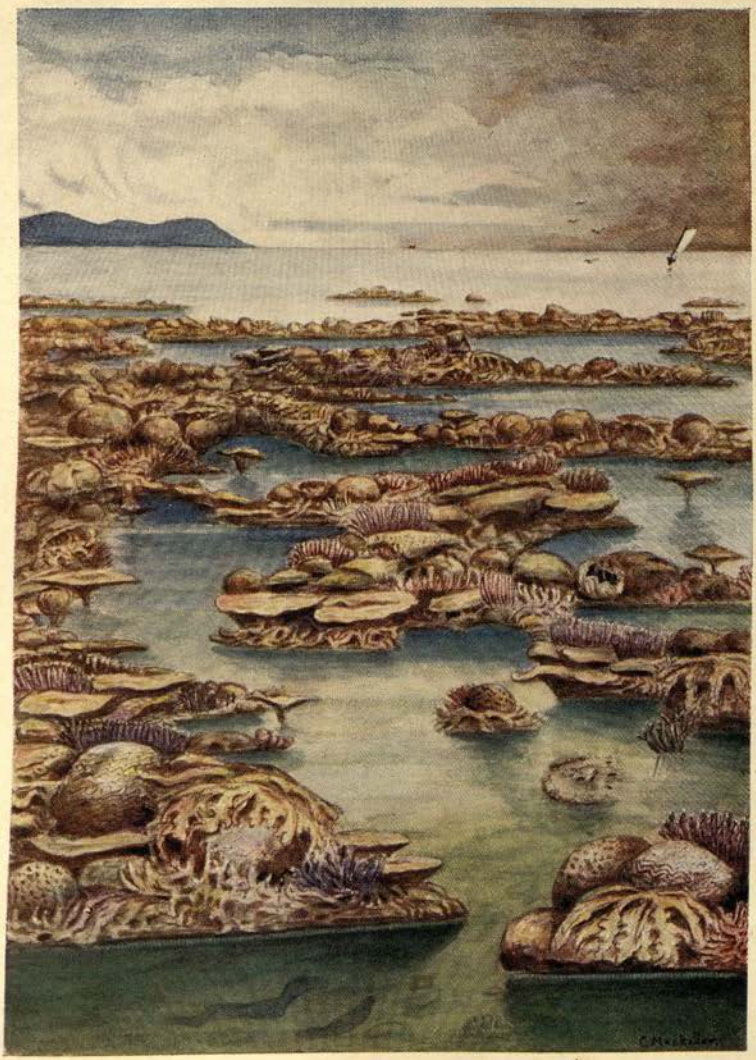
A very large number of Chinese arrived, and learnt at Thursday Island that a new law had been passed in Australia, and that they could not land there without paying a certain sum and having a sort of passport with their photograph attached. Here was a dilemma. They would all have had the great expense of returning to Normanton, or perhaps China; but a man in

the store who had a camera saw his chance and offered to do their portraits at £5 a head! They jumped at it, and he reaped a harvest. As his photographic work is of the poorest description, and as every Chinaman to our eyes—especially in a portrait—looks much like every other one, the results cannot be of much use, but it is complying with this ridiculous law. Some day China will come to her own, and revenge on the Australians the shameful treatment they have always meted out to the Chinese, who have always been simply invaluable there in many ways and are most peaceable, harmless people. It is only the pampered European labourers who have been against them, and but for the Chinese no labour of any sort could have been undertaken in many parts of Australia at all. I can remember, when in Melbourne and Sydney, seeing a wretched Chinaman pursued and ill-used for sport by a cowardly band of larrikins, and no one even thought of interfering. A Chinaman was not regarded as a human being.

There is only one other passenger on board, a young Queenslander, very tall, distinguished-looking, and handsome. Born in Queensland, he does it honour, to judge by his appearance. He is a Mr. Hungerford, has a station on the Mitchell River, flowing into the Gulf of Carpentaria, and, with his brothers, other properties in South Australia and New South Wales. He informed me that his people once owned Farley Castle, in England—where it was he did not know—but at one time there were six barons of the name at the same time. I fell greatly in his estimation because I did not know all about it; but I have since learnt that Farley Castle was indeed a famous place, and the Barons of Hungerford were all he painted them. They would have no need to blush for their Australian descendant.

The Captain had a fine collection of orchids, which he was taking home, and I had collected what specimens of plants and seeds I could for Baron von Mueller, so we have compared notes. But I am densely ignorant on the subject, and have been even more careless than I thought I had been, and on overlooking them on the ship was ashamed. [The old Baron was greatly pleased with them and me, found amongst them an unknown plant, wrote me for full particulars as to where exactly I had found it, and so on—but alas! I could not say, and so it was useless! He must have been enraged at my stupidity.]

The Great Barrier Reef, which stretches along the coast for 1250 miles, is a wonderland in itself; and how much more marvellous it is when one remembers it is a coral reef and the work of little insects! It has an area of something like 80,000 square miles. Parts of it are within a few miles of the mainland coast, whilst other reefs lie as distant as 150 miles. From Torres Straits to Lady Elliot Island it is 1250 miles long. The islands, islets, rocks, and reefs form a sort of country of themselves; the navigation is most intricate, and to those who are mere passers-by it is impossible to grasp anything but a confused idea of it all. One may fix the large islands, such as Hinchinbrooke, in the memory, but the countless others, beautiful as they are, become confusing, so that I shall not attempt to say much about them. Hinchinbrooke is 28 miles long by about 12 miles broad, is mountainous and altogether interesting. The vegetation and the birds of these islands must be fascinating for the naturalist. They are haunts of the beautiful little sunbird (*Cinnyris frenata*), which has an affection—as, indeed, have most birds—for the gorgeous nectar-laden blossoms of the umkella tree, the flame tree,



THE BARRIER REEF, QUEENSLAND.

(To face page 50.)

and crimson hibiscus. The first named of these trees (*Brassaia actinophylla*) has large dark green shiny leaves and a slender trunk about forty feet high with spikes of scarlet flowers. Moreton Bay figs, large bloodwoods, pandanus palms, mangroves, yellow and red flowered hibiscus, cassuarini, malaleuca, nutmeg, the blue quandong (*Elæocarpus grandis*), the Cape gooseberry, and many other shrubs and trees grow in profusion matted together with ropelike creepers trying to strangle them; orchids, the beautiful climbing fern, the famous *Enlada scandens* vine, thick as a rope and bearing pods four feet long, containing perhaps a dozen large beans—all these and many more running riot. Scented isles indeed!

But wonderful are the coral gardens—coral of every shape and sort, great branches of it, big boulders of it, and the haunt of innumerable strange brilliantly coloured fish and other creatures. Sometimes when the tide goes out deep pools are left in these coral gardens, the water being clear as glass, revealing the most marvellously beautiful creatures of every sort. There are scores of fish of every shape, as brilliantly coloured as hummingbirds—so brilliant in colour as to be quite uncanny. The anemones and such denizens of the deep as inhabit these pools and adorn the rocks are of extraordinary beauty and colours, resembling gardens of flowers. The organ-piped coral, with expanded polyps, is astonishing in its variety and beauty, and one wonders if there really is a dividing line between such a thing and plant life. The giant sea-anemone is sometimes fifteen or eighteen feet in diameter, and it and other anemones are always accompanied by, and sometimes inhabited by, exquisitely beautiful little fish, so beautiful that one can only think with awe of the Great Designer and Creator of all this.

Then those coral gardens! Here are islets all of one form and colour; here others, or great fields of variegated colours and forms—pale grey, brown, pink, red, blue, turquoise, green, and yellow! Sometimes the animal retreating into its home leaves the tips of its coral cell white; but all these living corals are something very different from the dead, white-bleached things we see in our museums.

Great fish are in these waters, too, and they are the haunt of the dugong (*Halicore Australis*), that creature which, though no relation, somewhat resembles a seal. They go in herds, are devoted to their mates and their young, and the mother tucks her babe to her breast with her fin. The dugong may be more porpoise-like than seal-like, as its skin is smooth. Besides the fore-flippers it has atrophied hind ones—no dorsal fin. The head has a rounded muzzle, and the male has projecting tusks. The females are more numerous and raise their heads erect out of the water when nursing their babies, and have been taken for mermaids! They are from eight to ten or twelve feet long, and a herd contains from half a dozen to thirty or forty. In prehistoric times there was a creature of this sort twenty-five feet long. The natives go out in their canoes on moonlight nights and catch them with a sort of harpoon dart at the end of a long spear. The *bêche-de-mer* is in abundance and is of all sizes, from six inches long to three or four feet long; here it sometimes fetches £150 a ton, or more. There is also the horrible *Synanceia horrida*, or stone fish, also called the sea-devil. It is an atrocious-looking thing, covered with slimy weeds, wart-like protuberances, and a row of spikes along its spine. The spikes and its horrible grey lumps emit a fluid poison when it is touched, and this poison is said to produce death. The Chinese, however, esteem it a delicacy for the table;

but if ever a people like to eat nasty things it is the Chinese. The balloon fish (*Tetraodon ocettalus*) has flesh that is said to be poisonous also. There is as well on the islands a death-dealing tree, and the wild cherry, as it is called, is said to produce paralysis and blindness—so that there are serpents in this paradise. There are many sorts of sharks, great blue-spotted octopuses, water-snakes, turtles, tortoises, countless edible fishes, countless fish too gorgeous in colour to seem desirable, such as the parrot fish. There are wonderful sponges, pearl shells with their pearls, and the before-mentioned clams. The oysters are in huge quantities, and even cover thickly the branches of the mangrove trees which grow near or out of the water on islands or mainland. Some day perhaps a great revenue will be drawn from the canning of fish and oysters, and the exploiting of all the Barrier resources. Are there not millions of Chinese ready to devour dried fish, dugong, trepang, shark's fins, and other delicacies going to waste here ?

And there is the sea-serpent—why not ? Anyway, the Moha-Moha has been seen at close quarters by eight or nine people, and received the name *Chelosauria Lovelli*, after its discoverer Miss Lovell. It was a sort of cross between a turtle, a tortoise, and a sea-serpent. It has feet like an alligator, a smooth grey carapace five feet high, a forked tail, perhaps twelve feet long, and a neck to match, neck and tail being glossy and shining with scales, or markings, silver-grey shading to white. It raises its head or tail five or six feet out of the water. It was discovered on 8th June 1890, at Sandy Cape, and viewed at a few feet distance. There cannot be only one Moha-Moha, and I live in hopes of seeing it stuffed in a museum yet.

I spoke of the mystery and romance of this wonderful Barrier Reef. Once a boat, belonging

to Mr. Jardine of Somerset, in a cove of the reef came on an old anchor, removed it, and there lay a great heap of gold and silver Spanish dollars, in good preservation, but welded together in a mass, and worth several thousands of pounds. It took more than one boatload to remove it. Also fragments of coloured glass lay with it. What ancient Spanish galleon found her end here? Would that yet we could learn.

The curious coral presented to me I regret to say I left behind, as I did not know what to do with it. Huge branches and almost bushes of coral are cumbersome things, and in reality a nuisance unless one has a real aquarium in which to place them. I remember on another voyage being presented with sacks full of wonderful coral at Diego Garcia in the Chagos Archipelago—remote coral atolls lying away by themselves in the middle of the Pacific and very seldom visited, but very interesting—and how I got to hate that coral ere I could find people to accept it. It was a gift of gratitude from the only two Europeans then living in those solitary isles, and I appreciated the spirit of the gift, but had to pass it on.

On the 14th September we dropped anchor at Cooktown and I went ashore with some of the officers of the ship, making myself very spruce in case of there being any kangaroo "dressed for dinner." As we approached the pier there was a most offensive odour, which we wondered at, and on landing I walked towards something lying on the sand in the blazing sun, and was horrified to find it was the much decomposed body of a man, partly eaten by fish. Some men just then arrived with a coffin in a cart and the remains were shovelled in, but the coffin lay there all day. The man had been drowned some time previously.

Cooktown was the usual Australian town of a long street of verandahed buildings, most of which seemed public-houses, with much drinking going on. We visited the Chinese part and their gorgeous Joss House, or temple, and were much amused to find enthroned in the place of honour — above what we would call the altar, amidst golden dragons and the like—Randolph Caldecott's coloured hunting sketches from *The Graphic*! The youthful priest was most proud of them. Sometimes they have "Queenie Wicketoria" so enshrined! The Chinese are certainly quaint people.

As the *City of Melbourne* had to wait here for the arrival of the China mail-boat, Captain Thompson arranged on my behalf an expedition we had discussed. Some rare plants grew on the top of Mount Cook, and he and I were at one in a desire to secure a specimen for Baron von Mueller. He warned me that we might be in great danger from the natives, who were most troublesome—indeed, two days before this, two white men had been speared to death in sight of Cooktown—but I said I did not mind at all, and that we would risk it. Then it came on a perfect gale, but I begged that we should just go—never mind anything and chance all dangers.

So on the morning of the 15th we started early in a ship's boat, the Captain, Webster the first engineer, Warburton the third officer, two sailors, Norman and Mack, and I forming the party. We had a splendid sail seven or eight miles down the coast to the far side of Mount Cook. There was a terrific sea on, and I thought each huge wave would swamp us, and wondered sometimes if this was not something out of the usual. But no one said anything—couldn't have been heard if they had—and I, being only a land-

lubber, supposed these seafaring folk must know more than I did, so I sat tight and held my tongue. It was ticklish work tacking, and as each huge wave rushed at us with apparent fury it seemed as if we must be overwhelmed. But the way a brave little boat battles against and overcomes a gale is splendid, and somehow a sort of elation rises in the blood. I love the fierceness of a gale and to feel the salt spray battering on one's face—it is old Norse blood, I am sure, for I number many old vikings, jarls, and kings of heroic days amongst my ancestors, and want to shout and sing (lucky for the other people I don't indulge in the latter!) and ride upon those beautiful white horses of the sea. We at last entered a sheltered bay, and came to anchor in smooth water at some distance from the shore.

Then Captain Thompson said, "Well, I never saw a landsman take things so coolly before; I never thought we should ever reach land again." I did not say I had thought the getting to land a doubtful thing also, but had kept it to myself. We anchored out in the bay on account of danger from the blacks, and a sailor was left in the boat. All the others took off their nether garments, got into the sea up to their armpits, and waded ashore; but they would not hear of my doing likewise, and Mack, the sailor, insisted I should get on his back, and in this undignified way I was carried ashore, in fits of laughter, nearly strangling Mack, as wet as any one else in reality, but of course pretending I was not. I was in white linen clothes and hat, and these dried up in a few minutes in the broiling sun. We at once "boiled the billy" and demolished the excellent luncheon provided by the Captain.

Then the two officers with their guns went off in one direction, with strict injunctions from

the Captain to make back for the boat at once if they saw blacks, as he wanted no trouble. The sailor in the boat was to fire a gun as a signal if he saw any signs of the smoke of the China mail. The Captain, Mack, and I, with pickaxes and the like, set off to ascend Mount Cook, and Mack carried a huge basket on his back to hold the gleanings. He was so careful of and attentive to me that I said I wondered he didn't put me in the basket.

We soon began to ascend, and found ourselves in a gully running down one side of the mountain —the most exquisitely beautiful spot one could imagine. Down the mountain-side in this gully came a beautiful, clear, crystal-like stream, splashing down over great granite boulders, forming waterfalls, or here and there a deep, clear pool as cold as ice. Above our heads the trees rose to a height of at least a hundred feet and completely shut out the sky. Underneath this great dome it was all a strange mystic green gloom, save where here and there a shaft of sunlight struggled through, flecking the foliage with gold and making a slanting lane of golden rays. The effect was extraordinary—almost unreal in its beauty. Underneath the dome of tree-tops and bathed in this iridescent pale green gloom was an intricate matted jungle of tree ferns, palms, shrubs of every sort, ropes of hanging creepers, and countless beautiful flowering orchids—a perfect riot of beauty. The cable-like creepers matting all this together, it was difficult going, and also very easy to lose one another. My white clothes made me, as the Captain said, a splendid target for a spear.

We had to push and cut our way, climbing up and scrambling through all this. I gathered orchid after orchid, only to throw them away as

better came into view. I wondered all the time if some of the unseen things that coiled round my legs and held me were not snakes instead of rope-like creepers—for, of course, snakes swarm in such a place—but one had just to risk it. The beauty and silence of the place was almost unearthly, and there was something solemn about the great stately tree-boles lifting their foliage to the light and air high above us. It was simply a Paradise—a Garden of Eden. But not without its serpent either—many of them, indeed.

As we went climbing up like this the Captain signed to us to halt and listen, whispering, "The blacks!" and sure enough we heard the crackling of twigs near us, but it was too thick to see anything. Every time we went on they followed us, and stopped when we did. They always track like that.

"Beware of a spear," whispered the Captain when we came to any more open space. I was far more concerned about the snakes—of which I am terrified, alive or dead—and somehow a sort of fierce enjoyment of the situation possessed me. I liked the danger, actually delighted in it, and was surprised to find an ardent desire waking in me for a real fight. It was partly the intoxication of the wild riot of nature around us.

Suddenly I forgot all about blacks, for as we swung ourselves up by the aid of the creeper ropes over the great boulders, a difficult task, laden as we were with orchids and plants, I came right on the coils of a huge snake. The Captain was above, Mack between, and I lowest down.

"A snake!" I cried.

"Kill it," called back the Captain. It was the last thing I thought of doing at the moment. The snake began at once to try to escape upwards over a huge boulder.

"Don't kill it, don't touch it!" cried the Captain. "It is a splendid one, let us get it alive."

Get it alive, indeed! How glad I was it was getting away! Every thought of the blacks had gone out of our heads.

The snake—it was over ten feet long and very thick—by this time had got up on top of a huge boulder over the stream, and from this little plateau rose another huge pinnacled boulder. A shaft of sunlight just struck this spot and brought out all the colours of the snake's skin, and it certainly made a wonderful effect. Up we went after it and were soon on top of the boulder, which gave us a few flat feet of stone to stand on. Directly beneath was a deep, clear pool of the stream. It was simply an ideal spot and stood out conspicuously amidst the luxuriant vegetation. The snake had got round the pinnacled boulder which rose above us, its head one side, its tail the other. We were all at such close quarters that it was quite exciting. The Captain made dashes at its head with the pick-axe.

"Hold it by the tail," he cried excitedly, fearful lest it should get away. I hesitated—I am not surprised I did. Had any one told me that I should, under any circumstances, seize a ten-foot-long snake by the tail I should have said "Impossible," so great is my fear and repulsion for these brutes. Even a dead one gives me cold shivers. Mack pushed me aside and, grasping its tail, hauled lustily, and in the excitement I forgot everything and pulled away too. It had such a strong grip round the rock that, haul as we would, we could only drag it back inch by inch—the Captain meanwhile giving it blows on the head, not to injure it, but to make it

relax its hold. This so infuriated it that it snapped like a mad dog, and the writhings and contortions of its body were so strong as to fling us about. Our orchids, borne on our heads, fell over our faces and almost entangled us. We only had a small space to stand on, and all the time in my mind was the thought of what we were to do if we did pull it round, or that if it let go suddenly we—that is, Mack, I, and the snake—would instantly go over the edge of the plateau into the pool, twenty feet below us, together! Bit by bit, weakened probably by the blows, we dragged it round, and as we got it clear of the stone, too bewildered, I expect, to realise the situation, the Captain dropped his pickaxe on its head and pressed it down.

"Hold this," he said to me, so I let go its tail and, seizing the pickaxe, pressed its head well down. "Don't kill it," he said, seeing I was being very energetic over it. Then he went and cut a long stout wand, and, returning, I let its head loose, but still kept its neck down with all my strength, avoiding the writhing coils as best I could, whilst Mack still hung on in the rear. The Captain then tied its neck firmly to the end of the long wand, and we had it!

"Well, I'm blessed!" said Mack, staring at me, for all this had taken place so unexpectedly, and our tussle at the end of its tail had been so unpremeditated, that we only realised the whole thing when it was over. As for me, I couldn't believe I had done such a thing—hung on to the tail of an infuriated snake! It was non-poisonous, a "carpet snake," but there had been no time to think of that. Of course it could have crushed us in its folds had it had the chance.

Then Captain Thompson raised its head up at the end of the wand, whilst he allowed its body to

coil twice round his waist and his legs. It was too weak and its neck too tightly tied to permit it to exercise its strength, or else it could have crushed him. As it was, he said it was a horrid sensation, and I can believe it. Neither Mack nor I offered to relieve him of it! He carried it like this the rest of the day. Once when the Captain lay down to drink out of a pool the snake at the end of the wand drank also! We gathered up our orchids again; I threw many round my hat, where they clung on, and had scores of beautiful blossoms trailing over my shoulders, as we needed our hands for climbing. I have never seen a more extraordinary picture than the Captain, with this brute coiled round him, standing on a pinnacle of rock and we orchid-laden people beside him.

Then our thoughts recurred to the blacks, as we could hear that many were quite near, following us though invisible! They must have witnessed this scene, and I wonder what they thought of it! What could we possibly be going to do with the snake alive? They would have killed and eaten it.

Mack, who had climbed up ahead, suddenly returned to say that there was a clearing, with their gunyahs (bark huts) and fires burning. So the Captain ordered an instant retreat, as he became suddenly awake to the danger. Had these been friendly blacks they would have been out assisting us; the mere fact of their remaining concealed and tracking us showed they were to be avoided. Also, just at this time they were most troublesome about Mount Cook, and we were there, miles from any one, at their mercy.

As we got lower down, scrambling and falling through the mass of vegetation, I sometimes came on the Captain's back, and each time I touched the clammy folds of that snake I got a shock. I

purposely got separated from the others, as I wanted to wait and conceal myself, to see how many blacks were tracking us; but I suddenly emerged into a clear space with a circle of their gunyahs with the fires still there. Seeing no one I walked into it. I think that by suddenly turning back we had somehow eluded them for the time being.

I examined the whole place, looked into every gunyah, and in one I stuck conspicuously my visiting card, thinking it only polite!

I joined the others lower down, and we at last got back to the shore and saw the boat out at anchor, and just then the sailor fired and the Captain pointed out the far-away smoke of the China boat. We hurried down, plunged out through the water to the boat, which was brought nearer to meet us, and then began hallooing for the others. The wand and snake were thrown down in the bottom, and the basket and an enormous pile of orchids and other plants on top of it.

The Captain got impatient, for it was necessary that he should be back ere the China boat reached ours for the trans-shipment of mails, and he wanted to go and leave the two officers to find their way back overland to Cooktown, a long distance; but I begged for delay, and luckily they soon appeared, and, grasping the situation, slipped off their boots and trousers and came out to us as quickly as they could. They scrambled into the boat, plump in amidst our heap of orchids, and as their bare feet and legs sunk through and came amidst the slimy, moving coils of the snake there were loud yells! This quite restored us all, and we enjoyed their consternation. They, too, had been tracked by blacks—they, however, were armed, we were not—and one of them had struck the black's encampment where I had been, and found my card, which he took, and long after this showed me carefully

preserved in his pocket-book as a souvenir of the day.

We had a magnificent sail back and arrived in good time, so all was well. Needless to say, the snake—which was christened " Captain Cook " —was the excitement of the ship. It was let loose on deck for a time, whilst a box was being made, and there measured. It was exactly ten feet long it its quiescent state, but, of course, stretched out to much more than that, and it was very thick. They are often much larger than this, but it was a particularly fine and powerful specimen. It appeared somewhat dazed, which is not surprising, as its experiences had been unusual. The stewards and sailors were most amusing about it. One steward insisted its " sting " was in the end of its tail! Then the ship's cat happened to come along, and instantly a scene began. The snake suddenly woke up and its eyes glittered, whilst its head kept turning to watch the cat. The latter approached gingerly, its back a magnificent arch, its tail as stiff as a ramrod and every hair on end. Then suddenly a sailor threw the cat right on the snake —it sprang a yard high in its fright! But it was fascinated and could not keep away. Again and again the sailors—who are such children at times —repeated this performance, which was really too funny, and the whole ship was yelling with laughter. The frantic leaps in the air of the cat were killing ; it was so wary, but would come near, and it is long since I have seen such a comic scene.

" Well, Mack," I said, " who would have thought that you and I would hang on to that brute's tail as we did! "

" Well, I'm blessed! " he said wonderingly, as he scratched his head.

" Suppose it had let go and we had all gone over

together into the pool," I said. This was too much for Mack and he sat down and thought it all out. Then we all laughed together as we realised it all.

"Captain Cook" soon had a long box ready for him, took things very calmly, and was the centre of attraction. [The Captain presented him to the Zoological Gardens in Sydney, where, for all I know, he still is, as they live for ages.]

Outside Bowen lies Gloucester Isle, where a short time ago a boat's crew were murdered by the blacks. There are many beautiful isles in the Whitsunday Group. At Rockhampton I waited a few days, quite sorry to bid "Good-bye" to all on the *City of Melbourne,* where really I had been overwhelmed with kindness; and, indeed, we were all sorry to part—I was not like a passenger at all, they said, and that was just what they had made me feel.

A little later I came on here to Brisbane, and have reviewed my little trip to Torres Straits with much satisfaction.

II

GERMAN NEW GUINEA

S.S. *Stettin*, *Dec.* 1900.

How small a steamship on which you are about to travel appears when you first view it, and how impossibly confined and oppressively cooped-up its cabins—then use makes it seem spacious, and the cabins, and even your narrow berth, become roomy and comfortable. So it was that the German boat of the Nord Deutscher Lloyd Co., the *Stettin*, appeared to me when I first viewed her in Sydney Harbour, and I wondered whether I was not doing something foolish. But I had hankered for years after New Guinea—that unknown, unexplored, mysterious land. Only to gaze upon its shores would be happiness to me, and I knew I could do little more than that, as I must merely pass by and had no time to linger.

Look at the map and you will see all those countless islands lying between Australia and Asia, including New Guinea, the Celebes, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and the Philippines—thousands of isles of all sizes and sorts. You dismiss them as small unknown isles—Great Britain amongst them would be lost sight of almost, as compared to her some of the others are very large. You will see how near they all are to Australia, New Guinea being separated from it only by, at one point, narrow Straits. Look at it, study it all, and remember

that the Dutch, the Portuguese, the Germans, and even the Americans are now all planted there together, and must naturally have a say in the destiny of that part of the world, and realise that it is of overwhelming importance that British influence should be paramount, whereas the contrary is now the case.

After all, why should I try to teach you geography? You are supposed to be educated, are you not? and so, of course, must know *where* all these places are, though, as they are in some cases almost not known to any one yet, you may be excused if you know little about them. Feeling that I am very ignorant and uneducated, I am going to have a look for myself and to try to learn something—though I sigh to think there is so much to learn in the world, and so little time to do it in!

In Sydney they told me I was mad to want to go to New Guinea; the natives murdered and dined on every one they could; the coast fevers and malarias killed off the remainder—and *German* New Guinea of all places! The very idea of visiting those Germans who had *dared* to set up a colony of their own so near British possessions!

But, I said, they had as much right to do it as we or any other power; they never could have been there but for the "wonderful wisdom" of my Lord Derby, the Colonial Secretary of the day, and the ignorance and insular limit of vision of the so-called Imperial Government. So old a story, so old a story!

Besides, they were there, and likely to remain, and was it not more interesting, more sensible and fair to go and see what they were making of their new colony than howling like a dog in the manger over an accomplished fact?

So near to the Australian continent lies this

great island of New Guinea that it was only natural Australians should not wish that any Foreign Power should become interested in it and so lead to complications and friction in the future. Part of it had long belonged to the Dutch, since 1828, I think, and they had done nothing with it, neither occupied nor explored the territory they had annexed. The remainder, said Australia, must be British; it was necessary for the peace, well-being, and safety of the Australians that it should be so.

Rumours had flown about that some Foreign Power had designs on it. Strong representations were made to the Home Government—all were ignored. Then Australia, or at least Queensland, hoisted the British Flag on that part of the great island which was not actually under her protection and influence. "Down with that flag!" cried the indignant Lord Derby and the Home Government. "How dare you, mere colonies, attempt such an unconstitutional thing as hoist the British Flag anywhere?" "But the Germans or the French or some one is coming to take it!" "Nonsense!" cried the Wise Men in England, "there is not a chance of such a thing; you are ignorant and foolish; we know better."

So down came the British Flag and in a very short space of time up went the German Flag in the Desirable Land, and there it floats to this day, is to be sometime the cause of serious contention, and has given the happily sea-girt Australian continent a possible enemy at her very doors, and endowed her with a Foreign Question of her own—thanks again to the Wise Men of England. Now, New Guinea is British, German, and Dutch. There will be lots of playing about with questions about boundaries, islands, and the like—there have been some already.

No one in Germany knew where New Guinea

was, or what it was; but somewhere Germany had got a colony—wasn't that splendid!—near Australia somewhere—a quite wild country full of cannibal savages and horrible fevers and things, but admirable as a useful "pin-prick" for Australia and Great Britain in order to obtain concessions and seize upon trade. The people in Germany who accomplished this swelled with gratified pride and at once talked of "our new Colonial Empire," and eventually set to work to form a New Guinea Company to develop this desirable acquisition. These people sat round tables in Berlin, smoked cigars, had many *Krugs* of beer, and planned the whole thing out beautifully —on paper. True, they were a little consciously shy—"We are beginners," they said humbly, though they did not really feel humble, and of course they felt themselves even then the Coming Race, the Successors of the Modern Roman Empire so palpably on the decline, and really the stupid *Englander* was stupid indeed. How silly was he about his bit of New Guinea! wanted to protect the natives and their "rights"—the rights of cannibals, indeed—and would not allow a white man to enter the country without permission. Here, indeed, was a chance—a chance for many things, for many a putting of the finger in the pie, for many a request or demand, and, *Gott in Himmel*, what fine markets in Australia for their trade! The cigars gave forth volumes of smoke, the beer went down wholesale, the "swelled heads" nodded in chorus—heavy nods, perhaps, for the heads were not empty. They resolved to subsidise steamboats to run to the new colony, and it was unanimously agreed that not a single thing required in the new possession should be purchased in Australia or at any British port, if it could be avoided.

Of course Great Britain, badgered by the Australians, had to have some say in matters, and Germany was so complacent and ready to agree to anything and everything as set forth in the Agreement or Treaty, or whatever it was that the two Great Powers signed. Oh! of course all British rights would be respected; of course there would always be the open door for her —dear friend and cousin—and her subjects would always enjoy every right and liberty in trading or otherwise in common with the subjects of the Fatherland, so long, of course, as they obeyed German Laws. So little more was heard of the matter then—or now—Australia was busy, Great Britain indifferent, and, after all, they were only Germans, and no doubt would eat cocoanuts and play in musical bands happily for evermore; and then, of course, the cannibals would kill and eat them all off, so all would be right and eventually everything would be ours. So said indifferent Britons.

Now and again came stories of murders by natives, and vague paragraphs appeared in the *Australasian*, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, or the *Bulletin* or something—but few heeded or cared. Australia smiled, and her smile was just a sort of smile you know—any sort—and "They're eating up all the Germans in New Guinea," she said.

In Sydney a few eyebrows went up. "Going to New Guinea? What a strange idea!"—some one remonstrated with me. "They'll eat you, or you will die of fever," said to me kind old Mr. Studholme, one of the "Canterbury Pilgrims" who founded Canterbury in New Zealand. I looked at myself in the mirror and said I thought I was safe—I did not look appetising at all. Mrs. Studholme, who was buying up all the curious opals

in Sydney for her collection, and who used nightly to show me her new purchases, wondered if there were any in New Guinea—would I remember it? A distinguished clansman, who was a Member of the Government, thought I ought not to do such a risky thing. I was not strong enough to face those terrible malarial fevers—they struck you suddenly, and you were dead perhaps in a few hours. What pretty tales I was told. Miss Lottie Collins of Tarrara-boom-de-ay fame said, "Going to New Guinea—really?—where's that?" and thought Sydney "a lovely place." So I took my passage *via* German New Guinea to Singapore.

Sydney was in a fever of preparation for the approaching visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York and the Federation fêtes, doing some needful cleaning up and otherwise much occupied, and did not shed a single tear when I left her shores on a lovely day, perhaps to grace the dinner-table or side-board of some New Guinea chief.

Es war ein schöner Sonntag Morgen, anyway a beautiful morning, when I boarded the *Stettin*, surveyed my white cabin, and found it, after all, not so bad. It had a hanging cupboard and drawers to bestow my belongings in. Then suddenly the door opened and in walked the skipper, Captain Niedermayer, shook hands and welcomed me on board, offering to do all that he could for my comfort in every way (and was as good as his word always).

We steamed away down Sydney's famous harbour, and there were great jokes made as we passed the obsolete fort, for, shortly before this, Sydney woke one morning to see the Boer Flag floating from that fort! Who put it there?—was there no one to guard that fort?

We passed out through the Heads in brilliant sunshine, and had time to sit down to one meal and inspect each other ere *mal de mer* claimed its tribute. I, being what is called "a good sailor" with a passionate love of the sea, especially in stormy weather, and, I confess with shame, even liking the bilgy smell of a steamboat, do not know this terrible sickness of the sea, and experience only an impatient scorn of, and an utter lack of sympathy for, those who do. I really could not condescend to make such a nasty exhibition of myself as most others do, and, horrible as it may seem, I appear callously at every meal with a ravenous appetite, and am naturally regarded as a cold-hearted brute devoid of pity for human suffering. But how I hate those others who, after a few days' debauch in utter moral and physical degradation, appear at table again full of life and spirits as if they had done something heroic! Germans, too, are hopeless; they have no powers of resistance and go hopelessly, shamefully, to pieces as much in public as in private.

The deck was covered with long cane chairs under the awning, and one by one yellow, haggard, feeble figures appeared and collapsed into them, but this took some days; our one lady in the First Class was long of appearing.

We were a curious little community. In the Second Class were few passengers—two Englishmen and two Englishwomen bound for Singapore, and a few others. In the First Class we had Monsignor Coupé, or Coppée, the French Catholic Bishop of German New Guinea; Captain Dunbar, Commander of the German corvette, *Moewe* (Seagull), which patrols these seas; the distinguished Hungarian naturalist, Professor Biro Lajos (Ludwig Biro); Frau Wolff, wife of a German planter in New Britain; a

Danish pilot who takes the ship to New Guinea; and King Peter of the French Islands. I represent the British Empire.

What a mixture—a French bishop, German naval captain, Hungarian professor, Danish pilot, German lady, a king, and a Scottish pleasure-pilgrim!—but the lion lay down with the lamb; no one ate any one else, and we are all quite happy and peaceable together. Captain Niedermayer is kindness and consideration itself, all the officers are friendly and pleasant, and to me personally every one is most charming, and I am quite at home. Germans and all their little ways are not strange to me. I appreciate what is good and pleasant in both, and there is much one can appreciate. I am the stranger amongst them, but they make much of me; and then I am a Scotsman, not an Englishman, and that makes much difference, as it does amongst many peoples. For it must be remembered that, ere our Scottish King added the Estates of England to his Scottish Estates, whilst England was often at war with some continental State, Scotland was usually on terms of alliance or friendship with that same State. Very close were the bonds that for centuries knit Scotland with France, the Low Countries, Italy, Poland, and even Russia. The Scotsman to this day meets with a different welcome in those lands to what the Englishman does; moreover, he is not so insular as the other, and consequently adapts himself more naturally to the ways and customs of a foreign nation.

The dining-saloon is not large, but we are only a small party. We are waited on by three Chinese stewards from Singapore, and two German stewards. Captain Dunbar has also his blue-jacket servant to wait on him—a bright, clean, active German boy. The cooks are also Singapore

Chinese. The five stewards are really hopeless; the two Germans seem to have no brains at all. One is exactly like a wolf. As I came along the deck one day this one suddenly thrust his head out of the deck cabin window, gave me quite a shock, and made me think I was Little Red Riding Hood—difficult as such a feat was.

These five stewards stand in a row with absolutely blank faces; I ask for something, and the whole five rush out and return five minutes later —to be stormed at by the Captain—having forgotten what they went for. I have got into the way of signalling to Captain Dunbar's boy, who has learned also to read in my eye what I want without my asking for it; so I had to apologise to his master for so making use of him, with the result that this bluejacket is made to do all sorts of things for me, does everything beamingly, and is by way of "taking care of me." It is wonderful the amount of people who feel it necessary to take care of this helpless being, who in reality is very capable of taking care of himself, but does not like to hurt their feelings by showing it. The only time the inscrutable faces of the Chinese stewards light up is when, with an insinuating smile, they offer you "cully and lice," a dish always in favour in hot climates. Why a Chinaman cannot pronounce an "r" I do not know. They reply to everything "Allee litee."

The crew are Malays, so that we are a sort of Noah's Ark—every sort of animal represented. As deck passengers we have Indian coolies, Chinese, Malays, Javanese, South Sea Islanders, and a monkey.

This North German Lloyd boat is heavily subsidised by the German Government, and is run on certain lines. The Captain gets a lump sum down, runs the whole ship on that, paying for

everything. Anything over the actual expenses is profit for him. He does not, however, stint us in any way, gives us a generous table, and has been kind enough to come to me several times to ask if I am satisfied and to consult my taste in the feeding line, so that I may have what I please. Then the Chinese cooks and I are friends—wise me! They are all grins if I poke my head into their galley and say, "Well, Cookie, you got 'em something nicey for me to-day?" "Allee what you likee," they answer—for be it remembered they are my fellow-subjects from Singapore. The crew get about thirty shillings a month.

The Chinese cooks often make me recall an old picture in *Punch* or some such paper of a stout old policeman with an astounded face, who is gazing down into an area after signalling to the cook for his daily love-token of chop, or perhaps "dripping," whatever that may be, and is met by a round, slit-eyed, pig-tailed, grinning Chinaman with "Me am Cookie."

I told these ones that in my family we had a Chinese cook for many, many years, called "I Sing," and that we adored him. He had left his wife in China, and when we frequently suggested that she might have gone off with some other man he always said cheerfully, "Never mind, me getee plenty more."

Going down the passage to my cabin one day, I came on one of the Malay sailor boys on his knees at some one's cabin door, peering through the keyhole. My boot toe caught him exactly on the end of his tail, and you should have seen that boy clap his hand behind and go down the passage a yard at a time. I did not tell, however, and he is duly grateful, if sickly smiles mean gratitude. But, when I see him sitting on the lower deck, it always seems to me he sits sideways; I wonder why?

This ship, however, is not particularly clean. They cannot help it swarming with tiny white ants, which are everywhere, even on one's plate at dinner. I wage war with them in my cabin. They are all over the white-painted wall, all so fussy and busy, tearing about in long lines intent on some destructive purpose. What it is all about I do not know, but I take care they never "get there." For long they were beyond me, but now I have got them. I go to bed, put out the electric light, and wait. Suddenly I turn it on again and there they are in scores on the wall, scuttering along as hard as they can go. I take a piece of odoriferous yellow soap—some German product—and draw a line in front of them. They abhor it, and start off on another tack—I block them everywhere, and at last they retreat in disorder. Of course I enjoy the smell of the soap also, but I prefer it to the ants.

Then the pillows and mattresses have such an extraordinary odour that I cannot use them. I have complained, been assured they are perfectly clean and that it is only the result of some disinfectant which is *sehr gesund* in hot weather, and that, as nothing that can be avoided is ever purchased in any British port, no new ones can be got except at Bremen in Germany some months hence. The German Government will fatten and batten on us Free Traders, but endeavours not to let us profit one sixpence by them.

We steamed up the Australian coast outside the Great Barrier Reef, experiencing a great thunderstorm. We made Moreton Island about six o'clock one evening and shipped a pilot. Moreton Bay is full of shifting sandbanks and shoals. We were too late for the shorter entrance and so had to go a long way, the route being two sides of a triangle, the base of which ought to be

the route—I inspected the chart with great disapproval.

It was 4 a.m. next morning when we anchored at the wharf at Penankbar—or some such name—on the Brisbane River, and I at once took train for Brisbane for a few hours, there to do some necessary shopping, and to buy new pillows and pillow-cases. The pillows I carried in triumph in my arms on board the *Stettin*, thinking some one would see the point and take the hint. They did not, however, and were quite indifferent. At 3 p.m. we were off again, and it was good-bye to Australia. The Customs House Officer who boarded us was dead drunk, insisted on lunching with us, drank King Peter's beer, and wanted to save us all trouble in that way. The Germans were maliciously amused with him, but I resented him and literally drove him ashore.

It was, and is, very hot even under the awning, and, clad in white duck clothes, we all lie in long chairs, have countless cool drinks, and I listen to many yarns. The Germans are for ever *im gewohnten Tropenschläfchen versunken*, but I am not of the sleeping kind, so frequently stir them up. I have big ears, which is the reason, I suppose, people will pour all their confidences into them. Luckily I like to hear what people have to say about themselves—if they be not bores—for every one has something in him of interest, and I have no disdain for all the little vanities and feeblenesses which make people human. When the Captain, or Captain Koch, the Danish pilot, or the other officers come off duty and clean up, they generally make for me with a *Wie gehts—furchtbar heiz, nicht wahr?* and stretch themselves alongside and become full of reminiscences about the Happy Fatherland and the cool beer in this or that *Keller* in bygone

days. They know I understand their beautiful Fatherland and the life there.

Captain Dunbar—or Doonbar as the Germans call it—is of Scottish origin, but very German in all his ways. His ancestors went to America in 1600, and his father and brothers are American, he being the only German of the family. It is curious to find this Scoto-American a German naval captain. He is now bound for Europe, and tells me his brother is in Scotland hunting out the family genealogy, and I think the blood that is thicker than water accounts for his occasional lapses into confidential German communications; but I am sure none of the others here would talk so freely about German desires and aims to other people as they do to me.

Monsignor Coupé, the Bishop—appointed "Vicariat Apostolique" of the Bismarck Archipelago, the Solomons, Admiralty Isles and New Guinea, and head of the Sacred Heart Mission—is a very tall, strong, portly, energetic man with a long black beard, and, though French, has little of that nationality about him. The Mission was re-established in New Britain in 1889, but for over a year the New Guinea Co. would not allow them to do anything or interfere with the natives. At last permission came from Berlin, and different spheres were allotted to the Catholic and Protestant Missions. Bishop Coupé was long in British New Guinea, but, as he laughingly said to me, the Protestant missionaries there were too much for him. He has now been seven years in the German sphere, and has just returned from a visit to Europe. The Governor of German New Guinea did not see his way to letting him have what land he desired for his Mission Stations, so in Berlin he, map in hand, interviewed the Foreign Office, talked them over, and got them to

concede his wishes, they naturally knowing nothing about it.

You see, in Berlin, when they got this new possession, they took the map, altered all the names, ignoring what was due to the discoverers and charters of these lands and seas, and then put dots along the coast-line wherever it looked pretty, and affixed a name to each dot. These now are "ports," and the N.D.L. boat has to call and remain a certain time at each, regardless of any lack of passengers or "trade" being embarked or disembarked. Any one can civilise and colonise a country like that; it is quite easy; merely get a blank map, write down a few names—Frederick Williams, or Johann Charles, or the like—and there you are! New Britain is now Neu Pommern; New Ireland is Neu Mecklenburg; the mainland colony is Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, and *so weiter*. Nevertheless, on this boat we call them by their English or original names, for, much to the annoyance of Germans, every one speaks English—it and "pidgin-English" are universal amidst all natives throughout the East. The Malays, Cingalese, and Chinese understand and speak nothing but pidgin-English, so that all orders on the ship and elsewhere have to be given in that dialect.

The Bishop told me he had expended in Berlin 40,000 marks in the purchase of a dynamo and plant for felling, sawing, and moving timber, and he is about to start a brewery, which has created wondering admiration amongst the Germans. He introduced forty head of cattle into New Britain, but the tick killed off most of them. A bull and cow, landed on the same day, caught this disease and died in two weeks on the same day and at the same hour! Most touching and romantic, was it not? First romantic cow

I ever heard of. Perhaps some one will write an idyllic poem on the subject one day. I trust the Bishop was not engaged in the undignified amusement of " pulling my leg."

I ask most irritating questions at times, ones that require a definite answer. This is not nice of me, I know; but then, you see, I want to know. How do they convert the natives—that is the object of the Mission, I suppose? They " adopt " as many small children as possible, educate them, and teach them agriculture and what they can, and when of age marry them, help to start them in villages with cocoanut trees, a house, cattle, etc. They are obliged to teach these children to read and write German.

Now and again when I hear much laudatory talk over German colonisation the devil prompts me to say, " How much do you pay for a child there? " or " How much for a girl? "—not that I mean to buy many to take home with me.

This Frenchman is quite a power amongst the Germans, and they treat him with much deference. They hold their breath as they wonderingly retail how he has introduced electric light at his Mission, and about his brewery and wood-sawing. They had not thought of such things themselves.

Germans are never more flattered than when a Frenchman condescends to them. They cherish a sort of hereditary idea that the French are a distinguished, high-bred, cultured, elegant race. In the Franco-Prussian War they gave France a tremendous beating, one she has never recovered from; their Prussian king was proclaimed German Emperor in the historic halls of Versailles, and the German kings and princes bent before him in homage. Would it be strange if Germany showed symptoms of " swelled head " ? Yet for long it was not so. In the German character is a strange

littleness and meanness—a *kleinlichkeit*, an inability to recognise anything really and truly great—so at first they did not even recognise their own greatness or what it was they had really done. They were a people with a feeling of humbleness. They had done that mighty thing—brought proud France to the dust—yet somehow no one, least of all those cold, arrogant, haughty British—whom they always call English—recognised it, and even the beaten French still considered themselves superior.

The Germans were troubled, self-conscious, shy, but gradually growing resentful, and particularly so towards the "English," who patronised, snubbed, and looked down on them whilst using their country as a cheap place to live in or to educate their children in. There never was any need of this "humbleness" on the part of Germany; there was too much greatness in the land; she had quite enough to place her on the level of other great nations. Yet for long neither she nor they saw it. She blushed shyly when you condescendingly praised her, burned with pained resentment when you scorned or derided her, and gradually in her people woke up and spread a realisation of their latent power, a knowledge that in them was the possibility of ranking with the greatest nations, and deeper and deeper grew the resentment, the jealous hatred—particularly of the arrogant, supercilious "English" who trod on corns all round and rubbed salt into every sore—and bit by bit Germany came to her own.

Now it is another tale. It is her turn. No longer is there any feeling of humility, any consciousness of inferiority; it is just the contrary. It has been instilled into the German people that they are "the salt of the earth," the great Coming Race, and are no longer to rank even alongside the

greatest Powers, but are to rise above, conquer, and supplant them. They are educating their people in this idea, and the idea has already grown into an accepted truth. Neither Emperor, Statesman, nor Socialist can now stay it—the German people are awake and eager. Their day is coming—it is near at hand—they see the writing on the wall.

This is a strong race, a slow-thinking, heavy, ponderous people; not easily roused and moved, but once roused, once fired with an idea, their force is not far from being irresistible. Already they see themselves the Successors of the Modern Roman Empire; they point everywhere to the signs of its decline; they illustrate it by the history of that other great Empire; they are growing stronger, prouder, more arrogant, openly aggressive and boastful. Yet they have their limitations; their ardour is easily damped, their aggressiveness checked, their spirit humbled, if you understand them.

The Roman Empire was built and held by the sword—that is not the case with the British Empire. The Germans, like the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland, do not realise or understand that now throughout the whole globe is scattered in strong, rich communities the fittest of the British Race, growing in numbers, in pride, and in ambition—full of almost pitying love for their Motherland, ready and eager to stretch forth a protecting and helping hand in any hour of stress that comes to her, but sternly determined to guard and cherish for themselves the great lands they, in but a short space of time, have made into practically independent nations. Herein lies the strength and the weakness of the British Empire.

Prince and People, Soldier and Sailor, Trader and Empire-Builder have alike cried, "Oh, wake up! Wake up, old Motherland!"—but yet she

slumbers and heeds not. Rude indeed may be that awakening, and maybe the day is not far off that it comes. It is a struggle between races, great forces, not between mere countries.

In the Homeland they sit down to their feeble aims and amusements, unseeing and unheeding, wrapped in their insular ignorance, regardless of the restless, ambitious, capable blood flowing from their shores to vivify the lone lands beyond the seas. If they see or notice, "We did it—England did it," they cry complacently and with smug satisfaction. Would only they would wake up into comprehension as to what has happened, what is happening. This great, huge, unwieldy nation blundered on its way without opposition, almost infallible in its own eyes. Now there is opposition—strong, strenuous opposition—and it is not realised, or where realised, it is with a howl of angry, derisive scorn—How dare the jackal invade the den of the lion and worry, snap, and snarl! But why does the lion allow it? Is she chloroformed, and feels not the treading on her tail? is she suffering from sleeping sickness, or what? It is but a feeble roar when she does roar, and it remains a feeble roar alone; the stillness in the forest is no longer that of fear and awe, it is that of a derisive pity. "Wake up, mother!" cry unceasingly the lion cubs; but she heeds not, is peevish, fretful, bewildered; *is she afraid?*

In their handsome Gothic Club by the Thames the representatives of the people play about with catch phrases and tiresome closures, commissions, regulations, and the like, imagining because they write M.P. after their names that they are Wise Men. They are Conservatives, Radicals, Socialists, Labour Members, and the like, but they are not Statesmen, Empire-Builders, or Patriots—that they most certainly are not. Perhaps some bad

drainage or effluvium from the "dear old dirty Thames" affects them—something is wrong with that club anyway. Outside its walls the people are playing with politics and visionary dreams, driving, leading, or influencing into a seething pond of bewildering waters the members of that club, who are struggling and splashing to get out of it, with no idea how to do it or where to land.

The German people for long were feebly irritated and distressed at the very name of German colonies, at the very idea of being "a World Power"—it made them "nervous"; they hated trouble, were peaceable, and liked to sit down, drink beer, ruminate, and argue incessantly over *England und die Englander*. They had risen to a man when needed with a strong, true burst of real patriotism, fought for their country, and won. They wanted peace, and to get back into their own quiet old stodgy, peaceable ways. I remember long ago how somehow I got amongst some of their far-seeing ones bent on founding new German lands, rebellious at seeing millions of Germans flocking to America and Australia to be for ever lost to their Fatherland. They wrote, spoke, urged, entreated, but no one listened.

It was all very interesting, but Bismarck would not have it. Once they wrote me: "Find us a London millionaire to come and invest his money in our pretty cocoanut plantations in one of our new African paradises, and we promise you a decoration, a pretty ribbon and order." Of course it was more explicit than that; but whilst I was not quite sure if the decoration was for me or the millionaire, I could only say it was not good enough for either, and most certainly it would not be *our* money that developed any German land. Also did I find a millionaire and could do it I would

keep him for my own use, and see that he invested in *my* "cocoanut plantations."

I admired and sympathised with their far-seeing, most natural, and patriotic aims—the most clever and far-seeing of all was a lady and my good friend; but it was entirely their own business. Of course they would not listen to the lady—German women should sit down at home, wash the babies, and look after the kitchen and such things—Empire-building is not in *their* line.

Now it is all another tale. The German people are awake, and a simple little telegram of a few words did it all. A telegram roused a mighty race into fiercely patriotic activity, into jealous rage against a neighbour who scorned them, and into a strong determination to checkmate and browbeat that neighbour whenever and wherever possible. They lost control of themselves, gave themselves away hopelessly, and because they were not justified, because that neighbour was not humbled and cast down into the dust, there rose and spread amongst the whole Germanic Race a determination to get even with the proud Islanders by every means in their power. If colonies were good for nothing else, at least they would be useful as spots from which to irritate and pin-prick the rival.

In far lands under another flag dwelt many Germans, peaceable, contented, respected subjects of that flag; forgetting their Homeland, or born under other skies, growing up in freedom and independence, scorning the tales told by the old of the heavy military and petty police tyranny of their German days; but then came that telegram—the people around remembered these were Germans; made them play "God save the Queen" from morning to night! This last roused them to say, "After all we *are* Germans; why should

not this land, other lands, all lands, be ours? Why need we build empires for others — why should we not be the masters?"

So the German spirit awoke—it shows no sign of sleeping again.

The world owes much to the German Race in many ways, and its place always has and always must be a great one; but it is not the only great race by any means; happily for the world it is not so. The widely different human races leaven and balance each other. What a terrible, insufferable world it would be if it was all British, or all German! Fancy having no other nation to grumble at, to revile or scorn—it is not to be thought of! If the British won every event in the Olympic Games, what would be the use of holding them at all? It is good to be beaten and so stimulated at times. Besides, it is all so amusing, this game of politics, it is so interesting to push the figures on the board about and see which gains an advantage here or there; there would be no "playing the game" if one piece won every time. The nation that is too fond of talking about "the sporting thing to do" is beginning to have unpleasant ideas as to what "the sporting thing" is, and is by no means exciting universal admiration when it says, "It isn't cricket!"—it is thinking a great deal too much about the gate-money.

Daring spirit, high ideals, the love of surmounting difficulties, the desire to be first, but fairly first, the spirit that will not be beaten, the steady endurance that leads to the overcoming, and trifles of that sort, are really not so useless and ridiculous after all; they do pay, they win empires when you realise them.

I lie in my long chair and see the seas rushing past and think of these things. Then I tumble to earth, or the deck, again, for it is feeding-time

—it always is feeding-time on a ship, and a time always welcome. The early coffee or tea, the hearty breakfast, the "something" at eleven to support your feeble frame, the substantial luncheon, the afternoon tea, the important dinner, and the final sandwich before bed—to say nothing of the cool drinks between times—keep one at least from fainting, and not only serve to pass the time but occupy all the time; what really selfish greedy animals we are! I include myself, for I never miss any of these things and have no call to scorn them. The truth is I am very lazy, comfortable, and tolerably happy here—bored of course frequently; but I was born bored, and people at present are too kind to me to give me just cause for grumbling, and it is too hot to invent grievances. This is our little world, this boat out here on the *Stille Meer*; we are all more or less human, and don't aspire to be angels as yet, especially in such hot weather.

This reference to angels brings me back to the Bishop—not that I can see any great resemblance between bishops and angels; but somehow one has an idea that some bishops became saints, and saints and angels move, I believe, in the same set, and go in for the same fashion in haloes, though they don't look now as they did when Cimabue, Botticelli, and the rest pretended to know so much about them. I meet so few, it is difficult to judge. Anyway the Bishop, though he is a good man, does not look the least like an angel, as he has got a long black beard, and I never saw an angel with that, did you? He tells me many interesting things about this land we are approaching, and I can see has a quite worldly satisfaction at having outwitted the Governor and got all the land he wants. I have heard stories—in Sydney—that the Ger-

mans are very cruel and brutal to the natives; but the Bishop denies it, and says employers are only allowed to give obstreperous natives ten lashes, no more—a good deal no doubt depends on the lashes.

The Professor is also interesting, and has shown me many publications of the Buda-Pesth National Museum—is delighted I have seen that magnificent city; but as these books are in Hungarian, Latin, and other languages, I have not read them. Many plants and insects bearing his name were discovered by him—two butterflies discovered by him, the *Queen Victoria* and the *Empress Elizabeth,* are very fine. He is enthusiastic about his work, lived for a time in a clearing in the forest in New Guinea, and has lived with King Peter at Petershafen on Deslacs Island, where he is now returning. He waxed enthusiastic over the great and whole-hearted contributions to Science of my old friend Baron von Mueller, the Explorer and Government Botanist of Victoria, and it would have done the poor old Baron's heart good to hear how his work was known and appreciated in Hungary as elsewhere. I remember once in Rome, when the Marchese Vitelleschi, President of the Geographical Society there, invited me to the rooms of the Society, the Secretary had in expectation of my coming collected an enormous pile of the Baron's works, and was quite flushed with excitement to meet any one who had known him.

To Professor Ludwig Biro the dangers from the natives were as nothing; I am sure he would willingly have sacrificed his life in pursuit of some rare plant or insect. He told me a long tale about a curious character who has been living on one of the islands, but who is not there just now, so I cannot have the honour of meeting

him. This man was a clever surgeon in the French navy, did something—embezzled money I think—and was sent to New Caledonia as a convict. Though his time was up he managed to escape in a small boat with four others. After a time they were picked up by a trading vessel. Two died, but this one was brought to an island, where he became a trader. He lost his right eye and arm in an explosion. He lived on an island with quite a harem of women, and was accused of having murdered his wife, or one of them. The natives are terrified of him. Many of the natives of New Hanover and New Ireland have been on Queensland plantations, and since then hate and fear white men.

Frau Wolff, our lady passenger, is a stout German lady who feels the heat much, a good-natured, homely person; but she is of importance in New Guinea, because she is the principal *white* woman, and, so far as I can make out, there are only two other white women, as the other ladies are partly Samoan. Her husband has a plantation of his own inland, and so is an actual colonist, not an official.

There are also about eight German lay-brothers going out to the Bishop's Mission. They are very simple, very fond of getting sea-sick at every ripple on the sea, and somewhat childish in their ways. Perhaps they may convert natives, but certainly no one else. But they are going to do work which places their lives daily, even hourly, in peril, and are facing the knowledge cheerfully. In addition there are several Sisters, also bound for the Mission, some of whom are Australians. There are two native New Guinea boys whom the Bishop took to Germany as specimens of his work. They are very amusing and somewhat impudent, and if they are good

examples of the converted native, the fewer the better, say I. [In 1904 Father Rascher, four Brothers, and five of the good Sisters were all massacred by the natives at the new mission station of St. Paul's. Their bodies, however, were left untouched.]

The most amusing of my fellow-passengers is, however, King Peter, who is a great character, and a great friend of mine. Not being a Society personage, I number very few kings amongst my friends. I don't meet them about much, so I suppose we move in different sets. I remember ———, whose ambition it was to be taken for "a smart woman in a smart set," saying once, "Yes, Queen Victoria—no doubt a very noble, good woman and all that, don't you know—but one never meets her about, and she is not a bit in the smart set." Anyway, I don't know many kings—which, I am sure, is a great pity for the kings—and so feel I have "riz" with having this one as a daily companion. I always wanted to be a king myself, but a real one that could cut off heads. It must be so beautiful if any one bores you to be able to say "*Kopf ab!*" and there is no more about it. The good kings do not interest me; I like the ones who "wade through seas of blood to a Throne" and have no consciences. None of them can possibly, like me, have a strain of dour Scottish Covenanting blood in their veins, which makes itself felt on the most inappropriate occasions and spoils everything. It ought to be a Royal recipe for flighty kings to inject some of this Covenanting blood into their veins now and again; there would be little frivolity left in them. My fortune has been told several times, and I am always promised "a crown," but whether it is a Royal crown or five shillings, it has not arrived yet. I am, however, still waiting.

King Peter, however, has no Covenanting blood. He is a Dane by birth, but now a naturalised German subject. I think he was originally working at Sydney, and somehow drifted to New Guinea and entered the service of the New Guinea Company. He eventually became the practical owner of the fine group called the French Islands off the coast of New Guinea, marrying a native lady who had some claim to their sovereignty, and he lives now in one of them, Deslacs, at Petershafen—called after him—where there is a fine harbour. He trades in copra and *bêche-de-mer*, etc., has several Europeans in his employment and many "tame" natives. His name is Peter Hansen, but he is universally known as King Peter. He has now been to Sydney, where he purchased a small steamboat, the *Mato*, in which he will return to Deslacs Island when she reaches New Guinea. He has shown me the photograph of this Royal yacht of his of which he is very proud. He has also a flag of his own which he hoists whenever he passes the plantation of a rival of his on New Britain. The flag is a nigger standing on a cocoanut with his thumb at his nose and his fingers outspread in a vulgar manner sometimes indulged in by schoolboys and the like. King Peter has confided all his history, hopes, and ambitions to me, and is most pressing in his invitation to me to go and stay a long time with him at Deslacs Island. I have promised to do so "in tyme coming."

King Peter is rich, or would be if he realised. The others tell me he must be worth several thousands a year. The natural growth of his islands is cocoanut. The natives, who have their own plantations and rights of ownership in the land, bring all the copra to him; he buys it for a few red beads, paint, cloth, and such "trade"; a steam-

boat comes out from the mainland and he sells it at £7 a ton on the spot—the profit, therefore, is great; with his own yacht, the *Mato*, he expects to do wonders. He is naturally regarded jealously by the Germans who do *not* own Royal yachts. His yarns about his islands are unceasing. They are not actually his; I suppose he leases some of them—there are seven beautiful islands—for he tells me he wants to buy the splendid one Merité for £75.

About a ton of copra goes to the acre, and the trees come to maturity in eight years. [Copra now sells at from £13 to £25 a ton.] The trees are usually planted 30 feet apart, but now some plant them closely. Labour costs £10 a month. From 6000 to 7000 cocoanuts go to a ton of copra, and each tree produces 50 or 60 nuts a year. King Peter adopts girl children very young, trains them to work, and, when old enough, marries them to "wild" young natives who are thus enticed into working for him! He has brought back a new stock of "trade" from Sydney—beads, cloth, mechanical toys, concertinas, and the like. These big ears of mine, which appear so attractive to others that they must pour things into them, have the misfortune—or merit—of letting much pass out the other side, so that my memory does not retain all these yarns. Even if it did, I could not tell them again; *aber "Leben und leben lassen"* is a saying always to be remembered.

S.S. *Stettin*,
THE *STILLE MEER*, *Dec.* 1900.

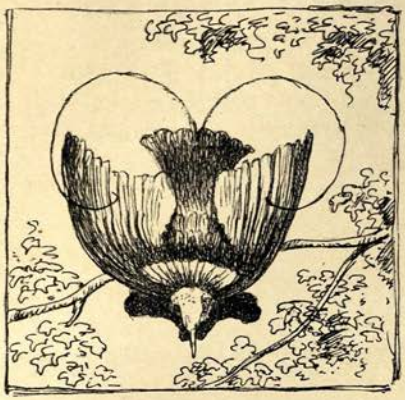
It is very hot—swelteringly so.

Pyjamas seem the most comfortable wear, yet we conform to public opinion, and if in white are still dressy. The Captain and officers are very

smart in white uniforms with gold-braided white caps and tunics.

From our high deck I spend a long time daily looking down on the doings of the deck passengers, who include Indian coolies, Chinese, Japanese, Cingalese, Kanakas, Malays, and Javanese. In this hot weather they all sleep and live on deck under the awning. The making of toilets in the morning is wonderful. The Javanese and Malay women are very good-looking and attractive, and are very neat and clean. They wear the *Sarong*, a checked, coloured cloth wrapped round the legs, and a white dressing jacket. They use, even on deck, pretty silken cushions and elaborately frilled white pillows. All these mixed natives are really well behaved, and very courteous, helpful, and polite to one another, though there have been some rows which nearly ended in knife business. The monkey, which pervades the place, goes the round every morning and cleans all their heads! This interesting operation always takes place in public. There is a Chinese woman on board, but she never leaves her cabin—at least, I have never seen her. The Chinese women, you know, are very gentle, good, and refined—the glory of their land.

We have another "personage" who cannot be ignored. This is a large white cockatoo with a yellow crest—the beloved property of the first officer. Captain Niedermayer is for ever giving stern orders that it must on no account be allowed on our deck. Nothing, however, will keep it away, so he pretends not to see it. Not that it can really be ignored, as it is most consequential, full of character, and rather uncanny. It tyrannises over us all. I never saw so much and such varying expression on a bird's face before. It reminds me somehow of the expression on the faces of elderly relatives who get bills young



HUNSTEIN'S BIRD OF PARADISE
(*Diphyllodes hunsteini*),
S.E. NEW GUINEA.

TWELVE-WIRED BIRD OF PARADISE.

BENNET'S BIRD OF PARADISE
(*Drepanornis cervinicauda*),
S.E. NEW GUINEA.

KING BIRD OF PARADISE
(*Cicinnurus regius*),
AREI ISLES.

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hopefuls cannot pay. It has opinions on every subject, and is not shy of expressing them, and, of course, talks "pidgin-English," with German or Malay words thrown in at random to suit the occasion. The yarns that bird has told me! He has seen much of life, does not think much of human nature, but is determined to get as much enjoyment, of a sort, as possible. He is tied up with chains or ropes to an iron stanchion or the skylight or something, but no bonds can keep him. He gnaws through ropes, demolishes iron chains, digs holes in the deck, and is a perfect fiend of mischief. Once free, you see him stalking along the deck chattering and chuckling to himself, saying thunderous things in different languages and looking exactly like one of those stout, important, white-waistcoated old men who are "something in the city."

This bird makes straight for some one, generally for me, never goes round anything, but climbs laboriously over everything in the way, up one side of a chair, over it, and down the other side, even if a dozen chairs are on the route. Once it reaches you it climbs up and insists upon your scratching its poll and under its wing for hours without ceasing. An attempt to leave off, or a hasty movement of your hand, and it turns instantly and rends you. It has the most powerful beak, and we are all terrified of it as it hurts considerably, and I am so tattered and torn that I shall have to go into hospital to be mended. It does not really like me; I feel sure it despises me, but it is quite aware I have a terrified respect for it and have to go on scratching for hours. It is quite a usual thing to see every one stretched out in silence, overcome by heat and inertia—then a sudden yell—some one has forgotten to go on scratching. If you lean over the side of the ship

"Pretty Cocky," as we sarcastically call it, attacks the calves of your legs. With all his talk and orders I have seen the Captain trying to curry favour with it.

It is generally very warm and close, yet we have had sometimes very heavy seas, with waves breaking over us. We passed Rossell and Adele Isles, part of the Louisiade Archipelago off the south-east coast of British New Guinea. Rossell Isle is large and very hilly. A ship carrying Chinese to Cooktown in Queensland was once wrecked on it. Three hundred Chinese were landed on the island. When, later, a steamer was sent to fetch them away, only three survivors were found, roaming about the rocks and quite mad, the natives having killed and eaten the rest. Adele Isle has great cocoanut palm groves.

The Germans call this sea the *Stille Meer*, and it generally bears out its title, and some days have been exquisite. Passing the Lauchlan Isles, we, however, had a very sudden squall of wind and rain. These Lauchlan Isles are a low-lying group covered with palms. A friend of King Peter's lived on them for a time, and at present they are inhabited by three white men, copra-growing. The natives are said to be a fine race. I asked the Captain why he did not call at these islands and get the trade, but he said it was not their wish or intention to be of any use to any British possession.

Copra is, as you doubtless know, cocoanut cut up in strips. It is packed in bags and sent to Europe, where it is pressed for oil, the refuse making good manure. King Peter told me he lately got £10, 10s. a ton for 300 tons of his.

The ninth day out from Sydney, about mid-day, we came in sight of the high, bold mountains

of New Britain (Neu Pommern) on one side and New Ireland (Neu Mecklenburg) on the other. These mountains seem very high, and when first seen were wreathed in clouds round their bases. Between them is St. George's Channel and the Duke of York Islands. Quite suddenly we entered the zone of a monsoon, and had a terrific gale with heavy squalls of wind and rain. This woke us up—it was no longer the *Stille Meer*—and I revelled in it, as I love a great gale at sea beyond anything. A monsoon is no joke though, and for a time it was terrific and left us breathless; we were buffeted about and wondered where we would be driven to. Even as we entered St. George's Channel and approached the Duke of York Islands, behind which appeared the volcanoes known as the Mother and Daughters, we were still in the thick of the storm, which came at us from every direction at once. As darkness came on I wondered what island we should go ashore on, but did not much care. My spirits always become exuberant in a real gale, and I love the thought of the brave little ship battling and toiling in this fierce turmoil of wind and sea. The blood of my Viking ancestors, of the old jarls of Orkney and of Iceland, is strong in me at such times. I look back with unalloyed delight to a fierce gale off Iceland, where we lay-to and kept our nose to it, and which drove me wild. How much there is in blood after all! I realised there the brave and daring spirit of those old Scandinavian jarls which made them face such storms in their small craft.

Here enjoyment was tempered by the horrible mugginess of the air and the demoniacal way the winds swept round us and at us from every direction—but a monsoon is a riot of devils. Nevertheless, we did not think of missing our

dinner, though it was a topsy-turvy meal and the "cully and lice" went everywhere but down our throats.

In the Duke of York group is Mioko, a beautiful spot and the oldest settlement of the Germans. The island is one mile long by three-quarters broad, and has a very good station on it. It contains a graveyard full of the graves of murdered white men. A notable feature is a huge tree, 150 feet high, which is a landmark for miles. On an adjacent isle is an English Wesleyan mission station. It is said there is a small fish here you may prick yourself with, and if you do you may die with symptoms like snake bite. Sounds nice, doesn't it? It is probably the stone fish. Now I will tell you a story.

Once when Captain Niedermayer was in the throes of a monsoon or typhoon he sighted a raft bearing some Chinese. They seemed doomed to destruction, but somehow he managed to rescue them, and took them to Singapore, the port he was bound for, and he thought no more of the incident. One day, whilst in dock at Singapore, he saw a number of Chinese come on board and begin decorating the *Stettin* with lanterns, coloured strips of paper, tinsel, and other Chinese frivolities accompanied by the firing of squibs. Naturally he asked what it meant, and found that the Chinese of Singapore were so honouring him because he had saved the lives of their compatriots, and they forthwith presented him with an address expressing their thanks and deep gratitude—yet people say they have no gratitude, just as they malign them in many other ways. People never take the Chinese seriously, so Captain Niedermayer was more amused than touched.

What was his surprise, however, a few weeks after this, to receive suddenly an autograph letter

of thanks and praise from the Emperor William, commending him for his humanity and bravery and for so keeping up the German name! Accompanying it was a magnificent gold watch with an inscription!

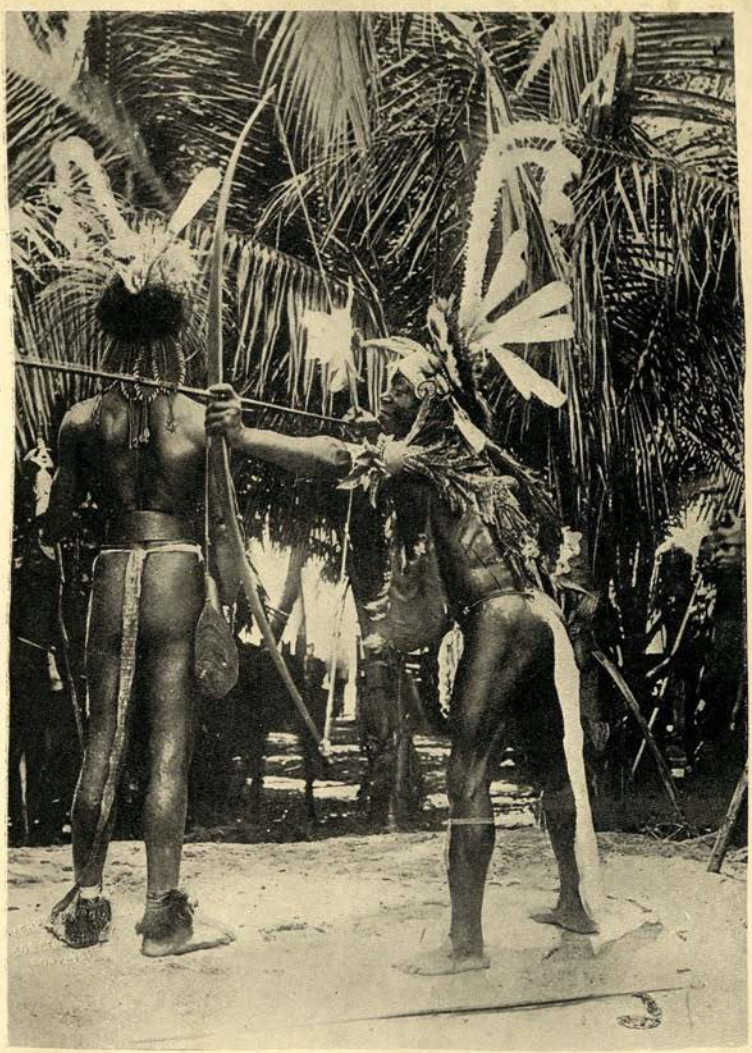
How did the Emperor know of such an incident, and so soon? His eye and his arm are far-reaching. Nothing escapes him, and they tell me he knows everything that goes on in the N.D.L. Service, and takes a personal interest in it all. How stimulating and encouraging it is to his far-away subjects to know he is with them, as it were, wherever they are, ready, and the first to reward and praise them if they do anything to foster the honour and interest of his empire! How wise this is! It does not affect the recipient of the favour alone, it stimulates and encourages all his subjects to do well, and no wonder they work together for their Fatherland. One knows of many a wire-pulling, intriguing nobody in our Government employ at home, who is paid, too, for his badly done work, who gets titles and honours for God knows what, simply because his party is paying him by recommending his name to the King—but that affects the recipient alone and passes unnoticed by the people in general. Queen Victoria and our late and present King and Queen often did, and do, personal things to recognise and honour some one, and how doubly grateful that is to the favoured one! It makes them realise that the King and Queen belong to every one and are in touch with every one, and wakens in them feelings of real attachment and devotion.

The German Emperor has this clever instinct of personally and unsolicited seeking out those it is useful for patriotic reasons to reward, people who perhaps have never seen him and never dream he can hear of them. It seems as spontaneous as

it is well thought out. It is so stimulating and encouraging to people to know that, though what they may do may escape public notice or recognition, yet their Emperor, who belongs to each one individually, may hear of it and appreciate it. Every German in the East heard of and took note of this little incident connected with Captain Niedermayer, and you may be sure it stirred them up to do anything they could to foster their country's interests. No one cares what those toadying, place-hunting brewers, grocers, and the like at home get—they give out of their millions a sum here or there to advertise themselves for reasons of personal ambition, and get paid in return by a baronetcy or a C.B. or something. That is all very well; it no doubt encourages the next rich aspirant to go and do likewise, but it has nothing to do with one's country or stimulating people to patriotic enterprise.

They cannot understand how the Emperor knows of or hears of the things he does out here in the East, but undoubtedly he knows well when and where to give the vivifying touch that is necessary and so doubly useful and welcome when it comes unsolicited.

At nine o'clock at night, after a struggle, we made the anchorage at Herbertshöhe, the settlement on the great island of New Britain, which with New Ireland, New Hanover, and many others forms the Bismarck Archipelago. Little was to be seen at that hour, as the gale continued and the *Stettin* tore at and struggled with her anchors and see-sawed about like a mad thing. Though not the mainland, actual New Guinea, these islands are part of that land, and I felt with joy that I had at last accomplished one of the desires of my life, and when daylight came would set eyes on the Desirable Land. I sat up late so as "to push



[*Photo, Kerry, Sydney.*

BRITISH NEW GUINEA CHIEFS.

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the night on" and not have so long to wait till morning!

HERBERTSHÖHE, NEW BRITAIN,
December 1900.

When I rose in the morning I hastened on deck to see what this new land was like. The gale still continued in heavy squalls alternating with quiescent lulls, the dying throes of the great monsoon. There was a very heavy swell and a tumultuous surf. It was a beautiful scene. A great mass of green cocoanut palms bordered the high green bank which descended steeply to the surf-beaten shore, and hills of considerable height formed a background. Amongst the palms a few wooden houses, looking neat and pretty from the ship, but somewhat primitive, appeared irregularly, and at one end, some distance from what was actually Herbertshöhe, rose the large Catholic church surrounded by the many wooden-verandahed buildings of the Mission. The church appeared to be a most substantial, almost imposing, building of stone—in reality it is of wood and corrugated iron painted in imitation of stone.

We have come through the worst monsoon that has been known for over seven years. The damage it has done has been great. The small piers have all been wrecked, the boats dashed ashore and carried by the wind inland in a shattered condition, and the small steamboat belonging to the Mission is also ashore. The settlement has been badly selected, and is open to every storm. It is, however, a beautiful spot.

Such boats as could manage it were soon battling through the surf to the *Stettin*, the arrival of which with the mails is a great event. As they approached, the occupants cried shrilly,

"*Was für Bier haben sie?*" and their mouths were all open in anticipation of long drinks at new, cool beer. The second question as they approached the gangway was, "Who is this stupid Englishman you have on board?"—the words "stupid" and "Englishman" are always used by Germans together. The "*dummer Englander*" himself met them all at the head of the gangway with an amused smile, and how very foolish they did look! In a little while they were asking to be presented.

You see, I had the pull on all these Germans; I knew more parts of their Homeland than they did themselves. I had lived among or known some of their countrymen whose names were very familiar to them, but whom they could not easily meet or know, and a person who had talked with the great von Moltke was in their eyes no mere "stupid Englishman." Had I not drunk my beer in the *Hofbrauerei* at München, in Auerbach's *Keller* in Leipzig, in the *Stalle* in Koln; with students in Heidelberg and Bonn, with cavalry officers in the Reitschule at Hanover, or in the Café Robby there? Had I not dined at Dressels in Unter den Linden and the countless beer gardens of Berlin; hobnobbed with the peasants throughout a whole winter in the Bavarian Alps, known something of the life of *Schloss* and *Dorf*, and were not their customs and ways very well known to me? Their prejudices vanish when they know you understand them. Then I have seen colonies grow and develop under my eyes, and have a right to express an opinion on how it is done. My valuable opinions have already been sought on various things here, and, of course, I graciously give them, whether I know anything about the matter or not! But at present I am too pleased and interested to be as scornful and sarcastic as

my nationality requires over the endeavours of Germany to found a colony, and people are much too amiable and kind to me to make it possible for me to be patriotically nasty. They are so anxious one should be pleased and admire all they have done, and in this hot weather it saves trouble to be amiable and interested—and I am genuinely interested, for the colonisation of a new land engages my sympathies too sincerely to let me care whose land it is. It seems to me it must be one of the finest and most fascinating of positions to have the power to create a great deal out of untouched Nature. The worst is, the grain of salt one must apply to all tales is a large one here.

On a height above the—well, the few wooden bungalows and sheds is the house of the Governor of all these German possessions, Herr von Bennigsen, son of the well-known statesman of that name. I remembered meeting his distinguished father many years ago in Hanover. He, the Governor, however, resides in a four-roomed house lower down, which also serves as Government Buildings. [Dr. Hahl is now Governor, and has about ninety officials under him in the German Protectorate.] The new Government House, a wooden bungalow of a few rooms, was made in Germany and shipped out. When it got to Singapore only half of it, and a builder, shipped with it, could be taken by the *Stettin*, and the other half had to lie in Singapore for some months till the *Stettin* returned for it. The wood—quite unsuitable for the climate—was all warped and strained, and now that at last they have got it up the white ants are going to eat it down. Here is the most magnificent timber in the world, and quantities of it; but the Wise Men of Berlin knew better than the French bishop, and never

thought of doing what he has done in using the natural advantages of this land itself. All this is feverishly and apologetically retailed to me. I tell them there are Wise Men in London capable of the same absurdities, and that consoles them. It is a most natural grievance here that Berlin must have a say in every trifle, but for the present it cannot well be otherwise. The Governor's small steam vessel lay near us. He had just returned from a visit to the remote Carolines, of which he is also Governor, though no doubt in Berlin they think it is but an hour or two across in a small boat, they look so near on the map.

The Bishop was exceedingly put out at seeing his steamboat ashore. Then the Governor's boat went to pull it off, though it dared not approach too near the surf, and Captain Niedermayer dared not risk the *Stettin* in aiding. A long hawser was let out and affixed to the Mission boat, and after strenuous efforts it was at last launched and towed out into deep water. Then it was found that they had placed only one native on board, who either did not understand or was unable to obey the orders yelled at him to let go the anchor; so, as both boats began to drift ashore, the Captain of the Governor's boat in disgust cast off the hawser and steamed out to safety, whilst the poor Bishop—who, whilst this was going on, was not the least like a bishop in language or manner—had the mortification of seeing his prized vessel again go ashore broadside and become a wreck before his eyes. All this was very exciting, and the Bishop had all our sympathy. Then at the Mission a gun was fired, a flag hoisted, and the people of the Mission—three hundred of them—all in gala attire, which, in the case of the men, meant merely a red loincloth, were seen pouring down the steep bank

to the shore. A large boat, manned by many natives, was launched and after much difficulty approached the *Stettin*.

Then began an exciting scene. The swell was so heavy that the boat was dashed high up against the gangway, and then receded many yards with a rush. It needed agile limbs, a steady head and nerve to step in at the right moment as it was dashed towards the ship. The Bishop, absolutely furious, got in all right, but his eight followers were terrified, had not courage for the attempt, and clung frantically to the gangway, whilst wave after wave dashed over them. They were in actual danger and might easily have been washed away, but I regret to say so comical was the scene that we on the ship were speechless with laughter. The poor men had not sense enough left to ascend the gangway, but clung on to it desperately at the bottom, dashed about by every wave. At last, in disgust, the Bishop went off alone, and we watched his progress to the shore. Twice his boat was overwhelmed by the surf, but natives rushed into the water and hauled it to safety by main force, and we saw the Bishop, after a very brief greeting to his flock, striding off along the shore. The Mission Brethren were at last also embarked all upside down, and when they reached the surf were helpless, and wave after wave broke over them, they having a near shave of being drowned. From the ship it looked very funny indeed: there are always different ways of viewing things. Sister Amigunda, Sister Ludwina, and the other Sisters had been ungallantly left behind to shift for themselves, so when the boat came back for them one of the officers and I rushed to the gangway to assist, but were not needed. Headed by the two Australian Sisters they all walked calmly and

coolly down the gangway, waited for the critical moment, and stepped in safely. Then, when they approached the surf, we saw one stand up directing and encouraging the rowers, and they passed magnificently and safely to the shore, whilst we on the ship cheered, though they could not hear us.

Amongst those who came on board were Mr. Forsayth, Herr Walin, and others.

When the Germans took possession of their part of New Guinea and its adjacent isles, they found installed in New Britain a half-caste American-Samoan family who had made large plantations at Ralum, in New Britain, and elsewhere. Of the two daughters of this family, offspring of an American father and a Samoan mother, one, Emma, married an American, Mr. Forsayth, and the other married a German, Mr. Parkinson. Mrs. Forsayth, as she then was, was the practical owner of a fine stretch of country. The Germans confirmed them in all their rights, as also in rights they claimed inland and over some islands. Later, after her first husband's death, Mrs. Forsayth married a German, Herr Kolbe, but he is merely Prince Consort, as Frau Kolbe—who is universally known as Queen Emma—with her son, Mr. Forsayth, and her connections the Parkinsons, manages the large Ralum estate, a store, and all the other plantations they own, herself. The son, Forsayth, married a lady with Samoan blood in her, so that the whole family is of mixed blood; but the Samoans being a handsome and a fine race there is little to regret in that. Queen Emma, all her connections, and all in her employment speak English, and as Ralum is near Herbertshöhe, and extends along the west sea frontage for a long distance, the Germans eventually found they were scarce masters in their own land, and they do not like at all that this

important family should persist in using the English language.

It is one of the great German ideas to force their language on all natives throughout the south seas, and to so kill all British influence. In all the schools reading and writing in German is compulsory, and the Germans are most scornful about the "pidgin-English"—the universal trade-tongue of all natives everywhere. They want the English Wesleyan missionaries on some islands to learn and teach German. The natives, not only on every different island, but almost in every village, have different dialects, so that they do not understand each other, and must use one language to communicate with each other and with the white people, and that is pidgin-English.

They call a person's head a cocoanut and bestow names on the whites which they deem suitable, but which at times are not too complimentary. Hence they call the Governor, Herr von Bennigsen, "big fellow master cocoanut belong him no top grass," in reference to His Excellency's baldness.

One of the *Stettin* officers they call "short man, big belly"! Of course every important man is "big fellow master," and a woman is always, as in Australia, "Mary." They speak of one of themselves when clothed as "white fellow black man." But since they are all to learn and speak German, the poor things must no longer call the *Stettin* a "big war-canoe," but a "*Dreitausendtonnendampfer*," which will cure cannibalism, as their jaws will soon wear out.

I remember once sitting in the hall of a German hotel where two old English spinsters were busy with their knitting. An American girl with a young man came in; they looked at her and sniffed. Suddenly the young lady walked up to the time-

table on the wall and said in an emphatic way, "We must look up that *Dampfschiff*" (steamboat). The old ladies turned on each other with a horrified start, "What *dreadful* language these awful Americans use!"

King Peter is not friendly with Queen Emma, and particularly with her son, Mr. Forsayth, and it is when passing the house of the latter that he hoists his flag of the nigger standing on the cocoanut. King Peter has a very natural pride in the success he has attained and his position as actual king of a whole group of beautiful islands; but Queen Emma is the most important person in German New Guinea, as, besides the great plantations, she owns quite a fleet of schooners and other craft for trading purposes, and has over a thousand people in her employment, so that others have cause to be jealous.

Trade with the natives is all done with goods —beads, cloth, paint, and various things, and the native money—cowrie shells strung on fibre and worth so much a fathom; but German money, adorned with a bird of paradise, has been introduced and is *eventually* to come into universal use. It will be long ere the natives understand it.

The native tribes inhabiting the different territories and islands, and, as I said, even villages, differ in looks, customs, and language, so that there are many dialects or languages. Some are more Polynesian than Papuan in looks, but, speaking generally, the Papuans are a very fine race, well built and fine featured. They vary in colour, some being dark brown and others much more fair. The girls when young are tolerably attractive, but become wrinkled old women at an early age, and a really old woman is a terrible-looking old hag, generally skinny with a protruding stomach and long, hanging breasts. The men, however,

are sometimes quite handsome and most dignified in bearing. They disfigure themselves in various ways, according to the local fashion, with tattooing, painting in extraordinary manner face and body in colours, enlarging the ear-lobes to such a size that they hang down to the shoulders, wearing all sorts of things in their ears and noses. The women wear bunchy grass petticoats, a girdle of leaves, a wisp of cloth, or nothing at all, except, of course, their ornaments; the men, a wisp of cloth, a shell, the string costume—a piece of string passed round the waist and between the legs—or are absolutely nude. They too, however, wear ornaments of various sorts, and often of great interest and beauty, in the way of head adornments, armlets, anklets, breast ornaments, and ear ornaments. Sometimes they carry their pipe and other things in the ear or under the armlet. They all appear, especially when nude, quite suitably dressed. In fact, though really nude they never appear so, as it seems quite natural and right. Missionaries, with the idea of Christianising or civilising them, sometimes compel them to go half or fully dressed. The result is that they at once contract all sorts of diseases and die off by the score of pulmonary complaints. It is difficult to explain, but numbers of nude natives seem so naturally and suitably dressed that you never realise they are not, and the only immodesty or indecency there is about it is in the minds of those who think otherwise. They have no feeling of shame, for they know of no reason they should feel any, nor is there any.

When the men get European clothes they wear only part at a time, and that generally on the head. A nude native with a hat, or some garment wrapped round his head, is somewhat ridiculous, and when they wear a shirt they look simply

ludicrous. A willow-pattern plate, covered with carved tortoiseshell, is a conspicuous and ornamental breastplate. The hair has many ornaments —shells, feathers, and red hibiscus flowers—and they often stick a flower in their armlet as well. They are very fond of strong scents, not always appreciated by others. They wear also in the hair combs and head scratchers. In painting and tattooing they now get new designs from coloured calicoes. As to the hair, it is sometimes like a mop in little ringlets, sometimes like a negro's, sometimes combed out in a frizzy mass. It is often stained light brown, or yellow, or red, with lime, and sometimes it even approaches the extraordinary colour of magenta. Their musical instruments are flutes, pandean pipes, and the drum, a hollowed-out wooden arrangement, which they beat to distraction. They are fond also of jews' harps, and the concertina is coming into fashion.

They all carry a small net bag over the shoulder, with their lime-pot and betel-nut. The latter is the fruit of a palm, is, with the lime, hot and nasty, and makes the teeth and gums red or quite black.

Their food is yams, bread-fruit, taro,—a root like a turnip,—sago, cocoanuts, canary nuts, and so on, besides which they have plantains and bananas. There are, I believe, about fifty different sorts of bananas in New Britain. Various things of this kind are placed in a wooden bowl, mashed together, and hot stones dropped in to boil the water. They then cover it with layers of leaves, which retain the heat, and it is soon cooked. Mashed taro, covered with cocoanut scrapings, is a favourite dish. They also eat pig, dog, lizards, etc., and like such food decomposed. Pig, dog, and taro mashed up together in a large bowl

[*Photo, Kerry, Sydney.*

NATIVES OF BRITISH NEW GUINEA.

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makes a delicious stew—so I am told, but I am never likely to know if it is true.

The women bring these fruits and roots to market in baskets slung on their back by a band across their foreheads. A young pig costs more to buy than a young girl. [What do the "suffer-it-yets" think of that?] Smart women in New Guinea do not go in for Pekinese or other little wheezers, the fashion with them is young pigs. These they nurse tenderly, and such a thing as a woman suckling a pig has been seen! The young girls sow their wild oats before marriage and carry on with whom they please, and "belong all boys." After marriage they become the property of their husbands. If one man takes away another's wife, of course there is a row, but it generally ends in his paying for her. The old women have a great deal to say in matters; their weapon is the universal one of woman—the tongue. The young men have to go through all sorts of tomfoolery when they attain puberty, and there are many extraordinary and strict customs which must be obeyed.

The sago palm supplies thatch for their houses, ivory-nuts, and the sago they are so fond of. The trees in some places, especially high and dry ones, attain to 60 or 70 feet high. The tree is cut down, pith extracted and torn up into small pieces, placed in a trough made out of a hollowed branch, the troughs tilted up so that water runs from one to the other, and the fibrous part is washed away, whilst the sago remains at the bottom. It is dried over a fire and left in the sun to let all moisture evaporate. They have also pumpkins and sugar-cane, so can have a varied *menu*, to say nothing of their passion for human flesh.

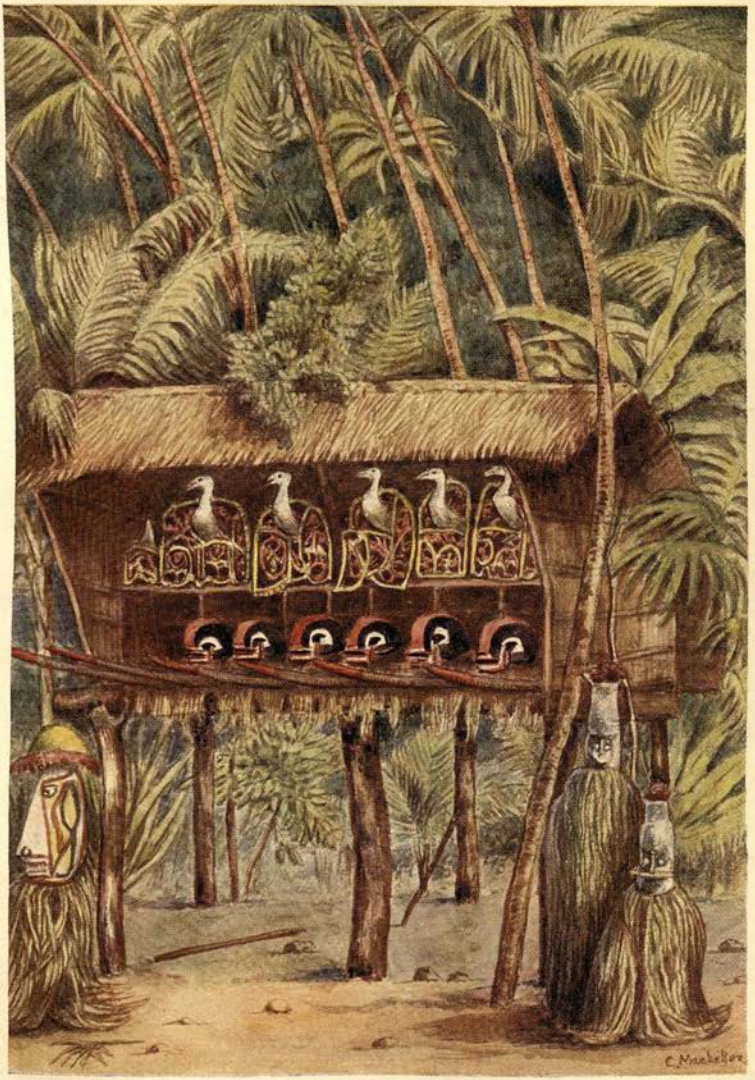
Their houses are generally built of bamboo

framework on posts, the roofs and sides thatched with pandanus or cocoanut palms. Some are small and conical, others large, high, and gabled, and in places are built in trees or over the water. They generally have a stage in front, are sometimes divided into two compartments, and the sleeping-places are mats on the floor or on a low ledge. A chief's house can be 80 feet long, 50 feet in breadth, and 30 feet high, and some villages have a street of quite imposing houses. Their "temples," or tambu houses, are decorated with carved and painted figures, and sometimes the war-canoes, most beautiful structures, are kept in them, and often a large wooden shark with a human skull inside it. Pigs' jawbones, human skulls, and bones add to the decoration. The men lounge about outside as a sort of club, but it is taboo to the women.

When anything is tambu, or taboo, it is sacred or holy, and they protect their houses or land by sticking crossed sticks in the ground, or by erecting tall, carved, painted posts. This is sufficient protection, and to be taboo covers everything.

On the coast they have, of course, fish, and now sometimes fish with dynamite, thereby getting quantities of fish.

They are, naturally, great believers in witchcraft, ghosts, and spirits, and make a great fuss over the Duk-Duk, a spirit which comes at certain times. In the islands two Duk-Duks come, in New Guinea itself a number. It is all stage-managed by the old men for their own benefit. The Duk-Duks arrive in canoes, yelling, shouting, and dancing, dressed in conical plaited basket arrangements which leave only the legs visible—sort of pantomime bogies. The young men—who are terrified—are drawn up in rows. The Duk-Duks come along and beat them, they show-



MASK HOUSE AND MASKED NATIVES, NEW GUINEA.

(To face page 110.)

ing no sign of pain, and this is repeated for days. All the men have contributed to the food for the "spirits," who dwell apart in houses arranged for them. Sometimes they kill and eat a youth, and, in fact, they do as they please. When they depart, their house and everything left behind is burnt, but the old men have had a real good time. How the youths cannot see through it all is a mystery. Their masked dances, and especially the masks, are extraordinary and fantastic to a degree. The mask houses standing in a tropical jungle are weird but picturesque objects.

Some aristocratic families retain the hereditary secret of making poisoned arrows. A wound from one of these produces *tetanus*.

The canary tree grows much. It has a blue plum with a nut: both plum and kernel are eaten. The blue-crested pigeons are very fond of these plums, but disgorge the nut, hence they spread and sow it everywhere.

The *borrolong* is a beautiful tree with long, pendant, yellow-spiked blooms; but of course the vegetation everywhere is as wonderful as it is beautiful, and some of the timber, such as sandalwood and cedar, is magnificent, and New Guinea and its islands are paradises for the botanist and the naturalist, and being as yet mostly unexplored, offer for long an interesting field to scientific men.

What may they not yet discover in those unknown silent lands! It is said there are apes in the interior of some places, but nothing is known about them or what is really there. There are many snakes, poisonous and non-poisonous, and lizards of all sorts, the monitor being of great size. There are rumours of a new animal having been seen, a large marsupial ant-eater, I believe. But perhaps there is no

foundation for this tale. [I think it was Professor David of the Sydney University—that member of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition who led a party to the South Magnetic Pole—whom I heard state that he had been informed by some person connected with British New Guinea that he had seen the spoor of some such huge animal. Dr. H. A. Lorentz—the well-known Dutch explorer—says that he had in his possession for a time the foot of some huge creature.]

Of the birds of paradise and the beautiful blue crown pigeons it is as unnecessary to speak as it is of the exquisite butterflies and beetles.

The natives have well-defined rights in the land, and have evolved for themselves a wonderful system of social government with the strictest laws, the infringement of some of which means death. They are very treacherous, and murders of whites are frequent, but on the coast are often provoked by interference with their women. As there are countless hordes of the natives, the few Europeans are in constant danger. The natives, however, cannot be judged as others; they do not understand our ideas, and naturally resent the intrusion of the white man into their tropical paradise, and his constant endeavours to rob them of what they consider theirs. They are, of course, nearly all cannibals. Just lately the Governor was in a room at Herbertshöhe with various others when suddenly his own boy—native servant—drew a revolver, fired at him, but missed him, though the bullet grazed Queen Emma's arm. You never know at what moment such things may occur. It is with their spears and axes they attack the whites, and these are formidable weapons.

Herr Walin and others had just returned with

the Governor from his cruise to the Carolines; and I think Mrs. Parkinson, Queen Emma's sister, was of the party, as she frequently accompanies the Governor as interpreter, knowing many of the dialects.

On account of the squalls and the abnormally heavy swell the captain decided to leave Herbertshöhe, and proceeded, as did also the *Stephan*, the Governor's vessel, to the station of Matupi in Blanche Bay, a beautiful little well-sheltered anchorage. The life of the colony for the present depends on the *Stettin*, so that it is necessary to run no undue risks.

[At Simpsonshafen, in Blanche Bay, the N.D.L. Co. have erected a pier and large building, and I believe the Government Settlement is to be moved there from Herbertshöhe. The steamboat line between Singapore and New Guinea has been abandoned as it did not pay, and a boat now runs from Hong-Kong by the Philippines to New Guinea and Sydney. Blanche Bay and Simpsonshafen take their names from the visit there in 1872 of Captain Simpson in H.M.S. *Blanche*.]

MATUPI, NEW BRITAIN,
December 1900.

On arriving here at this beautiful little harbour it looked quite animated, as, in addition to the *Stettin* and the *Stephan*, there is here the large white steam yacht *Eberhardt*, belonging to Herr Bruno Mencke, a German millionaire. This yacht formerly belonged to the Prince of Monaco. Her present owner is said to have £35,000 a year—a large income for Germany—and I believe his father was a rich sugar merchant. This is his second visit to New Guinea, and he has come now for a three years' cruise amidst these beautiful

islands. They tell me he is most eccentric, has few interests or tastes of his own, but has brought out as his guests several scientific men.

Matupi is an island very near the mainland, with which it is to be eventually joined by a bridge [now completed]. It is quite a lovely spot, beautifully situated in Blanche Bay, and is dominated by the three volcanoes known as the Mother and Daughters—the North and the South Daughters. The Mother is quite alive and very active at times, but the Daughters are modest creatures, quiescent, and clothed with vegetation to almost the very top. There are hot springs in a river running into the bay, which is itself a crater into which the sea has broken.

In 1878 a volcano rose in Blanche Bay. At Cape Gloucester, the extreme west point of New Britain, is a nest of volcanoes found by Wilfrid Powell to be in eruption in 1877. There were one hundred craters, large and small, erupting fire, smoke, and fine ashes. The Father (4000 ft.) and the South Son (3000 ft.) are also volcanoes.

The sulphur fumes from the Mother are borne over Matupi by the wind; so it is quite free from fever, and one has only to glance at its German inhabitants to see how healthy it is. Herr Walin is a fine bronzed specimen of what a German becomes under such conditions, and besides being a handsome, vigorous man, is also most pleasant and agreeable.

In Blanche Bay lie the two Bienenkorb Inseln, or Beehive Islands, two perpendicular rocks 220 ft. high, separated by a few feet of water and surrounded by deep sea. These islands are of ideal beauty. At the foot of one, on a coral ledge amidst cocoanut palms, is a native village with three hundred people who live by fishing. Some day there will be a great upheaval here, and all

this beauty may vanish. Earthquakes are most frequent.

On or about 11th September 1900 there was an alarming earthquake. Early in the morning the natives were seen collecting on the coast and entering the water, and at 8.30 occurred a strange noise, followed soon by terrific thunderous reports, and the natives threw themselves into the sea for safety. The houses shook and swayed, the trees bent as before a gale, and it continued every half-hour till next morning. The water receded fifty feet, leaving quantities of fish high and dry, and this sort of thing went on till the 27th of September. The *Stettin*, at anchor at Herbertshöhe, was in danger, and frequently touched ground, dragging her anchors. To the relief, however, of the people at Matupi the Mother remained quite normal, though frequently she gave forth volumes of sulphurous smoke.

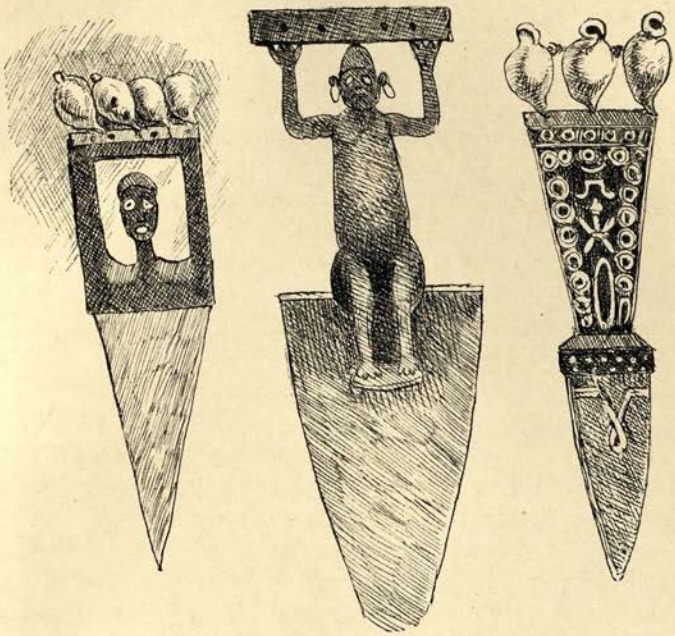
Matupi is a trading station of Hermsheim and Co. (or it may be Hernsheim), a German firm having many stations and a large connection in this part of the world and throughout the South Sea Islands. The island is thickly clothed with cocoa palms, amongst which, down to the very edge of the water, are the countless little houses of the natives surrounded by their cane stockades. This, of course, should have been the site of the settlement, and not Herbertshöhe, which is so exposed, and not free from fever. The earthquakes must be risked. The official capital of German New Guinea is on the mainland of that great island, but Herbertshöhe, on New Britain, is the residence of the Governor and other officials, and so is practically the capital.

What is called the "Station" at Matupi is a group of wooden houses of the bungalow type, and various wooden and iron store sheds scattered

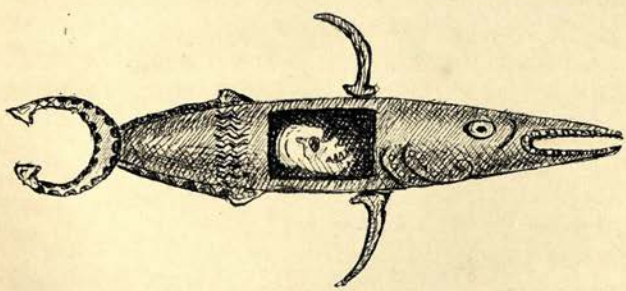
about amidst the palms and other beautiful foliage. The Germans are always neat and clean about their houses, and the square in front of these buildings is neatly planted with most beautiful variegated croton plants of brilliant aspect, with a somewhat uneven tennis-court in the centre. Long cane chairs bestrew the verandahs, which have also more or less artistic curtains. It is all most pretty and charming, and Matupi is a most desirable spot.

The blue sky and sea, the waving green palms, the lovely islands, the white ships at anchor, make quite a beautiful picture. I am in a fever to come and live in this wonderful land and have an island of my own! The idea has already caught on, and all are joking about my island. Amongst the Germans who boarded the *Stettin* on our arrival—they all came to lunch as a matter of course — was an exceedingly pleasant young fellow, Herr Cart; but all were cheery, friendly, and no longer the least put out at the advent of this *dummer Englander*. Men may be wild and unconventional in such parts of the world as this, but they are also real and true and only too glad to mix with other white men, so few are there here.

The German colonial possessions of New Guinea, comprising Kaiser Wilhelm's Land (the mainland), the Bismarck Archipelago, Solomon Isles, the Caroline, Marianne, and Marshall groups, and Samoa, comprise 243,819 square kilometres, with a native population estimated at 452,000; but, of course, it is not known how many natives there are. [The total white population (1904) is said to be 1098.] Here, in these actual New Guinea possessions, they tell me there are no more than three hundred white people scattered about on the mainland and the different islands. [In 1910 the white population had not increased.]



CANOE ORNAMENTS.



BONITO FISH HUNG IN CANOE HOUSE, WITH SKULL.

To face page 116.

The Caroline, Marianne, the Marshall Isles, and Samoa are somewhat remote from New Guinea, so that at present in these parts there are only these few hundred whites scattered over a very large area, including the mainland and islands. Leaving out Queen Emma and Mrs. Parkinson and her daughters, I can only hear at present of three German women—Frau Wolff, the wife of a missionary, and the nurse at the hospital at Stephansort on the mainland. There may possibly be one or two wives of missionaries on remote islands, but they tell me there are not.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Land—the German part of New Guinea—is 181,650 square kilometres in extent, with a given population of 11,000 natives—though probably there are three times that—and 113 whites. I doubt very much if there are even 100 whites on the mainland; they probably count in the traders who occasionally visit it. The Bismarck Archipelago—that is, New Britain, New Ireland, New Hanover, and the rest—together with the Solomon Isles, comprises 57,000 square kilometres. New Britain is 350 miles long, New Ireland 240 miles long by 15 broad, and New Hanover 40 miles long by 20 wide.

Some of the Solomon Isles are within the German sphere and some within the British. With the same almost insane lack of foresight which has characterised all the dealings of the Home Government with these seas and isles, they allowed the best part of them to fall to Germany. This is a real misfortune, and it is a great pity Germany has any of them. It would have been better for herself also not to have them, as will be seen in time. As much as she can she shuts them against all traders save Germans; others must pay a large annual licence; whereas the British ones are open to any one. At the

same time she gave a binding undertaking when she acquired her possessions in these seas to afford British subjects all the trading and other facilities her own people had, and which we so freely accord to any one. What, then, does Germany expect? Is it to be supposed when she pursues the policy she does that she can have the sympathy or friendship of any one?

There are a certain number of traders, British, Scandinavians, and so on, scattered amongst these isles. Most of these men live alone at their station, often a small isle, and frequently have a regular native harem, besides the other natives who work for them. Each is a little king, but his life is in daily danger. The natives of the Solomons have always been notorious as head-hunters and cannibals, and are the same to-day—they go one hundred miles for heads. Bougainville, the largest and most northern of the isles, is 120 miles long by 30 wide, has a range of mountains several thousand feet high, and an active volcano. There are alligators, turtle, and wild boar in the isles; but, on account of the natives, they are not yet explored. Rubiana is a headquarter for British traders, and the largest British isles are New Georgia, Guadalcanar, Malaita, and San Christoval.

Nothing can be more interesting than to picture the early endeavours of the Spaniards in these seas, as related in the MS. of Hernando Gallego, 1566, a copy of which is in the British Museum. Don Philip II. of Spain ordered Lope Garcio de Castro to equip two ships and set out from Peru to "discover a continent" and Christianise it. I like the large order—"just go and find a continent"; but they were elated with their conquest of Peru.

On the 19th November 1566 they left Callao

in Peru. Alvaro de Mendana was general, Pedro de Ortega Valencia, commander of troops, Fernando Enriquez was royal ensign, and Gallego was chief pilot. They had four Franciscan friars, and, with soldiers and sailors, the expedition counted one hundred men. They felt capable of conquering any amount of continents. They sailed about thirty leagues a day, watching the flight of birds and flying-fish. On the 15th January they sighted and came to an island. Seven canoes came out and then went back; the natives lit fires at night and hung up flags. Now whose flags or what flag did they hang up? These people were nude and brown. This was named the *Isle of Jesus*. On 1st February they sighted some islands and reefs, which they named "Los Bajos de la Candelarea," thought to be identical with those called "Ontong Java" by Tasman, in 1643, and seen by Le Maine and Schouten, 1616.

On 7th February, the eightieth day out from Callao, these gallant little ships, the *Almiranta* and the *Capitana*, sighted more land, and reached it the next evening. Natives visited them, and they inspected the shore. On the 9th, guided by a star in daylight, they entered a harbour with an island, and named it Santa Isabel de Estrella, and the island Santa Isabel, though the natives called it Camba. They disembarked, set up a cross, and took possession in the name of the King, and at once commenced building a brigantine. Pedro de Ortega, with fifty-two men, comprising soldiers, sailors, and negroes, went a seven days' expedition inland, and, as they put it, burned many heathen temples—one soldier being wounded and dying. On the 15th March fourteen canoes came to Santa Isabel and sent the general as a present a portion of a boy with hand and arm—he had it buried in their presence as a reproof.

By the 4th April their brigantine was ready and launched, and on the 7th it left with Gallego, Ortega, eighteen soldiers, and twelve sailors, and went coasting, having frequent tussles with the natives, who seem to have been exactly then as they are now. On the 12th they came to the island of Malaita, where they bought a pig from the natives—where did they get their pigs from, I wonder? These natives had beads, *the same as those at Puerto Viego in the province of Quito (now Ecuador) in South America.* This was at Pala, now called Gala. The natives were naked, tattooed, had many villages, and they had many fights with them. Gallego says they "reddened their hair, eat human flesh, and have their towns built over the water as in Mexico"—it is exactly so to-day. A large island with a volcano was reached 19th April, and then a fine harbour, called by D'Urville in 1838 Astrolabe Harbour. They named the islands of Jorge (St. George Isle), and San Marcos (Choiseul Isle), and at Santa Isabel de Estrella found their other ships.

All leaving together 17th May, they came to Guadalcanar, set up a cross, and took possession for Spain, fought the natives, and record that they got "two hens and a cock." Some of the soldiers were killed. They named and took San Christoval; then they visited and named nearly all the Solomon Islands. Gallego says somewhere that they thought they were at or near New Guinea, and goes on to say, "Inigo Ortez de Retes discovered it and no other; but Bernardo de la Torre did not see it;" but it was not New Guinea. Then they saw the Marshall Isles (as is supposed), the Isle of San Francisco (Wake's Isle), and saw by bits of rope and nails, etc., that a ship had been there before them—what ship, I wonder? They had terrible times, hoisted blankets for sails, and

Gallego says: "We were much wearied, and suffered from hunger and thirst, as they did not allow us more than half a pint of stinking water and eight ounces of biscuit, a few very black beans and oil; besides which there was nothing on the ship. Many of our people from weakness were unable to eat any more food." After terrific storms the *Capitana*, on 24th January 1569, entered the Mexican port of Santiago, and three days later, by some strange chance, the *Almiranta*, without masts, boats, and in the last extremity, and not knowing where she was, joined her consort—a truly remarkable thing. They left on the 10th of March, sailed down the Mexican coast, and at "Guatuleo" sent a boat ashore; but all the people fled, "because," he says, "they had heard in Mexico that we were a *strange Scotch people*."

Now what do you make of that? Here were these people in Mexico, a country conquered by the Spaniards, visited by other Spainards belonging to the other conquered country Peru, and they run away in fear because they think they are Scotch! Even if they did wear kilts, that could scarcely have shocked people who wear, some of them, nothing at all! Cortez and Pizarro, the respective conquerors of Mexico and Peru, were friends and relatives, and so you might imagine they knew in Mexico about the expedition of the Peruvian Spaniards, as they would hear of it from Spain if no other way. The Germans have a theory that the white people, or fair-haired, blue-eyed people who came from Titicaca calling themselves the Sun and Moon, conquered all the Indians, and became the famous Yncas of Peru, were "Irish." I say they were just as likely to be Scots, and these people in Mexico must have had some traditional idea that the Peruvians were Scots—or else why imagine these Spanish

Peruvians were "a strange Scotch people"? There I leave it.

They beached their ship at a Nicaraguan port for repairs, but got no help; on 14th May reached Santa Elena in Peru, and on the 26th Don Fernando Enriquez left for Lima, with the news of the discovery of land and islands. *Laus Deo!*

So ended this wonderful voyage, a marvel of courage and endurance. They were extraordinary people these old Spaniards.

But, strange to say, the isles they had discovered were lost for two hundred years.

Mendana had named them the "Isles of Solomon," thought they were full of gold, and was dying to get it. The Spaniards considered them to be the Ophir of Solomon, from which he brought the gold to build the temple at Jerusalem. When Drake appeared on the scene and went "look-seeing" about, the Spaniards concealed all knowledge they had, so that the English would not benefit by their experiences.

In 1595 Mendana, an old man, accompanied by his wife, Donna Isabella Baretto, sailed again from Peru with four ships and four hundred sailors, soldiers, and emigrants. Fernando de Quiros, who had been with him before, was his chief pilot, and San Christoval was their goal. Half-way across the Pacific they came to the Marquesas de Mendoza (now called the Marquesas), but another month went by ere they sighted more land. The *Capitana* signalled to the other ships, but only two replied. The gallant *Almiranta* did not answer; she never has answered, and her fate is a mystery. She had one hundred men, women, and children on board. Who knows but some day yet some trace of her may be found in those unknown isles.

At Santa Cruz they tried to establish a colony,

but between natives and illness they came to grief. Mendana and his brother-in-law died; and when only fifty miles from the Solomons, as is now known, they turned back and made for Manilla in the Philippines, but one ship, the *Fragata*, disappeared. She was said to have been afterwards discovered ashore somewhere "with all her sails set and all her people dead and rotten."

Again, in 1605, Quiros left Callao with two ships and Luis Vaez de Torres as second in command, determined to find the Solomons, that Land of Ophir. At last he came to San Christoval, but had no idea it was one of the Solomons or that he had seen it forty years previously. So, still looking for it, he sailed on till he reached a great land, anchored in a bay, and named it *Australia del Esperito Santo*. A mutiny broke out, and he sailed back to Mexico, leaving Torres and his ship behind. The great land is said to have been an island of the New Hebrides, now known as Esperitu Santo; but several writers of to-day, amongst them Cardinal Moran, the distinguished Archbishop of Sydney, strive to prove that Quiros really did reach Australia and that the harbour and island he named were Gladstone Harbour and Curtis Island in Queensland; and it would seem as if there is good ground for this assertion. Curtis Island is the lone isle where Mrs. Campbell Praed, one of the most interesting of Australian writers, spent part of her early married life, and about which her novel, *An Australian Heroine*, is written. I myself was once nearly becoming part owner of this large island; but that is long ago now. Its owner, Mr. Paterson, used to swim his horse across the Narrows which divide it from the mainland and make his way to Raglan, where I met him when on a visit there. Perhaps that was Solomon's Land of Ophir, for gold enough is there,

as near by is the most remarkable gold quarry—it is scarcely a mine—in the world, the famous Mount Morgan.

When the town of Gladstone was surveyed and laid out in 1853 it is said that at "South Tree Point" there was found in the sand a brass cannon, a pivot gun about 5 feet long, with a bore of 1½ inches, in very good preservation and inscribed "Santa Barbara, 1596" (Santa Barbara was patron saint of artillery in Spain).

High up amongst the bush on the eastern side of Facing Island the remains of a very ancient ship with oaks growing through her gaping sides were discovered. The existence of this interesting relic was vouched for by Mr. Friend, the oldest surviving resident of Gladstone, and it was inspected by Mr. Richard Ware, one of the original surveyors of Gladstone, and by Mr. Colin Archer of Gracemere, a pioneer landowner. Mr. Archer had been originally a shipwright and shipbuilder—he long after this designed the *Fram* for Nansen—and he pronounced the build of the vessel to be Spanish.

They also found on a projecting detached rock at Auckland Point a carving in stone of a man's face with a partly obliterated date below. At some remote period timber had been cleared at South Tree Point, two wells sunk and lined with "imported timber." There were traces of a building, and "a stone erection had been founded some feet in the loose soil." A large block of stone with smooth sides was marked with crosses, and was thought to have been an altar.

Mr. William Archer, the well-known author, is a relative of the Mr. Archer of Gracemere whose name is given.

[Mr. William Archer writes that his uncle, Mr. Colin Archer, mentioned above, and now resident

in Norway, has no knowledge of these facts, and, if true, it must have been another member of the family, now dead, who is referred to. The story is given in official Queensland publications, but is doubtful. Also the account given by De Quiros in his memorial to the King of Spain goes far to demolish the theory that his port of Vera Cruz and Gladstone Harbour are identical, as he mentions the population being great and of various colours—"whites, yellow, mulattoes, and black, and mixtures of each." They own no sovereign, but group in tribes "little friendly towards each other." Their fruits are six sorts of plantains, almonds of four sorts, large strawberries of great sweetness, ground nuts, oranges, and lemons; they have sugar-cane, pumpkins, beets, and beans, and they have also pigs, goats, hens, geese, partridges, turtle-doves, and pigeons—this will never do as a description of any part of the Queensland coast at such a date. If there were white people, De Quiros could have learnt something of their origin.]

Torres thought it was only an island, and left, and, sailing through what is now called Torres Straits, eventually arrived at Manilla.

Quiros had missed, as he thought, the Solomons, and his Australia del Esperito Santo had been declared to be no continent, but only an island, yet he was not cast down. He went to Spain, addressed fifty petitions to the King, and in 1614 set sail for Peru, but died at Panama. Then for one hundred and fifty years the Solomons and their natives were left to their own devices, strange as it may seem.

In August 1766 the *Dolphin* and *Swallow*, under Captains Wallis and Carteret, left Plymouth, and after passing through the Straits of Magellan lost each other. Carteret on the *Swallow* sailed on, sighted and named various islands without

having the least idea they were the Solomons, as has since been proved.

In 1790 Dalrymple, in his *Historical Collection of Voyages*, declared that New Britain, discovered by Dampier, and the lost Solomons were one and the same. Captain Cook also believed this. King Louis XVI. of France in 1785 ordered La Perouse to go out and decide the question, but his expedition came to disaster and he perished. Then D'Entrecasteaux, in search of La Perouse, visited these isles, but did not guess they were the Solomons. It was Dumont d'Urville who in 1838 established their identity. Then came traders and missionaries to be killed, and in 1851 the yacht *Wanderer*, with her owner, Mr. Boyd, went cruising among them, but Boyd was killed and the yacht eventually wrecked at Port Macquarie in Australia.

Even now these mysterious isles are unexplored, and almost uninhabited save for the head-hunting cannibal savages who worry the traders. And where is the gold? No, I am afraid Solomon's Ophir was not here, but was, after all, in Australia; and that Cardinal Moran is right as to its being the Great Land of Quiros, but that there is some confusion as to what places that explorer is referring to.

This is no doubt all very boring, but it is not to me, for I seem to see those gallant little ships of long ago sailing and tacking amidst this wonderland of beautiful isles, which to-day are almost as they were then, and in most cases are unchanged.

I wonder if there are any boys, real boys, left now who ever read about such things and desire to emulate them? I once lived much near a "crammer's," where scores of boys—men, they called themselves—were preparing for their ex-

aminations to be soldiers of the Queen, and saw much of their life and heard much of what they thought, but none of them seemed to care for anything save the passing amusement of the moment, and least of all did they know or care anything about the military history of their country or the profession they were going to—what is the word—adorn, is it ? What do people care about nowadays ? Bridge, golf, motors !

Let us get back to Matupi. With Captain Niedermayer and the two Englishmen from the second class I explored Matupi, we who were new to it being deeply interested. The natives have very small grass houses varying in appearance, surrounded by fenced-in enclosures in which they grow bananas. Even in this small island the people seem to swarm, and there are hordes of merry, mischievous, taking children all happily clad in their own natural beauty and wide smiles. Most of the men here have the lobes of their ears enlarged to an enormous size; a few wear a strip of red cloth, but most are quite nude. All these people suffer much from ringworm and other skin diseases, especially the children. They seem all to speak pidgin-English. There is a school with a native teacher, a mere shed with packing-cases for seats. Many magnificent bread-fruit trees and cocoa-palms are scattered about; but all these islands are tropical jungles filled with palms, ferns, orchids, and all sorts of beautiful plants and trees unknown to me. I feel terribly, shamefully ignorant when I look at them and don't know what they are, but no one seems able to tell me.

At a point of the island we visited a store belonging to a Chinaman, Ah Tam, who is also an excellent boat-builder, and the only one anywhere, so he is a valuable addition to the colonists of this country. He has also a boarding-house

for Europeans, but no boarders in it. Chinese are not allowed to own land here, yet they say he is quite rich, as he deserves to be. What would such lands do without these industrious, clever Chinese, who are so quiet, peaceable, and orderly, and invaluable in so many ways? I bought native money—cowrie shells—from this man, and we all remained with him for some time, yarning. Messrs. Walin and Kooman—the latter married to a niece of Queen Emma—entertained us to a whisky and soda at one bungalow. It was a most comfortable and tastefully tended house. Herr Walin told me he had just bought a "beautiful group of islands" for his company, Hermsheim and Co., from the natives for £7, 10s. in trade, which meant about £3 in money! Captain Niedermayer burst out laughing at the look of desire and greed that came into my face—for my island or group of islands is being much discussed. Walin said it took him a whole day to bargain with the natives, as they did not want to sell. He bargained through an interpreter, and the natives *said* they understood what they were doing!

The system of land purchase here, so far as I understand it, is as follows: Permission is first obtained from the Governor to bargain with the natives for their land. They never want to part with it, but are dazzled with the concertinas, scarlet cloth, beads, and other "trade" displayed to them, and cajoled into agreeing to sell. They seldom understand what it is all about, but are *supposed to do so*, and to agree to part with it for a small sum in "trade." Having got your land, island, or whatever it may be, for some trifle, as little as you can, you then have to buy it again from the Government. What you pay depends on who you are and how the Governor likes you. You may get it for almost nothing, or be asked a

prohibitive price. The same rule applies to a British subject or one of any other nationality, but as the Germans are strongly opposed to any British coming amongst them, the Government asks a price they know the applicant cannot give.

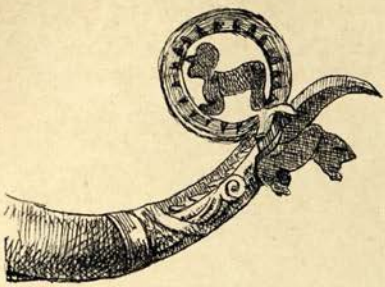
I do not think the Germans are much to blame in doing this *for the present* as regards British applicants. They are as yet a young and small community, have trouble enough with the natives as it is, and do not want complications with the British, and fear that many British—who would probably be Australians—would be difficult to deal with. All this is true and from their point of view very natural, but, of course, at a future time it must be different. They are sensitive to criticism at present and nervous as to losing full control, and I sympathise with them. In years to come, when the white population has increased and the unknown lands and islands are explored and opened up, they will be forced to keep the open door for us as much as we do for them. Then it must be remembered that at present many of the British traders, beachcombers and the like, who find their way in vessels to these little-known isles, are often most undesirable characters who behave badly to the natives, create trouble and bloodshed, and it is the Germans who suffer. They do the same themselves, of course, but if there is trouble through Germans they are more easily dealt with. This should be remembered and some latitude accorded Germany in this new land as yet; but, none the less, we have the right to equal and fair treatment with their own people. Was theirs not such a mean and little "dog-in-the-manger" policy in its entirety they would receive more sympathy than they do. They have yet to find their feet, and, since they are there, it is only right we should be friendly and considerate and be on

good terms with them. Good colonists as they are under us or America, they have not yet—here, at least—learnt how to colonise for themselves.

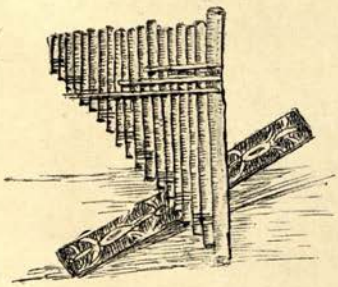
Personally, no one ever resented or resents the stupidity of our Home Government more in ever making it possible for any Foreign Power to be here at all than I do, as I can foresee the trouble that will arise in the future should it long remain a German possession ; but, since they are here, and legitimately here, I feel a real interest in their progress and much sympathy with their present aims and endeavours to develop this land. Of course, they have done little, wonderfully little, since they gained this new territory, but then it has all been done from Berlin, and the place has not a chance. They all know that here. As usual with Germany her colonists are officials, mere paid servants dying to get back to Germany and comfort, and often caring little about the country here. It is themselves, their interests and possible advancement, they think about mostly. Till population increases it cannot be otherwise. Fever and natives kill so many that others are not tempted to come out.

What my friend, Baroness Frieda von Bülow, has written so much about in connection with the German African colonies applies equally here. How she would stimulate and wake up these people in this colony !

We took on board the *Stettin* a large cargo of huge shells which go to Germany for the making of buttons. It gave me an opportunity of seeing how the Papuans worked when engaged as labourers. They entered into it with zest and apparent enjoyment, but their antics and want of method created much amusement. The noise they made was infernal ; they "sang,"—how I wish you could have heard them !—chattered, and screamed in

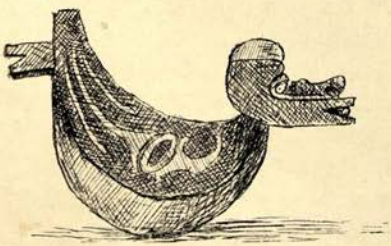


CANOE ORNAMENT, SOLOMON ISLANDS.

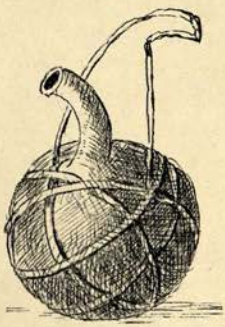


PIPES AND FLUTE, NEW BRITAIN.

AN IDOL, NEW GUINEA.



FLOAT FOR A FISHING NET,
FROM SOLOMON ISLANDS.



WATER-JUG, NEW BRITAIN.

To face page 130.

the most shrilly tones. Yet they could be trained to work, and are strong and willing enough.

With the Captain, the Doctor, and Professor Biro I escaped ashore from all this. We went to Herr Thiele's house at one end of the island. He is manager for the company, but is away just now. The absence of a host made no difference, and his boys rushed to attend to our wants. The house fronts Blanche Bay, is the usual bungalow, but very comfortable, and so were the chairs on the broad, shady verandah. We spent a whole afternoon there, our own hosts, and even entertaining Herr Kooman to a drink when he came. A very pretty garden full of Chinese vases and terraces of brilliant flowers descended in front to the sea, and around rose the volcanoes, the Mother and Daughters. A lovely soft breeze cooled the air, and it was all delightful. This seemed to me an ideal spot—surely one could dwell peacefully and happily amidst these beautiful surroundings. Of course, the volcano and the earthquakes are a drawback. A musical instrument played for us all the time, and, it not being too strident, we quite enjoyed its mechanical rendering of well-known airs. Near by—a detached wooden building—was the billiard-room. This room would have excited admiration anywhere. Its white walls were decorated artistically with native weapons and ornaments. As these are most interesting in design and artistic in their colours of red, brown, black, and white, the effect was really beautiful. The designs of these native productions are wonderful; many resemble the old Celtic designs one finds on the Irish or West Highland crosses and tombstones. The carving, too, is astonishing when it is remembered they are all carved out of solid wood with bits of hard shell or flint, for it is only now the natives are entering into the Iron

Age. Their canoes, most beautifully decorated, are hollowed out of tree trunks. But most people are familiar with these things in museums.

Herren Walin and Cart later entertained us to beer and whisky-and-soda at their residence.

The same night there was a gathering at Herr Thiele's billiard-room. Captain Fort of the yacht *Eberhardt*, Captains Knut and Niedermayer, our first officer, Dr. Dunckler of the *Eberhardt*, and the *Stettin* doctor were all there, and later Captain Dunbar, Walin, and others joined us, so it was a large gathering. We played billiards, had many drinks, many songs, and much music, and got back to the *Stettin* very late. All these people, especially the Captains, were full of jokes, stories, and reminiscences, so I was in very good and amusing company. My recollections of Matupi and Blanche Bay are likely to be pleasant and enduring.

Every one is amused and interested in my desire for an island or group of islands, and in hearing what I would do with them. It was the universal verdict that the great Admiralty Group would just suit me, and nothing, they thought, would be easier than for me to acquire it!

These islands were discovered by Schouten in 1615, and were visited by the *Challenger*, but as yet are little known, though now more visited. A Scotsman called Donald Dow lived for a time on them collecting *bêche-de-mer*, but what became of him in the end I do not know. They are a great source of trouble, as the natives are very fierce and warlike. Various whites have been attacked and killed there, and the *Moewe* had to go and retaliate and punish, killing many natives and capturing others. So, of course, any white man landing on them runs a good chance of being killed and eaten.

"Now," I said, "do you think I do not see

through your little game? You would like me to take these islands, establish stations on them all, with Englishmen in charge. Then when we had civilised and opened up the islands, decimated as many natives as we could, and been killed and eaten ourselves, you Germans would step in and reap the benefit." This was so exactly what they had thought that they all burst out laughing and owned up.

"No," I said, "I should put as many Germans as I could get into all my stations, and when they had done enough killing and been killed in their turn, then I should introduce a number of British, and where would you be then?"

"If ever you get those islands, or any islands," said young Cart, "just you engage me. I will serve you faithfully, that I promise you, and I never knew any one I would sooner serve than you."

I said I would remember, that I believed him, and made all due acknowledgments. Then I said [I shall always remember those idle words spoken in jest], "That would be splendid; you could be killed and eaten instead of me. Prepare yourself for it."

[Here I must insert what did happen, and what has caused me to remember those idle words.

This young Herr Cart (I have read somewhere that his name was not Cart, but Caro, but I am not sure what it was) entered the service of Herr Mencke, the millionaire. They went to the island of St. Matthias in the yacht, and landing there had a fight with the natives. Herr Mencke was wounded and died two days later, Cart and many of their escort were killed. The body of poor young Cart was never found, and it is believed he was eaten by the natives. Some say he was not eaten, but how can they know? I do not

know all the details, but the bare facts are sufficient to show how every man carries his life in his hands in these islands.]

In all these islands, especially in New Britain, the natives are great cannibals [since 1900 many whites have been killed]. They even organise man-hunting expeditions. In 1897 a man was killed and eaten at Ralum, Frau Kolbe's estate, and quite near Herbertshöhe. Fortunately they do not like white man's flesh, as it is too salt and tastes of tobacco and alcohol, and they are afraid of his spirit. When a man is killed and eaten, part of the flesh, wrapped in leaves, is sent round to friends as a delicacy, the women generally getting the breast, which they like much. One idea of the natives is that when they eat a man his strength and wisdom enters into them. It will be remembered that in 1801 the well-known missionary, Chalmers—with another, Tomkins—was killed in British New Guinea and their steamer plundered. When Queensland sent an expedition to avenge this they found that thirteen of Chalmers' party had been killed and eaten, and only a few parts of the body of Chalmers were found. They burnt eleven villages and blew up all the war-canoes with dynamite.

Even fifty kilometres from Herbertshöhe all the country is unknown and the natives most troublesome, and even that part called the Gazellenhalbinsel is not properly explored. In the Solomons, or nearer at hand in New Hanover and New Ireland, as well as on the mainland, it is just the same.

It was on New Ireland that the famous expedition of the Marquis de Ray came to such a tragical termination. This Frenchman, a Breton, got peasants and others, mostly Bretons, to realise all their possessions, placing all in his hands, to

go to a wonderful paradise he described to them, where they would all have the most beautiful *farms* flowing with milk and honey. Having got their money, he looked at a map and thought New Ireland would do as well as any place, chartered two crazy ships, the *India* and the *Genie*, placed 300 emigrants—men, women, and children—on each, and sent them off. This was in 1880. They were landed at Cape Breton, in New Ireland, and left there without food, clothes, houses, or arms. Statues of de Ray and of the Virgin were also landed and erected side by side!

Some got away in boats, many died of fever and hunger, and, of course, the natives had a say in matters. The survivors were eventually taken to New Caledonia and later to Australia, where some became farm labourers. A newspaper called *La Nouvelle France* was published at Marseilles and continued to be issued long after the colony was extinct, always giving glowing details of its progress and riches! The Marquis de Ray was sentenced to some years' imprisonment. (I believe a survivor of this expedition is still resident in New Britain.)

On Bougainville one member of the expedition, an Italian, who became imbecile, lived long with the natives and became a cannibal. He was eventually bought as a native for two tomahawks by the crew of a trading vessel, who thought to sell him for £25 in Queensland, but on finding he was an Italian left him at New Britain. This did not happen in far back ages, but not very many years ago.

I was sorry when we left Matupi; after some days, and returned to Herbertshöhe, where there was still a heavy swell on and traces everywhere of the great monsoon and the damage it had done. Matupi was so sheltered we had scarcely

realised what was still going on. There was scarcely a whole boat left in the place. Ah Tam, the Chinese boatbuilder, would have his hands full.

HERBERTSHÖHE, NEW BRITAIN,
December 1900.

As soon as we returned here I went ashore with King Peter and Professor Biro. I have such peculiar tastes that I really enjoyed the tussle through the surf. The night before one of the missionaries coming in his boat from an outlying station was upset in the surf, escaped with his life, but lost boat and all else—the Bishop would be pleased!

The instant we landed on the beach my eyes fell on a really characteristic German touch, for there was a board with the well-known police notice, "*Für Fussgänger verboten.*" Fancy this familiar sign out here in New Britain! I remember an officer's wife in Germany saying anent these notices, "There is more forbidden than allowed in Germany." [Herr von Hesse-Wartegg, who was in New Guinea after I was, refers to this in his book, excusing it, and says it was to prohibit foot-passengers walking on "the little railway"; but this little railway is so small one could not see it.]

I looked about—the notice referred to a steep little narrow path leading to the top of the bank, so we obeyed the notice and walked up alongside the path, not on it.

We went at once to the Catholic mission, which is called Kuningunan, or Vunapope. We were cordially received, and the Bishop entertained us and showed us all his buildings. The church is of iron and of good design, and, being painted outside to look like stone, is quite imposing. The

heat inside under the iron roof was overpowering. There is quite a village of buildings round it—the most imposing settlement in German New Guinea. Quite a large new house was in process of building for the Bishop's palace—for the church is, properly speaking, the cathedral. There were various separate buildings for the missionaries, Sisters, and children, all very airy, bright, clean, and well kept. The numerous children seemed very happy. Sister Amigunda and the rest told me they were quite delighted with their new home. The hospital contained only one patient, a dear little boy, a son of King Peter's. He has also a little daughter being educated here, the dearest little princess of the French Isles you ever saw! She was so delighted to see her father again, and adopted me on the spot, coming of her own accord to put her hand in mine, and sticking to me most trustfully all the time. She had beautiful dark eyes, was very pretty and taking, and I am so terribly weak about children that I was taken captive at once. Indeed, all these native or half-caste children were very bright, pretty, and graceful.

The Mother Superior and the Sisters—several of whom, from Sydney, were English or Australians—entertained us at their house and were all so cheery. The schoolgirls—nice, happy-looking girls—sang songs for us very well. The Sisters wore cool and becoming white and blue robes, and altogether it was hard to believe we were in wild, remote New Guinea amongst the cannibals.

Here also were several native women captured in the Admiralty Isles by the *Moewe* at the time of the fight, and brought away as a punishment for the murders done there. The Sisters had clothed them fully, but the poor wretches looked most unhappy and could not be reconciled

to the situation. Imagine these absolute savages being suddenly brought into all this, and how terrified and bewildered they must be! No doubt they awaited some dreadful death. Their strained, anxious faces were not pleasant to see.

One of them had a little child with her, and when I approached and held out my hand to it she clasped it to her convulsively. I waited with outstretched hand and the little mite suddenly toddled to me with glee, gurgling all over with delight, and put its little paw in mine at once. The anguish on the mother's face was almost startling—she evidently thought I was going to take it away, or kill and eat it perhaps—probably thought the arrival of us men meant her own death—who can say what was in her mind? But I knew just what to do to make her understand I was no enemy. I moved beside her, placed one of her little kiddy's hands in hers, closing hers over it with a nod and a smile, but still holding the other little paw. She gave a gasp of relief, and the wannest of smiles broke through the anguish on her face. Just then I could see right down into that savage woman's heart, so I just kept on looking, smiling and nodding at her whilst I tickled the crowing child. In a few minutes she was at ease with me, smiling at the antics of the little one, whilst the Sisters were absolutely delighted; as it was the first sign she had given of any feeling in her stony despair since they had had her. She perfectly understood, as I knew she would, what I meant by closing her hand over the child's—that it was hers, and that I did not mean to take it away. We left her looking pleased and wondering. She and the others did not know that after some time they were to be returned safe and sound, laden with presents, to their own island. I wonder what she

would tell her cronies at the first evening party or afternoon "At Home" when she got back, as to the strange people who had not eaten her?

Then we saw the half-caste school for the "better classes"—nice-looking, well-mannered children, and amongst them a Parkinson boy. Dear little Princess Angela Hansen belonged to these, and was by way of showing me round and not at all inclined to leave me, nor I to leave her. They played the piano for us, sang, and showed their needlework.

All this is very pretty, interesting, and nice—but what is to become of these educated half-caste children? The little girls when they grow up, educated and taught refined ways and useful things, can never marry Papuans, of course. Some will doubtless become teachers, some may marry Germans, but many will be sought as mistresses for the European men. That must be their fate. Many of these half-castes are the offspring of the native or Malay girls who live with the Germans—no house, indeed, is without its half-caste child on the verandah. The Germans "marry" these girls young and get rid of them when tired of them; but some of the Malay girls are very attractive and keep their lord's house in perfect order, and the men get so attached to them that they do not part with them. In some cases they have legally married them, but that means that they can never return to Germany with these wives and families. It is all a great pity and a huge mistake, as the first colonists born in the land are half-caste.

As to the real natives, the Mission "adopts" small children, educates them, teaches them agriculture and other useful things, and proposes when they are of suitable age to marry them to one another, set them up in villages with some cocoa-palms, cattle, and so on. All this has been tried

elsewhere and long ago, and the result has never been satisfactory. The Mission claims to have made many thousands of converts!

The Mission was first founded in 1845, when Bishop Epal and twelve missionaries sailed from Sydney for the Solomons—most were killed and eaten. A fresh start was made here in New Britain in 1889. The Bishop has eleven other stations on the islands and mainland. Archbishop Navarre and two bishops are the heads of all the Catholic missions in this part of the world. I believe Mr. Parkinson presented them with 1000 acres here or elsewhere. A Wesleyan mission was founded in 1875, and has now various stations in the Archipelago.

It is to be hoped they will not take to clothing the natives, or they will all die off of pneumonia at once. A piece of red cloth which they can drape about themselves as they please on gala days is all that they want. These natives, when taken away from their homes, frequently die of home-sickness.

Let them send out from Europe a batch of German girls, who will find eager husbands awaiting them, and so people this colony with a white race. A simple, homely bourgeois German girl would here find herself a person of importance. You cannot people a colony without women; and they ought to be white women.

A deluded band of people—men and women—set out from Germany to live here in this colony "the simple life," that is, to discard all raiment, as the natives do, and live in the sun. Their primitive Garden of Eden soon came to an end, and such of them as survived returned to a more conventional existence.

From the Mission a path—no made road or street—wanders along the bank to Herbertshöhe,

which is a mere scattered collection of a few wooden houses and iron stores. It is not laid out in any way as a sort of encouragement to people to inhabit it or make a town of it. There are no shops—there is not a tailor, shoemaker, baker, or anything else in all the German possessions—merely here a store of the New Guinea Co. Every single thing wanted must come from Singapore, Australia, or from Germany. Anything to be repaired must be sent away. It is surprising to find this, the residence of the Government, such a primitive place, and I do not understand the reason. There has been time enough for the place to have become a regular town. I believe some attempt has been made at a road for a short distance inland, and there is one through Ralum, but at Herbertshöhe is nothing at all. There is a native hospital —a shed with bunks. I went through it and, disregarding doctors, gave the few patients cigarettes, and they were delighted. I then went into the New Guinea Co.'s store, but could find nothing to buy. Then I went to Frau Kolbe's store and bought a collection of New Guinea weapons, idols, and curios. These stores are full of red cloth, red paint; and red beads for trading with the natives.

I walked about all over the place and amongst the natives, then, joining the others, we lunched at the hotel—for there is one—with Herr and Frau Wolff, and had a long yarn about many things. The market was going on in the road outside, so I went out with Frau Wolff to inspect everything they had and witness some bargaining. She, of course; had to bargain like this for everything.

They have about sixty half-clad native police—and revel in drilling them.

Mr. Forsayth took me into his office to introduce me to his mother, the famous Queen Emma, or Frau Kolbe, to whom a presentation is *de rigueur*.

Her father and her first husband having been Americans, she has a very assured position, not lessened by the fact that she is the owner of Ralum and so much other wealth. She owns, too, quite a fleet of boats. She manages all her affairs herself, queens it with a rod of iron over everybody, and has at least twelve hundred people in her employment. She is now the earliest European resident.

[Miss Pullen-Burry, in her book *In a German Colony*, says of Queen Emma: "She came to these shores from Samoa in a small trading vessel, with a few followers, and a revolver at her belt, when she began operations by trading with the natives in European goods." For particulars of how Queen Emma marries and divorces the natives, so settling their grievances, I must refer the reader to Miss Pullen-Burry's clever and amusing book.]

She is very stout, very dark, was dressed in red and white flounced muslin, very busy at her bureau, and smoking cigarettes when we entered. A glance was sufficient to see that here was a capable, clever woman, of marked power and character, had I not already known it. She offered me a cigarette, and was most gracious and condescending, as a royal lady should be; but I expect she regarded me as a necessary infliction. She told me she had never had the fever—which is an unending topic of conversation here. A young New Zealander in the Forsayth store told me she had had it scores of times. I was interested in seeing this famous and important lady—who will remain a marked figure in the history of this land—as I had heard so much of her, and she quite impressed me. What is it not to have a *personality*, to be distinct from others! and how such a personality leaves its mark everywhere and influences others! Yet how few have it! Queen Emma

is perfectly capable, I am sure, of ruling all New Guinea, and doing it well—in fact, I believe it would be the making of the country to let her do it.

[I am told, 1910, that all the property and plantations of Queen Emma and her company are valued now at over £150,000, and are for sale. These royal possessions are situated in many desirable spots on various islands, and well worth a large sum, as their value must increase with population. It is probable that rubber will become here, as elsewhere, a source of revenue.]

The young New Zealander—a quiet, gentlemanly, nice-looking youth—I felt quite sorry for. He was just a paid employee in the store. He suffered terribly from the fever and the climate, and was sick to death of New Britain and his life, longing to get back amongst his own countrymen again, but saw no chance of it. I invited him to visit me on the ship for dinner and a chat, and he accepted eagerly, but never turned up, and some one told me afterwards that I had made him feel more homesick than ever. I could understand that.

Mr. Forsayth then took me to his own house near by, and introduced me to his wife and children. The lady was pleasant and good-looking, also with a strain of Samoan blood in her. In the dining-room were many beautiful native curiosities well arranged. The dining- and billiard-rooms are in a separate house, as all the staff dine with them. It is pretty and well laid out, with flower-beds amidst the palms. How the Germans can see all this, and not make Herbertshöhe better, is curious. A young German who was there took me back to the ship; I forget his name, but he is engaged to one of the Miss Parkinsons, a niece of Queen Emma.

The next day half of the inhabitants came on board—Walin, Kortz, Forsayth, Kolbe (Queen Emma's husband), and amongst them Mr. Parkinson, a most pleasant and gentlemanly man, who is a great authority on all the islands and the native ways and customs, and has written several books on these subjects. From his name and looks I took him for an Englishman, but he told me he was a German, and that his family had been German for generations.

[I might here recommend to any one interested Mr. Parkinson's well-illustrated and most interesting work, *Dreizig Jahre in der Südsee*, though I do not think it has ever been translated into English. It teems with interesting information, and is certainly the most valuable book published on German New Guinea.]

When I came in to lunch and found all this crowd there, Captain Niedermayer asked me would I mind for once taking a seat not my usual one, which, of course, I did not mind, especially as, being a Scottish Highlander, wherever I sit is "the head of the table." Then King Peter entered, gave a look at his hated rival, Mr. Forsayth, seated in his place, and left the saloon. A message was then brought to the Captain that King Peter demanded his own seat, was a passenger, and was not going to be so treated! The Captain repeated it out loud, got into a passion, and a terrific uproar ensued. King Peter got his seat, but the uproar went on, and was continued on deck, where King Peter, the Captain, and Herr Kolbe nearly came to blows! It was a long, simmering feud at last bursting into open flame. Germans have no control over themselves, and scream, shout, and shake their fists at each other in a perfect passion of nervous rage. I regret to say I coolly sat down and regarded it all as if it

was got up for my benefit, which exasperated every one—a naughty devil possessed me for the moment. They annoyed me by all this nonsense, so I took it out of them that way. Afterwards I had to be peacemaker, calmed down the captain, and gave King Peter a real talking to, which he took like a lamb, and promised to be good for the future!

Whilst the mailboat is in, the inhabitants all come aboard to meals, and for a new atmosphere and fresh beer, and there are high jinks. The deck afterwards is strewn with rows and rows of dead soldiers—empty beer bottles. The captain does not approve of this, but cannot and does not like to prevent it, and says that some time he must end it if more passengers begin to use this route. Very few do so at present, as from Australia they take the China mailboat *via* Torres Straits.

[Herr Hesse-Wartegg in his book says that when he was at Herbertshöhe the people all came out crying for beer and ice, and asking, "Have the English had another beating from the Boers?" They no doubt rejoiced heartily at news of every disaster to the hated "English," just as they did openly and continually in Germany itself, and, for the matter of that, in France and in Belgium.]

After lunch—this very stormy meal—I went ashore with Mr. Parkinson, who drove me in his buggy for some miles through the beautiful plantations. The Germans compelled Queen Emma to make a road, though they made none themselves. The road was merely turf or laid down with pumice stone. It was a delightful and interesting drive through a lovely scene. At places orange trees were planted between the rows of cocoanut palms, doing well and looking beautiful. Every year, I was told, thirty thousand young cocoanuts are planted, so that for a long period of time Queen

Emma's estates must go on giving a handsome profit. She imports cattle from Australia. Her house, which we passed, is a bungalow gay with flowers and plants. We went on to the Parkinson bungalow, Raluna, or Raliuna, where we found Mrs. Parkinson and one of her daughters. Mrs. Parkinson is not like her stepsister Queen Emma in looks. She is a very popular lady, very clever and well read, and plays an important part in New Guinea. There was a market going on. Mrs. Parkinson was bargaining for fruit and vegetables with a number of native women who sat outside on the ground at one end of the verandah, where she stood before a table laden with tobacco and cloth, which they got in return for their produce. The old women were more than hideous. Some were in mourning, and had blackened their faces and heads.

On one occasion the natives collected in hundreds, and attacked Queen Emma and Mrs. Parkinson at their respective houses. Mrs. Parkinson managed to send a message to her sister to hold out, as she meant to do. She boldly faced these armed savages, revolver in hand, and announced she would shoot any one who attacked; on their attempting to rush her she fired and killed two men, when the rest immediately fled. The natives were enormously impressed by this courageous conduct of hers — facing alone hundreds of infuriated savages armed with spears and axes.

Mr. Parkinson told me that besides all this property at Ralum they have 5000 acres in the interior and 25,000 on Bougainville, and in fact the Germans, when they first came, allowed them to keep everything they claimed.

An English trader who came on board the *Stettin* to see me, and who had come from New Ireland (Neu Mecklenburg), told me curious stories

about the natives there and their ways. He told me also that the Germans hated the very idea of British coming in, which was perhaps natural. He bought an island—every one has got an island but me, which is an outrageous shame—of about 100 acres in extent from the natives for £8, but had to pay the Government £50 for it.

You hear so much about the treachery of the natives and the continual murders of the whites, but somehow, as I walked about exploring, it never struck me that anything could happen to me. Native races I understand and am interested in, and they know that by instinct. I cannot feel any fear of them at all. Yet it is true that those who live among them in confidence and security for years, trusting them and trusted by them, are frequently killed at a moment's notice. It always seems to me so likely it may happen to the next man, but impossible it could to me! Anyway I cannot get up the smallest fear of these savages, and a mob together does not disturb me; but I think a mob of people anywhere is such a cowardly thing, each protected by the others, that it allows the worst and meanest human attributes full play. A mob is more easily cowed than an individual. History shows how true this is everywhere.

I admire these Papuans here for many things: I like the air of self-reliance and dignity they so often exhibit; and they, like all native races, have an instinct towards their friends. They are, however, speaking generally and of the many various races, doomed to a not distant extinction.

Ere we left Herbertshöhe I went to bid adieu to Frau Wolff, and we had a long talk. I asked her if she was not afraid to live alone at their inland plantation, but she said she had not the smallest fear of the natives, and was sure they would never harm her. She paid no heed to them, and though

often alone and, when her husband was away, beyond help, yet she was sure she was perfectly safe. "Mind you take care of yourself anyhow," were my last words, "and don't let those savages kill you."

She only laughed as she waved adieu.

[Alas! I must here insert the fate that befell this poor woman. Their plantation was about five miles inland from the coast, on the side of Mount Beautemps Beaupré. On the morning of 2nd April 1902 Herr Wolff went out early to superintend the work of his plantation. Frau Wolff had staying with her a half-caste Samoan lady, Miss Coe. A number of natives approached the front of the house with a pig for sale, and, whilst the two ladies were bargaining with them, an armed native suddenly rushed through from the back of the house and dealt poor Frau Wolff a terrific blow on the back of the head with his axe, which felled her to the ground, and instantly struck Miss Coe on the neck, and, as she was falling, gave her another stroke on the back of the head; but her knot of hair caused the blade to glance aside, and she fell off the verandah to the ground, seven feet below, stunned, but still conscious. Thinking her dead, they left her there. Then the savage yelled, and hundreds of concealed natives rushed forth, and to the house, actually springing over Miss Coe's body. They were all yelling, and killed any of the Wolff servants they came across, including the native nurse and Frau Wolff's little baby, and destroying everything they could.

Just as this commenced Herr Wolff rode up, was fired at with his own guns, and, seeing he was helpless to oppose them, rode off for assistance. Meanwhile Miss Coe—a young girl—lay overcome with terror awaiting death. Some one touched her, and she found it was the brave and faithful

cook-boy, who motioned to her to roll under the house, which was built on piles raised above the ground. Then he assisted her to his kitchen, or some little outbuilding, where was his native wife, and both the women took refuge in the rafters, whilst he locked the door and stood outside on guard. The natives missed her body, and, looking through the window of this outhouse, saw the women's skirts hanging down; but the cook outside and his wife inside both kept calling out that they were only natives, and that the police and the whites were already coming; so the natives decamped in haste, and Miss Coe, on hands and knees, escaped through the bush—that is, the thick undergrowth—and eventually reached the Mission building, where she found refuge with the Sisters; but whether this was at the Bishop's Mission or another I do not know.

A native, escaping, met a German planter and gave him the news; he immediately galloped to Herbertshöhe, and in a short time the Judge—the Governor being ill—at the head of twenty armed whites, was hastening to the spot. When they got there they found Frau Wolff's dead body pierced with many spear wounds, and the head and face hacked by tomahawks, lying in a pool of blood, and near it the dead bodies of her six months' old baby and its native nurse-girl. Just then returned Herr Wolff, who was, of course, distraught at the sight which met his view. According to the account written to me, the Germans, capturing one of the tribe, made him lead them to where the others were, and exterminated the whole lot of them, killing more than two hundred; but the two principal culprits, one of whom was the chief, or both were chiefs, I think, escaped. Afterwards Dr. Hahl, the Governor, offered the natives peace if they would deliver up these chiefs,

so one day a number of them brought in two heads, supposed to be those of the culprits. It can be imagined how roused were the feelings of the whites by this brutal deed, and how determined they were to inflict a just punishment.

It is a gruesome tale to hear of at any time, but how much more dreadful it seems to those who knew the poor, simple, good-natured woman who so trusted these people and was in this manner done to death. It shows how fully justified are the whites in their distrust of the natives. Remember, this occurred but a few miles from the now long-established seat of Government. Every one there, as these things show, is in daily, hourly danger, and no one knows at what moment the apparently friendly natives around may not turn on them and kill them. The natives at once vanish into the interior, and it is impossible to follow them into that trackless, unknown wilderness.]

When we left Herbertshöhe, and had got outside Blanche Bay and past the Mother and Daughters, which on that side look very steep and have cocoanut plantations and native houses at the foot, a regular gale set in and continued all night, with downpours of rain, terrible flashes of lightning, and the *Ehrenlicht*, or St. Elmo's fire, as I think we call it, burning at the mast-head—it is a terribly uncanny thing to see those electrical flames burning round the mast, and this was a storm with a vengeance.

STEPHANSORT, NEW GUINEA,
December 1900.

On this morning, after we left Herbertshöhe, and whilst we still continued in sight of the New Britain coast, we passed Deslac, one of the French Islands, and of note as the home of King Peter.

It is about 8 miles long by 3 broad. There are seven islands of this group, Mérite being one, and over all King Peter holds sway. He pointed out everything to me with pride, though he was somewhat subdued after the talking to he had from me, and he and the captain would not speak. Deslac has two very good harbours; one of them, Petershafen, is the residence of King Peter.

Captain Jorgensen, whom we had embarked at Herbertshöhe, a Scandinavian, as his name implies, had traded much in this region with his schooner and was full of information. He used to buy the cowrie shells from natives at one part of New Britain in cocoanuts—so much a cocoanutful—and sell them to natives of another part, who strung them on string as money, a fathom of this money being worth 4 marks, and at present 3 marks 50. It is called *dewarra*. Next year they say this is to be done away with and the natives taught to use the new bird of paradise coinage. It will therefore be necessary for the British New Guinea people to learn the use of our money also.

One side of Mérite for some unknown reason is fever free. Dampier Straits lie between New Britain and New Guinea. The natives there are noted for their cleverness with the sling, the stone being put in with the toes. Dampier sailed through these straits which bear his name in 1700. Other straits between Waigou and Batanta are also called Dampier Straits.

There was a most brilliant sunset, rendering the scene simply superb. During it we passed Long Isle, Pollin Isle, and others—in fact went through a sort of wonderland of sea and isles, all aglow in roseate beauty and not easily to be described.

Early next morning we lay at anchor off Stephansort, in Astrolabe Bay, on the mainland

of New Guinea, which the Germans call Kaiser Wilhelm's Land.

Baron Miklaho-Macleay, a Russian, came to this port, was by his own desire landed at night on the shore with his goods and chattels and left there alone. When the natives found him he pointed to the sky to signify he had come from there, a heaven-sent gift to them. At first they maltreated him, but eventually became friendly, and he lived for two years amongst them as a sacred person. Meteorites from the sky have been common in the annals of wild lands, but, unluckily, most of them found it boring to keep up a saintly reputation, and soon exhibited signs of coveting his neighbour's wife and all that was his.

Stephansort was founded 1888, and is the largest and oldest settlement. Before that, under the Astrolabe Bay Co., predecessors of the New Guinea Co., were founded Finchhafen, Hatzfeldthafen, Konstantinhafen, and Butaneng; but these were eventually deserted on account of natives and fever. The mountains at the back of Stephansort rise to a great height and are wooded to the summit. Here they say they are 14,000 ft. high, but I think a few thousand feet must be cut off that! There are, I believe, no less than twenty-two species of birds of paradise found in this district.

Really, New Guinea at last, and one of my ambitions was attained! I could gaze my fill on those huge mountains of the Mysterious Land where never has the foot of white man trodden. Behind and beyond the mountains is an unexplored, unknown region. Stephansort from the ship appeared merely a fringe of palms backed by this coast range tree-clad to the top, and with here and there a gigantic tree rising above the others against the skyline.

At one part of the shore a shed or two and a pier were visible, called Erema, and from this a "railway" runs through the forest to Stephansort 10 kilometres away. I had heard much of the up-to-date attractions of the place—of its club, hospital, many plantations, and of the railway—and in my ignorance really imagined that there was a regular town here, and that Herbertshöhe was nothing to it.

As soon as possible we made for the shore, rowing, not to Erema, but some distance along the coast. The party consisted of the four British from the second cabin, the Professor, King Peter, Mr. Hesse the purser, and myself.

On landing, we visited the native village of Bokajim amidst the palms, our advent being heralded by the rapid disappearance of all the females into the houses in every direction, brown legs and feet vanishing into every aperture. They of course "keeked" at us through the chinks in the walls. The old chief, who received us with dignity, was very amusing. He graciously condescended to be photographed, and posed with ease. This brought the ladies forth in huddled, giggling groups, ready to bolt if we men showed signs of aggressive gallantry, but somewhat reassured by the sight of the ladies with us.

When the men—hugely delighted and full of conscious affectation—were photographed, the dusky ladies could not resist drawing nearer. I asked the chief's permission to give them cigarettes, and he waved to them to come near, and they thawed to me at once, giggling, coquetting, and making eyes for all they were worth. They smoked their cigarettes and strolled about full of airs and graces, thoroughly reassured, and by no means averse to a little flirtation—one eye on the chief all the same to see if he minded. However,

he was in high good humour, and this reflected itself on them all. They wore a short, bunchy skirt of grass, and some were comely. Of course they were used to seeing people at this place, but experience had taught them to beware of the white man.

We then visited a store, and, after a walk by a narrow path through the tropical jungle, called at the house of a German Protestant missionary, whose wife received us. I had to do all the talking for us strangers, as the others knew no German. The lady annoyed me because her mouth was all red and black with chewing betel-nut. Then, in company of Herr Muller, the postmaster, we went to the club, or "house kai-kai" as the natives call it, kai-kai being food. This is a roomy two-storied wooden building with a large dining-room and a billiard-room, with access to the roof—which was of matting or thatch—from whence a view over the green palm-tops to the distant mountains could be had. Here we all had cool drinks.

I was impatient, though, to reach the town and the railway station, so we did not linger.

There is no town; the whole place is merely a large plantation, and the different buildings are scattered wide apart amidst the palms and other trees. There are no shops of any sort—everything has to come from Singapore or elsewhere. There are about eight European houses, and then dwellings for the one hundred Malays, with forty women, and one hundred and ninety Chinese.

We were then taken to the "railway," which turned out to be a curtained cart drawn by two small bullocks under charge of two Malay boys! It is true it ran on rails, and so it was a railway. I do not say this in depreciation of Stephansort, but as an illustration of how the expectations

THE OLD, OLD STORY, NEW GUINEA.

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raised by foolish talk are bound to be disappointed. We travelled in this through the cocoanut, tobacco, coffee, and capuc or kapok plantations—all a very pretty scene. There were also cotton bushes. The capuc trees produce a sort of wool used for stuffing mattresses and the like.

We then inspected the tobacco factory, being shown round by a young German who had only been a few months in the country and had already had fever several times. Everything was very clean and in order. There were one hundred and sixty employees at work, forty of whom were good-looking Malay girls, and the rest strong, handsome Chinese from Canton. Here, too, they had much of the capuc. We then went to another building where Malay girls were separating the seed from the capuc, and the piles of capuc and cotton in heaps looked exactly like wool. These girls, who showed us everything and explained, were very handsome and extremely well mannered. Really life at Stephansort must be very bearable!

All these plantations belong to the New Guinea Co., and there is much local wrath and scorn because, owing to a partial failure of one or two, due to some temporary climatic cause, the Directors in Berlin had sent out orders to place the plantations at other spots where they had put dots on the map—in the midst of swamps and jungles! All the governing powers of the New Guinea Co. are now being taken over by the Government, and henceforth they will be a private company, but owning many choice areas. I believe the company which became the chartered New Guinea Co. in 1884, when the German flag was hoisted at Matupi, had been in possession of some plantations previously to that. On their governing powers ceasing they received a sum of somewhere about

£20,000 as compensation, and retained many large areas and stations. In time, no doubt, they will reap a fine reward with rubber and other produce, though, as is always the case in a new and tropical land, they have much to contend with. The clearing of the ground and the keeping it clear is no light task.

As there existed no hotel or house of entertainment we were told that the club was free to us, and that we were to go there to lunch. King Peter said that the club in this manner entertained every stranger who passed by free of charge. This seemed bountiful hospitality, so we went back to the club, and King Peter, the Professor, and Herr Hesse having temporarily deserted us, we five Britons made ourselves at home there. Two Chinese servants were alone visible, and after a time one announced that lunch was ready, and we sat down to it. We were all in a thirsty mood, but shy of actually ordering drinks, debated the question, and were wondering what we ought to do when Herr Hesse joined us, and he having beer at once we also had some; but as we were our own hosts whilst being guests of the club, it was somewhat embarrassing. After lunch, as we sat smoking in the adjoining room, the Chinese servant approached me with the bill—it is always to me bills are brought—and we found our luncheon was five shillings a head! This was perfectly right and proper, but we wished we had not been deluded into the idea that we were being entertained free by the club, as then we could have ordered wine or what drinks we wanted; and I was still more vexed that I had not invited the purser—who had taken the trouble to show us round—to lunch and wined him well. We all looked at each other and tittered over this, but were relieved,

and would not allow the ladies to pay their share. I descended on King Peter for having led us astray.

After lunch—feeling bound, as one always does on a first visit to a great city, to see the tiresome sights—we visited the hospital, which is a moderate-sized building, but clean and airy. It has an open space—a clearing in the tropical jungle—in front of it, adorned with a monument to the Landeshauptmann Curt von Hagen, whose residence it had been, and who was murdered by the natives. There were two fever patients, Germans, both looking melancholy wrecks. The nurse—a very important personage—was a very fair, healthy-looking, handsome German, quite imposing in her starched white attire, a really handsome woman. She, the betel-nut missionary's wife, and Frau Wolff were at this time, so far as I could learn, the three German women in this German colony. As she spoke no English, I again had to make all the conversation, and became quite irritated at having to translate to my compatriots. The great Professor Koch lived here for a time, conducting experiments in connection with the coast fever or malaria which decimates these lands. His theory was that the fever microbes were carried about by the mosquitoes, who, when they bit people, left a microbe behind. It is very bad here, and people are sometimes attacked suddenly and are dead in a few hours. This theory of Koch's is now accepted by the scientific world generally, but has some opponents.

The nurse, however, did not at all approve of Professor Koch's theories or treatment, though, of course, one can understand that quinine is of service in a moderate way. I fancy they sometimes overdo it. She told me she had had the fever several times herself, but she looked the

picture of health. The Germans seem to have no stamina and to collapse at once. Many here are quite wrecks. They think, however, that Professor Koch did much good.

I am rather prepared to agree with the nurse. All these sorts of countries, primeval lands, have the same coast fevers. It is due to the partial clearing of the tropical jungle, which lets loose the fever microbes born of the accumulation of decaying vegetation, which the sun never reaches till the overgrowth is cleared away. The mosquitoes may carry it, but it exists without these pests. In places where the fever no longer exists, the mosquitoes still flourish and devour. The whole Australian coast once suffered in the same way, and it is yet so in Queensland, but gradually the fever gives way to population and the clearing of the lands. Two brothers of mine, arriving at Rockhampton in Queensland, were down with the fever the same day. Now, it is not nearly so bad there as it used to be, and in places has disappeared, and you hear little about it. Moreover, the people lead such foolish sorts of lives, drinking things most unsuitable to the circumstances. I am a firm believer in tobacco as a preventive, more particularly in the shape of cigarettes, and in this I have every one against me. A pipe, I think, is half poisonous in itself on account of the nicotine, and, after experimenting with pipe, cigar, and cigarette, I truly believe the cigarette to be the least harmful, and, as a preventive of malarial fevers, the best remedy. I felt particularly well amidst all these fever-stricken people.

We then took the "railway" for Erema. After leaving the plantations it passes through a track cut in the natural forest, a dense jungle of gigantic, beautiful, and large-leaved trees, all matted together with creepers, orchids, and palms.

BIRD OF PARADISE (PTERIDOPHORA ALBERTI).

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The trees rise to 100 or 150 feet in height, and underneath is a damp gloom, rather uncanny. I do not know what these trees are, but there are many banyan trees with great buttresses, and canary trees (*Canarium*). The natives alone can penetrate this labyrinth by narrow, winding paths; others must cut their way through. The wild boars are ferocious, the boas harmless; but there are also many poisonous snakes, scores of lizards, including the large monitor which the natives are fond of eating, crocodiles in the waters, and, of course, birds. The beautiful blue-crested crown pigeon is as good to eat as to look at. There are bush hens, which bury their eggs in the sand to be hatched, and, of course, there are the wonderful birds of paradise. The natives get these latter by watching where they roost, hiding in the tree, and shooting them with arrows. They, however, often spoil the skins, and many of those offered here for sale are useless. They cost here much more than they do in London. It is really only the natives who get them. We heard them quite near, but could never see them. The Professor could tell us which was the male or the female by its note. Eight hundred species of Papuan birds are now known, including ninety species of pigeons and eighty species of parrots. To enter into details about these would mean a volume to itself. Very singular is the *Pteridophora alberti*, a bird of paradise that has two long, wiry strings from its head ornamented with pale blue horny discs like shells.

I always had a vague feeling of disappointment that there were no wild beasts. There are rumours of apes in the interior, but no one seems to have seen any. You feel there ought to be leopards or tigers to go with the scenery. They might introduce a few to add to the attractions;

they would look really well here, bounding about, if that is what they do in their natural homes. I only know them in zoological gardens or in cages—here they would be charming, and add quite a zest to an afternoon stroll.

One tiger story always lingers in my memory. Once Cardinal Moran, the well-known Archbishop of Sydney, was having tea on board ship with my sisters and me. A man who was present related a long story of the tiger-hunting adventures in India of a friend of his. This person was in an open space in the midst of a tiger-haunted jungle, and, leaning his rifle against a tree, sat down at its foot to have a smoke. Suddenly a tiger appeared and the man swarmed up the tree, but left his rifle behind him. The tiger seemed amused and strolled about, smiling to itself, or perhaps gambolled and tried to catch its own tail as you see kittens do—what does a tiger do under the circumstances ? Anyway, this tiger did the correct thing. The man in the tree, however, liked dead tigers better than live ones, so he threw his hat into the jungle, and, when the tiger sprang after it, he slid down and got his rifle. The next chapter—but here His Eminence capped the story by rising quietly, giving us all a smiling bow, and said gently, as he sailed away, "I suppose the tiger put on that hat ! "

Professor Biro only snorted when I asked him whether he could not show us a tiger. He took us to a place where he had had a house and lived in the forest two years before this collecting his butterflies and things ; but in two years the jungle had grown 20 feet high and was an impenetrable mass, so we had to resign ourselves to believing his former house was in the middle of it.

I walked nearly all the way, gathering beautiful plant after beautiful plant, only to throw them

away as I saw something better. Then I had always to turn back to help the others to lift the "railway" over the broken-down places, which were frequent. Some streams were bridged, but the car was always helped tenderly over, whilst the bullocks were unyoked, led through the water, and re-yoked the other side. It was not an express, and we understood why the Germans had complained about it having no sleeping carriage.

At last, however, I reached an open space near Erema, where in a plantation some "long Marys" —that is, native women—were working. One of these, a particularly repulsive-looking lady, at once began to flirt with me and made enticing invitations that I should join her—I, however, made warning gestures to the approaching railway, and the other women yelled with laughter. The railway caught a glimpse of this, arrived in a state of giggle, and then exploded at a near view of the charming siren.

At Erema it was broilingly hot, and we all sat on the end of the pier and waved frantically to the *Stettin* for a boat. By the side of the small pier a number of perfectly nude natives and some Chinese were engaged in rolling huge heavy logs of timber into the water. They formed a picturesque group against the green palms behind. These Chinese are Cantonese (they must be from the province of Canton, as I saw none like them in Canton city), and are very tall, well-made men, their yellow smooth skin and blue loin-cloth making a strong contrast with the brown of the natives. One of these latter after being in the water lit a small fire on the sand and stood astride over it, having with manifest satisfaction a smoke bath. He was a sight for the gods. Meanwhile, we coo-ee-ed, shouted, and waved white umbrellas to the *Stettin* for a boat, but they took no notice.

As we were all in white — every one dresses in white here—we formed a brilliant patch on the whole landscape, and wroth indeed were we as a full hour went by. At last a boat came ashore, though not for us, but despite remonstrances we seized it, and when on board the ship nearly ate up the officer in charge. He said he *thought* he had noticed something white waving and had heard strange sounds—but he promised never so to offend again.

The Finisterre Mountains are about 10 miles from Stephansort. Captain Cayley-Webster, who was here in 1893, tells in his book that he went from Simbang, which was about 170 miles from Stephansort, to visit missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Fleyd or Fleyel, at the Saddleberg, 12 miles in the north-west direction in the interior. They lived at the summit of the mountain, 3000 feet high. They could see New Britain, and below them the abandoned Finchhafen grown over with jungle, and in the graveyard of which "lie the bodies of many Europeans, their wives, and children." It was there he got the *Paradisea guilielmi*—one of the most beautiful birds of paradise. [Amongst the many others got in this district are the *Paradisea raggiana*, and those other beautiful birds, the cat-birds and the violet manucode, live specimens of all of which may be seen in the Zoo in London.] Captain Cayley-Webster tells of the arrival at Stephansort of a case containing a piano for the Governor, and how the natives kept dropping it and rolling it along to hear the sound it made, calling it the "box belong cry."

Various people, employees of the New Guinea Co., came on board, all fever-stricken yellow wrecks. Every one seemed upset and unwell, but I was flourishing. It was very sultry and oppressive, and every one collapsed under it. The Captain

and some of the officers are fever-stricken, and quinine is the order of the day.

Certain things strike one forcibly here. There is a great lack of enterprise and initiative amongst the Germans. We and they adopt different systems of colonisation. With us it is the individual full of enterprise and initiative who goes ahead, so long as he has a free hand, carving his way and his fortune out of the unknown land, scarce at all helped or fortified by his Government, which only follows reluctantly where he leads. Our Governments do nothing until forced to do so. They carry this to an extreme. Everything at first with the Briton is utility; he has no time or inclination for comfort or for beautifying his new home—it must first be made to pay. Hence the bare, ugly utilitarianism of new Australian settlements, springing up in a short time, a long street of verandahed shanties lining a broad road. Once firmly established he begins to improve the place and pay a little attention to the adornment of it.

The Germans, on the contrary, look to their Government for everything, do not strike out boldly for themselves, and if the numerous Government officials do nothing, the colonist sits down and waits till they do, for he, the colonist, has no free hand. Under direction he will do well, but he waits for that direction, and hence it is that a German colony is composed principally of officials, all sick of the place, and dying to get home again to the comforts of the happy Fatherland. They make their official residences neat and pretty, and go in for what comfort they can get and as much sleep as can be included; hence initiative and enterprise are at a discount. This comes from their long home training as part of a great machine, where all thinking is done

for them. In a new country it is a wrong system. There is a happy medium between the two systems which neither nationality attains to. The Germans are excellent, peaceable, industrious colonists under us or in America. In their own possessions they stagnate. They need more freedom, and the surety of profiting by their own enterprise.

Since the Government must do everything, it is very obvious here in New Guinea that a duty of the Government is to build roads straight out into the interior from each port, gradually extending these roads, from which in time other roads would branch off on either side. The natives of the interior would gradually and naturally avail themselves of these roads to bring their "trade" to the coast, and they and the roads would be constantly kept under observation and control. Gradually inland posts are established along the roads, giving further control over the natives, now hidden in impenetrable forests and beyond restraint; and so in time the land and people are peacefully won. Only the Government can do this; it is no light and easy task, and means money, but the system repays itself in time in more than one way. Once there is a controlled road, the telegraph wire is a natural sequence, and so the interior is linked with the coast.

We have been a small community on this ship at very close quarters, and have got on together wonderfully well. Now there appears to be a little rift in the lute. For one thing, almost every one is affected by the close, moist, muggy, intense heat; several have fever, and no doubt the *Troppenkoller*, which gives title to one of the Baroness Frieda von Bülow's clever novels on the German African colonies, has its counter-

part here also. There is a sense of irritation in the air, people are fretful and nervous, some really ill. I am the well one, so, of course, irritating to the others, as sick people do so hate the sight of those who ought to be ill and are not.

I, too, I am guiltily conscious, have contributed to the present want of harmony. I had better be frank and say that I have been, and am, in a vile humour, bored, snappy, and actually pleased at hurting the feelings of others. Unfortunately, when I am in one of these vile moods my ill-temper radiates from me to quite a distance. The paint comes off the ship, the iron rusts, and gloom and melancholy pervades every one. I have always known this, but it is only since studying Swedenborg that I have understood the cause. The evil spirits Swedenborg tells us about, who make their home in me uninvited—as they do in all of you, so don't imagine you are better—like hot, muggy, unbearable atmospheres, are reminded no doubt of where they came from, and so at present are very active.

But it is true. When I am bad-tempered every one else is put out and there are gloomy faces everywhere; it extends even to the deck passengers. Then I overcome it, and since it is my pleasure to be amiable and cheerful again every one else brisks up. I make an effort and "buck up" every one—even go amongst the deck people, say things here or there, tickle the babies, and all is rose-coloured again. But to be conscious you can do this thing, and will not do it, is really terrible.

Any instrument, if played on properly, will respond sympathetically; but lately, through various reasons, I have had to be thrown much in company with my fellow-countrymen on this ship—they are all very good, quiet, and all right—

but somehow they jangled the strings, played false notes, and put me completely out of tune. Therefore, it is not music I emit, but discord. Then I have roused ire by being well and saying a great deal about the effect on the fever-stricken of the constant swilling at whisky and beer. I might have been forgiven the whisky, but I have wounded them on the tenderest spot by railing against the unlimited beer, and that is an outrage on their very nationality.

Nevertheless, I am right—how could spirits and sticky beer be anything but detrimental in this overpoweringly hot, airless, moist climate ?

Then my references to *Troppenkoller* have been a little too acid perhaps, and, if true, are none the better for that, for truth is so unpleasant to most people.

How I wish Frieda von Bülow was here ! How deep would be her interest in this part of the empire she loves so patriotically and has worked so well for ! What discussions we would have, and how her fine, frank, independent spirit would rouse up these people here—and they need it !

[Since these words were written, the Baroness Frieda von Bülow, so well known as a popular authoress in Germany, has passed away. This brilliant and gifted woman was in her younger days, when I first knew her, as handsome as she was clever, with a rather Byronic head. She went to South Africa to organise a hospital in one of the German colonies, and wrote several interesting books dealing with that land. After the death of her brother, Baron Albrecht Bülow, an officer who was killed by the natives, she returned there to manage for herself a plantation acquired by him. Had she not been a woman,

her high-minded, far-seeing, patriotic endeavours to stir up interest in the Fatherland in German colonisation would have met with public recognition. As it is, I trust that yet some day Germany will recognise her patriotic work, and that, in that German South African possession she loved so well and worked for, they will erect a monument to her memory. A woman of many sorrows, she once wrote to me, "You write tragedies; I live them": and it was true.

It will not be forgotten in Germany how, during the trial of Carl Peters, when the country was roused to indignation at the public insult offered "a noble woman" by the Socialists, she bravely, in the face of the world, proclaimed her feelings for Carl Peters and the friendship subsisting between them for many years. Once—long years before this—she had hoped to marry him—this is no indiscreet revelation, for she often spoke of it—but they mutually agreed that friendship alone was all they cared for. Corresponding with her through many years, I always knew and saw that what really attracted her in Carl Peters was not the man, but the position and power he had; her one-time desire to join her fate with his was the idea that, as the wife of the Governor of a great province, she would be enabled to work with him to accomplish some of her great aims for the development and advancement of those new German lands. By birth she was the social superior of Carl Peters, as she was in other ways; but the power he one time exercised glamoured her, and she saw herself, as we often jestingly called her, "Queen of Africa." Every one who knew her regretted deeply the untimely fate of this gifted woman. She was for a short time lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Roumania, in succession to Mademoiselle Vacaresco; but Africa

always called her, and deep indeed was the wound ingratitude dealt her.

Her gifted sister, Margarethe, and her two brothers, Kuno and Albrecht, met tragic fates, and I fear her own life was a tragedy in itself, but her death came as an unwelcome thing to very many. For many years—indeed, from the first day I met her in that old Hanoverian castle—I enjoyed her friendship, and we corresponded on many subjects of interest, particularly political ones, just as I corresponded for years with her cousin, Marie von Bülow (now Madame von Scala), daughter of the former Prussian Ambassador to the Vatican at Rome. The Bülow family seems to have more than its share of intellect.]

I can see Frieda von Bülow now coming into the Gobelin Zimmer in that dear old Hanoverian schloss and asking directly, giving you no loop-hole for escape, "Do you think there is such a thing as free will?"

The beautiful old schloss—why, it is winter there now, and snow is deep everywhere, in the Hof, on the lovely old gables, all over the porch. The moat is frozen, and they are skating. I can hear the jangle of sleigh-bells—it is the Baron coming home from the *Wild Schwein Jagd*, his old green fur-lined coat well up over his ears, and Luke the *Cocher* is clapping his arms over his chest to restore the circulation, and nodding a cheery "*Schönes Tag, Herr Baron*" to you as you lean out of the window. It is always "*Schönes Tag*," and you are always "*Herr Baron*," whether you are or not, to Luke, if he likes you—but I am havering! There is no old snow-covered castle here—it but made me cool for the moment to recall it. I dare say they are speaking of me at this minute—my rooms are vacant, my seat is vacant—but they little dream I am in a German colony amidst savage

cannibals. I doubt if they ever heard of this place—people in the Middle Ages, as they are, could not. They want here to know what is amusing me, because there is a smile on my face.

"I am in Deutschland," I answer, "in the happy Fatherland. There is snow and ice everywhere, and the music of sleigh-bells, and they are getting ready for the *Weihnachtsbaum*."

Then I wish I had not said it, for there is silence and I have set them thinking—it is well for some of them not to think of such things and wonder if they can ever see them again. I look at the yellow, wasted faces—yes, I wish I had not said it.

I instantly make good resolutions to be amiable and cheerful again if possible—I have no reason to be otherwise, after all, with these people, who have been more than kind to me.

So I tell them—as we lie there in our long chairs—a tale the Professor lately related to me of a man who was in great danger amidst the natives, and did not know what to do, till a happy thought struck him, and he suddenly took out his false teeth and dropped them with a clatter into a pannikin. The natives were dumbfounded and gazed at him with wondering respect, and one old man said, "Thank God I have lived to see this day!"—not that any native ever said such a thing really, but, anyway, every one is laughing, so it is all right.

FRIEDRICH WILHELMS HAFEN,
NEW GUINEA, *Dec.* 1900.

We left Stephansort in the cool of the night—if you can call it cool! My good resolutions

are not yet paving the streets of a more tropical place than this.

We got to Friedrich Wilhelms Hafen, which is about 22 miles north of Stephansort, very early. It was founded, 1891, as the capital, and still is the official capital. It has a beautiful little land-locked bay—Sydney Harbour in miniature, but much more beautiful. The boat lies alongside a small wharf, where is a store and some sheds, so one steps on land comfortably. It is all New Guinea Co. here. The chief director is Herr Hansemann, after whom a mountain, rising above, is named. It is curious, but when they gave the inevitable name of Bismarck to a range of mountains inland they had not noticed how Bismarck's face in profile is limned against the skyline. Now every one sees it and wonders it could have been overlooked. Captain Cayley-Webster in his book says that the Bismarck Mountains do not exist, and that Friedrich Wilhelms Hafen was abandoned as unhealthy, and nothing left but ruined houses. What he means I do not know—it is quite a mistake. There are some well-situated houses, especially that of the assessor, and of Herr Kohler, who is a manager, or "big white fellow master," as the natives say. The store-keeper, a very fair German, entertained the Captain and me in the store to champagne. There was a small child, absolutely black, there. "Where did this *schwartzer Junger*, this black thing, come from?" asked the Captain. "That is my son," was the answer. The child of a very fair German and a brown woman had come out absolutely black!

I was conducted to the sights—the post office and then the prison. The latter is a wooden building. The cells had plenty of air, a platform bed, with blanket or mat, and a large water-jug—quite palatial for a native. The doors were open

and the prisoners looking after the place themselves, and seemingly quite proud to belong to it. We looked into the houses of the native policemen, who wear a uniform, and greeted their wives and children.

The fever is very bad here; all Europeans and natives get it. When Professor Koch was here in this year he said the ships should not remain at night—it was too unhealthy.

A German, his wife, and two little girls were going home to Germany. They were all packed up and ready, but when the *Stettin* came in they were all too ill to leave. When she called again on the next trip, both the man and his wife were dead. Even here are no shops and nothing to be had. They must get everything by the *Stettin*, and Captain Niedermayer is a sort of universal provider for them all. Yet they are very proud of their progress, and excuse everything lacking by saying it takes four to five months, or longer, to get things out from Germany—ignoring Australia and Singapore nearer at hand. No one can have sympathy with nonsense of that sort—there is something so foolish, so little, so mean about it. There are about twenty Europeans and two or three hundred Malays here, as well as some Chinese. The latter are good workers and get fifteen marks a month, whilst the Papuans get five to six a month. There are good capuc plantations.

There is an hotel kept by a Chinaman. It serves as a club and has a *Kegelbahn*, so is quite Germanic.

We visited a building where live the Javanese and Malay work-people. The married couples and women's building contained many large beds hung with mosquito curtains, and gay with frilled pillow-cases tied up with ribbons, and all was

very clean and comfortable, though it seemed odd to have a number of beds for married people in the one room. Then we went to the boat-slip, where a vessel was being repaired and the New Guinea Co.'s steamboat, the *Johann Albrecht*, was lying. This latter has one of its masts as a funnel; I do not think I ever saw that before. They have another boat, the *Herzogin Elizabeth*.

Then a visit to Herr Kohler, where we had cocktails on the verandah—he had a nice, comfortable house. Captain Dunbar, a Herr Markgraf, and King Peter joined us there. King Peter greeted the Captain with a joke, the first time they had spoken since the row at Herbertshöhe. There was a momentary embarrassment, the Captain responded but coolly, so, as the angels were nervous about intruding, I rushed in with a silly question, which created a laugh at my expense, and all was right again. I trust the angels will remember they owe me something, for why should I do their work for nothing? King Peter liked and respected the Captain, I knew he was sore about having to part on unfriendly terms, and I had all along been trying to make peace without attracting attention.

Herr Kohler looked very well, but his brother, who is with us now as a passenger *en route* for a change of climate, looks miserably ill. I used my camera on every one and everything, and here on the verandah on some natives laden with the beautiful blue crown pigeons.

[I may as well say here that I took numbers of the most interesting, and in some cases unique, photographs whilst on this pilgrimage. When they were developed at Singapore it was found there was quite a small puncture in the camera, but enough to let in light that spoilt them all! This was a real disappointment and misfortune.]

Whilst strolling about I saw a chief and his two small sons approaching the shore in their canoe, and on their landing went to interview them, and if possible buy the chief's fine breastplate and ornaments. This man was slim, but of good figure, and bore himself with such stately dignity that there was no mistaking he was "somebody." He and his sons were quite nude, devoid even of the string costume, but wore handsome ornaments and beads, and so looked perfectly dressed. Their want of clothes never seems a want; it appears quite natural, and, in fact, you never notice it. In manner, bearing, and mode of speech this naked savage was a polished, dignified gentleman. Many are like that. They will kill and eat you boiled or baked at a moment's notice, but that is a trivial detail.

In Sydney I had laid in a stock of beads to trade with. In my ignorance I imagined that pretty beads would be the thing, and some of my strings of beads were really rosaries. I was not aware that fashion is as great an autocrat in New Guinea as elsewhere, and that certain sorts of beads were alone in request, just as the fashion in nose or earrings varies. When, therefore, after entering into a polite conversation with this personage, I intimated a desire to trade my pretty beads for his shell ornaments, he drew himself up and intimated haughtily that they were not for sale. I told him how I liked such things and wanted some to carry to my far-off land for my many wives there. He gradually thawed, then became quite friendly, and even condescended to laugh, joke, and smoke with me. I asked if he would not like to have me for dinner, but he laughed and said I was too salt and would taste too much of tobacco, so I suppose he had had experience in such dainties. He took one of my rosaries, held it up, and pointed with

a scornful laugh at the tiny crucifix attached to it. "All same missionary man that!" His boys liked the beads, and he graciously allowed me to give them to them; and that is what came of my endeavours to "trade." A certain stony red bead was high in favour and quite the fashion, but the smartest of the smart, those who really wish to shine in society, go in for keys. They have just entered the Iron Age—anything in iron is precious to them. But the very highest mark of fashion is to wear a huge bunch of heavy, rusty, old iron doorkeys tied by a string round the waist and dangling at one side. It implies that at home they have countless large chests full of tobacco and other wealth, even though they have none. To see an absolutely naked savage come strutting along full of pride and affectation with a huge bunch of keys dangling at one side is very funny. Matches, too, they would trade anything for. A thing that quite fascinated them was my round shaving-glass, one of those mirrors that make your face look large or small according to the side you use. I used to flash this out of the porthole at them, and when they darted up in their canoes, would reverse it, and their ecstasy at seeing their faces broadened out was intense. They sighed for this thing, offered me their very canoes and all their contents in exchange. Unluckily I could not do without it.

It is curious to think that any of these friendly, interesting people you talk to with quite a liking would think nothing, two minutes later, of striking you dead with their axe, and then cutting you up and eating you. Numbers of the natives of New Guinea have probably partaken of human flesh.

Mr. Romilly saw, and has described in one of his books, a cannibal feast. First, the women wash the body and scrape the hair off, and cut the

hair of the head, all laughing and joking. Then the body is placed on a mat and cut up with bamboo knives, the intestines being thrown to the women, who merely warm them up and eat them. The head is cut off and laid aside. Then the pieces of the cut-up body are wrapped in leaves and tied up; these packets are piled into the ovens and covered with hot stones. It is cooked for three days, then they feast on it. The brains, as a delicacy, are mixed with sago and served as an entrée. Of course the flesh is cooked in various ways, and a good *chef* can serve up most enticing dishes. They sometimes have long wooden troughs almost as large as a bath for this much-prized national dish.

Here, as elsewhere, I photographed on arrival the usual scene of the white man kicking the natives right and left out of his way. They did not mind much, and only understand forcible methods. The Germans, when blessed with a little authority, are often not only autocratic, but sometimes a little coarse and even brutal; but, though in Sydney I heard tales of their cruelty and brutality to the natives, I never saw a sign of it, have heard nothing of it from any one here, and I am assured, and am content to believe, there was no truth in those tales. They are somewhat brutal in method or manner at times, but not often in action (despite the notorious ways of the Berlin police), nor are they in any way cruel, and, on the whole, treat the natives tolerably well. No one ever does treat natives really properly; but a very small community of white people governing many thousands of natives has to show frequently that it is master and must be obeyed. The natives understand force. At the same time they are equally amenable to another style of treatment and can reason, and they appreciate a

sympathetic, kindly method as much as any one. They know by instinct their friends—just as a child or dog does—and can become attached and devoted followers.

But there is the native's point of view, which must never be forgotten. The whites enter his land, take it, kill him if he opposes, and just as often take his wife too. He therefore defends his home, life, and liberty as he sees an opportunity to do so, and commits a meritorious action in slaying the invader who would rob him of everything.

With Captain Niedermayer and the two English ladies from the second cabin I made quite a nice little excursion. The Captain got out a ship's boat, with the Malays in their best rig-out, and we rowed for a long time about the pretty harbour before we could find the entrance to a river, as the thick trees grew to the water's edge and over it. On at last entering this river it was a very beautiful and extraordinary sight. It was very winding, with trees and palms meeting overhead and growing all round and out of the river itself, whilst the fallen trees piled on top of each other were a mass of parasitic foliage—the whole a wonderland of tropical beauty, bathed in a deep green gloom, into which here and there stole shafts of sunlight. The effect was extraordinary and almost unnatural. We saw no alligators, but they must have been there amidst the swampy margins and fallen timber. Though so beautiful, it was uncanny, and so much of it! I quite expected to see some huge prehistoric reptile dragging its slimy folds in and out of the water and the riot of foliage. We exclaimed at the beauty of it, but were glad at length to get out of it. Our boat, with we white-clad people and the scarlet of the Malays, added to the effect of this curious scene.

We emerged from all this at a tobacco planta-

tion called Jomba, where an Englishman, Mr. Peacock, entertained us at his bungalow. He was not in the least like an Englishman, and had lived for many years in Sumatra ere coming to New Guinea. The others returned in the boat, but I remained with Mr. Peacock to see his plantation. New Guinea cigars are now smoked all over Germany. There were many bananas and pineapples growing everywhere. He told me he had a high opinion of the Dutch paternal government in Sumatra and their other East Indian possessions. He seemed a quaint character. Later in the day he drove me back in his buggy by a tolerable track to Friedrich Wilhelms Hafen. There is a grass which in the distance looks green and inviting, but it spoils everything and cannot be kept down. It grows very quickly, and so high that a man on horseback can be concealed by it. They may in time find some method of exterminating it. There is no getting far inland from the coast, as it is not permitted, the whole country being unexplored and peopled only by cannibal savages. Very little exploration is for the present attempted or permitted, and the reasons for this are sufficiently good. It would mean murders by the natives, who could not be reached or punished, and so would breed much trouble. It is known that there must be gold in the interior, as natives bring gold dust to the coast. Several prospectors have been about ; but if any large goldfield was discovered and made known, what the Germans fear is that there would be an inrush of diggers from Australia —which is exactly what would occur ; they would come in hundreds, perhaps thousands. Every one knows diggers are a turbulent lot, and the small number of Germans would not be able to protect, control, or manage them. Not to permit

this till population has increased and there is adequate control is good and sensible government, and quite the right thing. When, bit by bit, the Germans have explored the land, established tolerably secure relations with the natives, and accustomed them to white folk and their ways, it will be a different matter. Yet it is time that Germany sent out some properly equipped scientific expeditions to map out, survey, and explore the land gradually—a thing the settlers cannot do themselves yet. There have been some explorers, but they have done little. Who knows what may be discovered within those mysterious, unknown recesses ? British New Guinea has now been surveyed to a great extent, and it is time Germany knew more about her part, but through responsible people. It is so fascinating to gaze at the forest-clad mountains and wonder and wonder what is there — perhaps some ruined ancient monuments of an extinct race, something to throw light on the mysteries of the past.

Here at Friedrich Wilhelms Hafen we had to part from King Peter and Professor Biro, and I was very, very sorry to do so. They remain here till the royal yacht *Mato* arrives from Sydney, and then she takes them to Deslacs Island. King Peter promised to write to me, and I promised that if ever it is possible I shall go and visit his kingdom. He holds out all sorts of enticements to me, and I can picture nothing I would like better than cruising amongst those lovely isles. King Peter is a strange little character, has many good points, and an individuality of his own.

[When they arrived at Petershafen in Deslacs Island, they found that the natives had risen and massacred many of King Peter's " tame " natives, that his wife and children and some employees were

all barricaded in their house defending themselves and withstanding a siege. King Peter wrote me an account of it, what he did, and how he "took a bloody revenge," killing so many of them with his own hand! He sent me a photograph of the *Mato* in harbour there. Some time after this, on my return to Europe, I saw a telegram in the papers that all the white people at Petershafen had been massacred, and the *Mato* seized, looted, and burnt. I have never heard more details, and I supposed King Peter perished with the others, but I have recently heard that he is living and well. I had sent out from Germany a box of toys for his children. I wonder if little or big savages are playing with them now? It was a great work to send that box, as no one in that German town had heard of New Guinea, and the post office people insisted it must be an iron-bound case and that it must go by Africa—even when I showed them in their own post-book that there was a parcel post to New Guinea, and that it was quite simple to send anything from Bremen. When I told the fat old Frau who sold these toys something of the place they were going to she was amazed, and sent for her children to hear also; and when I asked how they had never read about it, she said in quite a shocked, reproving way, "We German women never read; only our husbands do that!"

This being at a time when all Germans were abusing "England" and her colonies, as well as her enormities to "the poor Boers," it gave me a splendid chance—of which I availed myself frequently—of saying, "From morning to night you abuse and talk over 'England' and her colonies. You do not even know the names of your own or where they are. How then can you know about ours?" This dumbfounded

them, and "*Es ist wahr!*" ("It is true!") they cried in astonishment.

In winter, in Wiesbaden, whilst I was visiting a dear kinswoman, a number of people were present in her *salon* discussing the ways and means for augmenting the subscription got up in Wiesbaden for "the poor Boer widows and orphans being frozen to death on the open veldt in South Africa." I quietly remarked that it was very sad, but there could not be much freezing about it, as they were more likely to be broiled alive by the great heat. Silence and consternation fell on these people, for they had never thought of that, and I am afraid that, so far as they were concerned, that fund collapsed there and then. My hostess beamed on me and rubbed her hands with delight, as she had been telling me how much she resented the outrageous way the Germans behaved during that war.

Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P., who visited many of these places, including the Admiralty and French Islands, and who has many interesting tales to relate, tells me that in the French Islands dwelt a peculiar dwarf race who had characteristics of their own. At Friedrich Wilhelms Hafen —at Jomba, I think—he met a Baron del Abaca who had been a friend of the missing Archduke "Johann Orth."]

BERLINSHAFEN, NEW GUINEA,
December 1900.

We arrived at the important port of Potsdamhafen early in the morning. You can see it marked on the map.

It consists of one small house inhabited by two Catholic missionaries—only that and nothing

more. Yet here the *Stettin* is decreed to wait always a whole day. It is nice and cheerful for the missionaries. Except their little wants, practically nothing comes on board and nothing goes ashore. We brought with us from the last place Herr Wilhelm Bruno, an agent of the New Guinea Co. He inhabits by himself a small island here lying at a little distance from the mainland. He has a house on it, and no strange native—on the pain of death—is allowed to set foot on that island. He cleared and planted two hectares of it with cocoanut, and had some natives working on the island, but now, he tells me, there is no one. At first the white cockatoos came in crowds, and his trees were as if covered by snow at times; now he has driven them away.

From the ship the very high mountains rising abruptly from the sea presented a vividly green and smooth appearance, looking quite like good pasture for sheep. It turned out, however, that the green smoothness was the terribly high, useless, destructive *latang* grass. It is picturesque with the one little house and the palms at the foot of those steep mountains.

The captain said Herr Bruno could sell me many native weapons and curios, so a boat was got out and I accompanied him to the island and his house, which, though very small, was quite comfortable. He showed me what he had, and, under the impression that I was buying them, I picked out the best, rejecting the others, and felt rather foolish when he insisted on giving them all, and said he had never thought of selling them! What a lonely life he leads here—and always, too, in such danger from the natives that he must shoot any who even attempt to land on the island!

I never heard that Herr Bruno shot one of them; but it was well known to all natives that the isle was taboo to them, so if they did attempt to land it was for mischief and at their own risk.

He wanted to return to the ship, so I begged to be left on the island alone and fetched when the boat brought him back in the evening. As it was quite safe he agreed, and there they left me, quite alone, with the run of a whole beautiful idyllic island all to myself. I rejoiced in this, and went about exploring, looking at the plants, rambling about, and now and again taking a photograph. It was a beautiful spot, and I longed for such a place of my own. You felt as if you could breathe in freedom there, and that no care could come nigh, with nothing but the sea around and the unexplored mainland before you. Hours went by, but I did not think of the time—I was too much interested. No thought of the natives or of possible danger crossed my mind.

Far out at sea rose to a great height the active volcano called Vulcan Isle. Rising from the sea directly, a perfect cone, it perhaps looks higher than it really is. We had passed not far from it. It has trees almost to the crater, and streams of old and new lava flowed down its steep declivities, whilst it was emitting much steam and smoke. At night it shows a dull red light. There are said to be twenty-four native villages on it, and the near island Aris is also thickly populated. Vulcan Isle is a very striking feature in this part. Lesson Isle, not far from it, has also a volcano. I believe no white man has ever landed on Vulcan Isle, and its native inhabitants are said to be so particularly savage and ferocious, and such ardent

cannibals, that they are greatly dreaded by even the other natives. On the 13th March 1888 Vulcan Isle was almost engulfed by the sea, producing a tidal wave which caused much damage and killed two German explorers, Von Belöw and Hunstein, who were on the west coast of New Britain.

As I said, no thought of danger crossed my mind, alone, as I imagined I was, on Herr Bruno's island. Picture then the start I got when, rounding a mass of rock, I came suddenly on three of the most appalling-looking savages one could conceive. They were sitting under a tree, and were covered with blood streaming over them.

For a moment we gazed at each other in amazement. What could they be doing, I wondered—were they having a cannibal feast? I walked right up to them, too interested to think of possible danger. They were got up in the most fantastic style as to head-gear, their hair tousled out to an enormous size; the lobes of their ears hung down to their shoulders with heavy ornaments thrust through. They were streaked with paint, their teeth were filed into sharp points—fearful fangs really—and their mouths and gums were red and black with betel-nut. They were quite nude, and, as I said, streaming with blood. They really outdid anything in the way of real savages I had seen or conceived. "Well," I said, "you are a pretty lot; what are you doing here?" I do not suppose they understood the words, or rather I know they did not, but they promptly showed me what they were doing. They had found a broken soda-water bottle, and, with pieces of jagged glass, were shaving themselves, but tearing away skin and flesh, the blood simply flowing down, and *so* pleased with themselves! For a moment it gave me quite a turn, but then I burst out

laughing, and three great black caverns armed with fangs opened at me, and I witnessed a fine thing in the way of smiles. Something in the situation struck me as funny when I remembered that no native was allowed on this island, and there was I—a tourist with a kodak—alone with these three choice specimens. It really was an appalling sight as they tore away at flesh and skin, grinning all over. I talked away to them, and we made signs and had quite an animated interview; but as we could not understand each other I cannot retail what it was all about. They were so pleased and I so amused, and suddenly I bethought me of the camera; here indeed was a chance not to be missed. I raised it gingerly, but at the click they all stopped and eyed it and me suspiciously. However, I laughed and nodded as I rapidly wound up the next number and pretended to show it to them. Each time, however, it clicked they looked disturbed. I showed them the landscape in its glass, but they appeared to make nothing of it. The sun was on them, they had a splendid background, and, as the photographers say, they "made a lovely picture."

[Alas for that camera! I regret this spoilt picture more than all the others put together. It would have been quite unique.]

Having exhausted all attempts at conversation, I wondered how I could withdraw gracefully, wondering also what was to be the end of this little episode. How easy for them to have seized me and bundled me into their canoe! However, they were in high good humour. We parted with many grins and waving of hands, and I strolled back to the seashore, thinking it, all the same, as well to be within sight of the *Stettin*. Presently the boat came, and when they landed I said to Herr Bruno that he had told me there was no one on the

island, and I had just been photographing three terrific savages. They were all in a state of excitement at once; Herr Bruno rushed into his house for his "gun," and there was a regular stampede for the spot I indicated. I ran also, but intent only on protecting my cannibal friends. Fortunately—whether they had seen the boat or what I cannot say—they had fled, were already in their canoe, and well out at sea. Herr Bruno called out things and made threatening gestures, but to my relief there was no firing, and I explained they had been perfectly friendly and "nice."

He said they came from the Vulcan Isle, probably on mischief bent, and knew they had no right to be on the island; but I am sure they were in the most harmless mood. He wondered I was there to tell the tale. It might easily have been that he and the others had found a tenantless isle, whilst I was being borne over the sea to dinner—but not my dinner. I do not believe they even thought of it; we had been quite pleased with one another, and, could I have spoken their lingo, we would have had a fine yarn. There is more than one volcanic isle simply marked on the chart as "Vulcan Isle."

I then went ashore in the boat to the mainland, where the two missionaries who lived in the one house which represents this "port" joined us, and we presently returned to the ship.

Leaving this place—much reviled by the captain, who hated the useless delay, and who, poor man, was really very ill with fever—we passed other imposing islands, volcanoes active and extinct. Bosseville, a very high, picturesque, wood-clothed island with some enormous trees and cocoanut palms, had apparently a house perched on its summit. Looking through the glass there seemed no doubt of it, and the captain

thought so too; but he said nothing was known of it, or of any one being there or having been there. I wonder if it really was a house, and, if so, how came it to be there, and who dwells in it? (Perhaps the missing archduke!)

We passed Lesson Isle and many others—I, however, confuse them—all of this being most beautiful, even fascinating.

Then a most extraordinary effect was caused by the waters of the great Kaiserin Augusta River which, 20 miles from land, rolled out in a broad, green flood, clearly defined against the blue of the sea, and actually the green waters were raised above the sea. Giant logs and trees torn from their place far inland were being dashed about like corks; enormous shoals of very large fish were leaping out of the water; whilst above hovered flocks of birds. There was also a shoal of small whales. The *Stettin*, on entering this flood, swayed about like a cork herself. Truly it was a strange and impressive sight.

This great river has been traced by the Germans to within a few miles of the supposed source of the Fly River, which flows through British New Guinea into the sea in the south, and is navigable for 500 or 600 miles. The Kaiserin Augusta, of course, has its exit into the sea in the north. Some gold miners have been prospecting about the Kaiserin Augusta and have found gold. It and the Raimu or Ottélie River are navigable for small steamboats. Exploring expeditions under Hauptmann Dallman, Von Schleinitz, and others in 1886–1887, and under Dr. Baumbach in 1896 and Herr Tappenbeck in 1898, have been made about this part. There are, or were, a few trading stations about the Raimu—the landing-place for which is Potsdamhafen—but that means one white man here or there.

[Herr Fall in 1908 ascended the river for 200 miles. There is no bar at the mouth, which is about a mile wide, and it is from 300 to 450 yards wide for 200 miles. About 40 miles from the coast it broadens into a lake with islands. The navigation is unobstructed, there being a continuous channel of at least 50 ft. in depth. The coast is swampy, tropical vegetation merges into forest about 40 miles from the mouth, beyond that are alluvial plains dotted with timber, and wooded hills with plantations of cocoanut palms and bread-fruit trees round the villages. The natives had large houses and tobacco plantations, were of a peaceable disposition, and, altogether, it seems more than a country of promise. Whilst in Berlin in 1911, Captain Vahsen, the captain of the *Deutschland*, the ship of Lieutenant Filchner's German Antarctic expedition, who had just come from New Guinea, gave me an account of some of the experiences of an exploring expedition he had accompanied up the Kaiserin Augusta River, and of a fight with the natives. Much knowledge of this region has been quite lately acquired by various explorers, including the members of the German and Dutch Boundary Commission, which completed its labours in December 1910. Very much, however, remains yet to be done.]

In Hansa Bay, near here, the natives destroyed a New Guinea Co. station, so an expedition was sent, which killed some of them and burnt their villages; but it had no real result, as the natives merely retired into the interior, and half the members of the expedition were down with fever.

On many of the islands, Balise or Gilbert Isle, Tarawae, Bertrand, and D'Urville Isles, the natives have fine plantations, and they are all beautiful isles. It is all dangerous navigation, as these seas

are not properly charted, and there are no lighthouses or lightships.

These islands have native names as well as the various ones given by different explorers, on top of which the Germans have renamed them after their princes, ministers, and such people, so that it is confusing, and, looking at the map, one does not spot them easily. Some of the smaller ones are yet unnamed. As the natives know only the native names, they can give little information about them. Surely it would be wiser to stick to such native names as have some interest or meaning, or else to the names bestowed by the discoverers, whose right to the nomenclature of their discoveries should never be questioned. It is not fair of the Germans, who discovered none of them, to rename them in a somewhat unmeaning fashion.

We passed very close to two, one low-lying and full of natives, the other high and rugged. How I longed to stay in them and not pass on like this with merely a glimpse at them! Far out at sea, too, we saw a small native canoe with two occupants, probably blown away from land and drifting where they knew not—or perhaps they did know. We waved to them, but they took no notice.

At dinner that night Captains Niedermayer and Dunbar were very talkative, and became excited on the subject of German aims. They said they hoped the large island of Timor, which is partly Dutch and partly Portuguese, would soon become German; one reason being that it lay near the Australian continent. (To serve as a pin-prick, of course.) They are most desirous of getting by some means a footing in Borneo (again to be near their "dear cousins"), then acquiring the Dutch part of New Guinea, and they regard it as

a certainty that one day the whole of the Dutch East Indies are to come under the German flag—all those enormously rich exploited and unexploited islands with their harbours so useful as coaling stations. This is to be attained by the Netherlands being *forced* or cajoled into joining the German Empire for her own preservation, by picking a quarrel with her and simply adding her to the empire, and then her famous ports of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, as well as her rich East Indian possessions; are theirs! It is so obviously desirable from the German point of view that I wonder it is not constantly in the minds of statesmen—I mean politicians, for where are the statesmen? These ports and all these islands under the German flag, her growing navy, her great fleet of liners using these harbours—this is to be the beginning of the end for us. So they think. Will it come? It is a very obvious aim—just glance at the map to see what it really means. What has Australia to say to it? Nothing at all; she ignores the idea. She is obsessed with the fear that she is to be eaten up by Japanese. There is no sign of the British flag anywhere; not a ship or a schooner have we seen flying it on this direct route to Hong-Kong and Singapore. I do not wonder the Germans deem it easy of attainment, despite British, Dutch, Portuguese, Americans, and Japanese. [As yet none of these things have come to pass; *but they are coming nearer.* The proposed fortification of Flushing, and the establishment near there of Krupp's works, are signs of what may be.]

I discuss all these things with them with interest, but without heat, though my feelings are strong on the subject. Indeed the aims and ambitions of Germany in these seas are what we talk and think most about. The Dutch make

nothing of many of their rich possessions; unless they wake up and do so, all may pass from them. Yet a treaty with us by which the Netherlands agreed never to part with an inch of territory here save to us, on condition that we guaranteed her safe possession of her over-seas lands and the absolute integrity of the Netherlands, would for ever crush all these German and other aspirations, and render New Guinea valueless to Germany; to attain that we must also attain a really great and powerful navy guarding our interests in every part of the world. So rapidly is German trade increasing and the augmentation of her navy and mercantile marine going on, that harbours and coaling stations are an absolute necessity to her. She must have them, she will have them. Much of the trade of the Dutch East Indies is practically hers, and she is endeavouring to push the German language everywhere, and the German flag is displayed wherever she can to teach all the native races what it is. From the German point of view this is admirable and perfectly legitimate; I admire her splendid progress and her ambition, and only wish *we* were as far-seeing. But, unluckily, it does not suit our interests, and so each one of us is bound to oppose these aims by every or any means in his power.

[The latest German idea is to establish a fortified harbour and coaling station at or near New Britain. Look at the map, think over what it means, and do not forget that the project has been mooted. The idea of to-day is sometimes the fact of to-morrow. Germany has come late into the field of colonisation; all the desirable parts, or most of them, are in other hands, therefore to attain her growing, rapidly growing ambition of being a great World Power, she is undoubtedly compelled to "hustle round" and achieve her

purpose as she can. It is unfortunate for her in a way, as naturally these aims are looked on askance by others; but she is not likely to desist from them, and there is no reason she should. It is almost naïve the way she is, with a gracious smile and her tongue in her cheek, insinuating herself into the Holy Land. Surely there are dreams somewhere of the crowning of a King in Jerusalem, the creating of a great legend? All those fine buildings, all those gracious visits—already it would seem she thinks she is there !]

We arrived at Berlinshafen, which is 180 English miles from Potsdamhafen, at daybreak. Since 1897 it has been a station of the New Guinea Co. It was first started in 1894 by Ludwig Karnbach. On Seleo he made the first plantation; he died 1897, and then the New Guinea Co. took it over. Berlinshafen is only a bay, on the east side of which lie the islands of Ali or Alij, Seleo, and Angeli, quite near each other. In the background is the thickly wooded mainland coast.

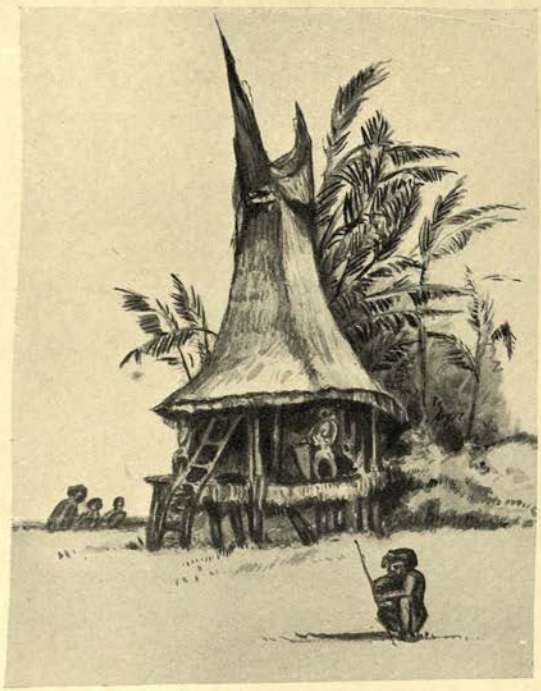
At Ali there was a great fight with the natives. The Germans came in the *Moewe*, and for some purpose found it necessary to land a party to fell and clear the thick trees and undergrowth at one place. They did not know that this was taboo—that is, sacred ground—and were at it unarmed, when suddenly they were attacked by the natives with spears, and many wounded ere they could reach the boats. They then retaliated by burning the native houses, killing many natives, and taking some prisoners. Captain Dunbar, who was then in command of the *Moewe*, is here to describe it. They swamped many canoes, and shot the natives swimming in the water. Hence here the Germans are hated and distrusted. You are amongst savages in a very wild state here. They come out

from the mainland in their canoes very quickly. Their thick hair is often bleached with lime, they are gorgeous in big ears, feathers, shells, and nose ornaments, and decorate their faces, bodies, and legs with red, black, yellow, and white stripes, so that they are ornamental adjuncts to the scenery. On the mainland is, or was, a Mission Station, Leming, but between natives and fever it does not go ahead much. I am rather at sea here as to where exactly the Mission is. Tumleo has a Catholic Mission, but where Tumleo is I am not sure, as there is an archipelago of islands and coral reefs here.

Seleo is a flat coral reef clothed with cocoanut palms, and is, as I said, a New Guinea Co. station. Two Germans, Herr Behse and a carpenter, live on it. They are clearing and planting it.

As we approached this island a house or two and a small pier came into view. We went nearer and nearer. I happened to be leaning over the side, and looked first with surprise at the rickety little pier, then at the clearly visible bottom of the sea—how shallow it was, and getting still more shallow! —surely we were not going to that pier—why, we were nearly ashore! Suddenly there was a commotion on the bridge, wonder on every face, and we went full speed astern. Another minute would have seen us high and dry on Seleo! Some one on the bridge had been asleep, surely. We whispered together, but said nothing openly. We came to anchor quite a long way out. Next day I did make a remark on this episode, but every one grew so embarrassed that I changed the subject.

We had nearly gone ashore, and if we had we would have been there for many months ere rescue came! The natives would have collected, done for us all if they could, and burnt the *Stettin*. However, it did *not* happen.



TEMPLE AT SELEO, NEW GUINEA.

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The two white men here collect the trepang, copra, pearl-shell, etc., from the neighbouring islands. They have cleared Seleo of much jungle and planted it with cocoanuts, having some Chinese and Malays, as well as natives, as workers. They export much copra. I learnt here that the natives all like to shave with bits of broken glass when they can get it, instead of a bit of pearl-shell.

The Captain took me ashore. Then a most curious thing happened. The Captain in his uniform, gold braid and buttons, and gold-laced cap is in the eyes of the natives a person of enormous importance; the "big fellow white master of the big war canoe" is what they call him. Also the *Stettin* is to them something very great indeed, though it does not deal out death like the *Moewe*. I was also in white, and carried a white umbrella; but I had no gold lace, and was nobody. Yet the instant we stepped ashore the natives came flocking from every direction, calling, "Englishman! Englishman!"

It was really strange. They knew my nationality instantly, and, flocking round me, quite ignored the Captain, who was half put out at it, half amused. They see, of course, no English here, save any stray ones who pass by in the *Stettin*.

We first visited Herr Behse at his house, who entertained us to wine and other refreshments, and then the Captain and I, escorted by about fifty naked natives, walked round the island. I was the attraction, palpably and openly; why or wherefore I know not. Was it the white umbrella —a sort of ensign of royalty with natives—or what? It could not be the umbrella, every one has them here, and we heard a story of a native who had been away and returned with a fortune in clothes and

goods, to be instantly deprived of all by his village, with the exception of his umbrella, which none of them wanted. The Captain was as puzzled as I was at the welcome they gave me. If I looked at a flower, a piece of coral, or a cocoanut, they rushed to get it for me, and they hung on my every movement, eager to anticipate my every wish. They thrust things on me. The umbrella had a defective catch, and every now and then as I talked with the Captain it came down over my head like an extinguisher. This was ludicrous, but there was not a smile on the faces of our bodyguard; only when the Captain and I burst out laughing at each recurrence of this absurd thing, and they saw they *might* laugh without being rude, then they shrieked with delight. Then I gave one the umbrella to carry, and he strutted in front simply overwhelmed with pride, and the others full of envy, so they had all to get it in turn. It was very funny to see them striding along with the umbrella, throwing glances over their shoulders to see if I was pleased.

When we got to the end of the island we found the two other Englishmen there. I asked them if there had been the same excitement over them, but they said they had passed unnoticed, so that it was more puzzling than ever. Anyway, I was the recipient of all the honours that day. When we visited the village, where as usual no women were visible, I was conducted to a house and allowed to look in, and I am not quite sure that the hospitality was meant to end there. The women all giggled, and I am pretty sure were not in seclusion through any wish of their own. They had two " Temples," both very curious, with their coloured wooden carvings of idols and the rest. All these natives, though quite nude, were much painted and decorated, wore nose-rings, ears en-

NATIVE WITH MASK AND SHIELD, NEW GUINEA.

(To face page 194.)

larged enormously, red flowers and feathers in their hair—appeared overdressed! They were good-looking—in a native way, of course—and well made, but rather slim, and many of the younger ones somewhat weedy.

There was a fine, large, decorated war canoe, and into this we got, and were photographed by Anderson, one of the Englishmen. This canoe had a curious fibre chain affixed to the mast. The two Englishmen went bathing, and wild was the excitement over their white skins—evidently the Germans did not go in for sea-bathing—and all the natives must touch those skins and inspect them closely.

On returning to the pier—laden with rubbish showered on me by the still accompanying body-guard—the German carpenter, whose name I am sorry to say I have forgotten, showed me his house, kept neat and clean for him by a Malay girl. This man was a magnificent specimen of what a German may come to here. Very fair, he was of course bronzed by the sun, and his tall, broad-chested figure seemed to be in the perfection of development. In Germany so tall and strong a man would have become fat and flabby; here he was the picture of health, and a striking advertisement for the salubrity of Seleo. Possibly the island was fever-free—I do not know. Later, this man came on board the ship and to my cabin, to present me with most beautiful native breastplates and other ornaments which I greatly prize. He was quite shy about it at first, saying he hoped I did not mind, but he had heard I liked such things, and wanted me to have them. I was as delighted with his gifts as I was with his kindness. It will be seen I have no cause to revile Seleo.

The crew were trading boxes of matches for cocoanuts, and we took on a good deal of copra

and trepang. The natives were very stupid at loading the cargo — much cry and little wool. Timber and fittings for a house were what we landed here.

Then we went to the island of Ali, which is also a coral reef of much the same appearance as Seleo, but has a little hill on it. There is a Catholic Mission Station. A house was brought from Germany, and cost 5000 marks; the second house, built by themselves, cost a quarter of that. There are many natives about—some hundreds on this or the adjoining island. A missionary had been killed lately by the natives, reason unknown, and their spears were still sticking in the roof of his house. Captain Dunbar described the fight the *Moewe* had here, which I have already referred to. It is curious that I can feel no sort of fear of these natives, but, on the contrary, like them and feel confidence in them, and it is perfectly patent they take to me—yet it has often been like this with other people, and in the end they have been suddenly attacked and killed. There must be strange workings in the savage mind; it has turns and twists we do not grasp, I am afraid.

In the evening we left Berlinshafen, our last port of call in New Guinea.

It is impossible not to wonder how all these beautiful islands and lands are still so little known. One would imagine that ships of many nations would be here exploring and seeing what was to be got. British enterprise is simply dead. Where is the spirit that led the old Dutch and Portuguese explorers in their quaint little ships to brave such perils as they did in the unknown? In 1644 Commodore Abel Janzoon Tasman sailed along the northern coast of New Guinea on his way home to Batavia. In 1605–1606 the Dutch yacht *Duyphen* made two exploring voyages to New

Guinea, and on one trip the commander, after coasting the island, sailed southward on through the west side of Torres Straits to that part of Australia to west and south of Cape York, marked on modern maps as Duyphen Point, thus making the first *authentic* discovery of that continent. In 1623, Arnheim's Land, now the northern district of the Northern Territory of South Australia, was discovered by the Dutch ships *Pesa* and *Arnheim*, and the master of the latter and eight of his crew murdered by the natives.

John Evelyn in his Diary gives us a glimpse of Dampier the explorer.

"*August* 6, 1698.—I dined with Mr. Pepys, where was Captain Dampier, who has been a famous buccaneer, had brought hither the painted Prince Job, and printed a relation of his very strange adventures and his observations. He was now going abroad again by the King's encouragement, who furnished a ship of 290 tons. He seemed a more modest man than one would imagine by the relation of the crew he had consorted with." I wonder did they have for dinner "a hen with great content"?

The Spaniards, the Dutch, and the Portuguese did so much—now, perhaps, it is the turn of the Germans. The keys of the East are Singapore and Hong-Kong. Between them and Australia lie all these wonderful isles, yet not a single British ship is ever seen. We, too, have our share in Borneo, the largest island in the world next to New Guinea, yet it might not exist for all sign here of our being there. It is inexplicable.

I have always these brave old explorers in their quaint little ships in my mind here. How little has changed since they saw it, save where volcanic disturbances have altered the aspect of the land! —and such catastrophes have not been infrequent.

There are the great mountain ranges—does no one want to learn their secrets ? Nothing is really known of them, and their heights are mere matters of conjecture. You see them piling up height upon height into the distance, and they tell me that sometimes snow-peaked ranges are visible.

[Viewed from the sea, which of course makes a difference, they bore a more imposing aspect to me than did many of the ranges of the Andes in Ecuador, Peru, or Bolivia; but, in the case of the South American giants, I usually viewed them from a considerable height above sea-level. I saw no peak in New Guinea which, after all, could be mentioned with magnificent Chimborazo as I saw it from the sea at Guayaquil; but none of them anywhere can ever have the interest for me that that untrodden snow-clad peak near the South Pole, which bears my name, has—and *it*, alas, I shall never see !]

The Owen Stanley range in British New Guinea we know something about, and its highest peak, Mount Victoria, 13,150 feet, has been scaled by Sir W. Macgregor : its other monarchs are Mount Albert Edward, 12,550 feet; Scratchley, 12,250 feet; Winter, Douglas, and Knutsford, 11,882, 11,796, and 11,157 feet respectively. The Albert Victor and Sir Arthur Gordon ranges appear to join the Bismarck range, and it is believed a great chain of monarchs stretches to the north, some of them estimated to be 16,000 or 17,000 feet high—the Charles Louis range is supposed to attain a still greater height. The Arfak Mountains, too, in the north of New Guinea are of great height. All practically remain unknown. [Mr. Pratt has made expeditions amongst the Arfak Mountains. He tells me they are very fine and the scenery superb, and described some parts as being clothed with beautiful rhododendrons. Mr. Pratt and

his young son have made many very interesting journeys in Dutch New Guinea.]

We continued along this unknown coast, and eventually along that of the Dutch part of the island. Countless bits of timber, branches, and huge trees torn up by their roots passed us—the flotsam and jetsam borne down by the current of the great Amberno River which drains Dutch New Guinea. This current 13 miles out at sea is a river, and very deep. It has a large delta, and but only one of its mouths has been ascended for about 60 miles by van Braam Morris. We passed through its current in the night. An enormous shark followed us for a long time at this part.

The fascination of gazing into unknown lands is extreme and draws one strongly. I sat and looked at the Mysterious Land with a great craving to penetrate its recesses. To make known the unknown, to write names on the blank spaces of the map of this globe, is a thing that has only been done by men taking their lives in their hands and risking everything; and how countless are the lives laid down in this cause! But, had it not been for such brave, self-controlled, enduring, and fine-spirited men, how would the world ever have been known? To come nearer home, where, too, would be the British Empire? In my eyes the bravest and most heroic of human beings are the Antarctic and Arctic explorers, who have to possess the very highest qualities in man—physical and moral courage, endurance under terrible privations in terrible climates, resource, absolute self-control, and unselfishness; their daily life when marching in that terrific cold is the constant practice of the most heroic endurance and bravery, beside which the most daring deeds of bravery on the field of battle are but child's play.

[Since these words were written it has been my happy fate to watch from behind the scenes the preparations for a great Antarctic expedition; to be allowed to see and learn what it means to bring such a work to the possibility of success; to have followed its fortunes with intense interest and admiring affection and the greatest faith, to be justified in every way by the brilliant success of Ernest Shackleton and his gallant men. "This is the man, and this is the expedition," I said to myself and others the very first time I met Ernest Shackleton; through storm and stress I never wavered in my belief and my faith, and no one could ever have rejoiced more sincerely than I did when, the days of waiting and anxiety over, the triumphant news of their safe return and great success was flashed by cable from New Zealand. A great, a big deed, so splendidly done! Just the sort of story I loved, and done, too, by men I knew and believed in!

The world knows and has applauded the results; and the British Empire is proud of those men who planted their King's flag so far beyond where mortal foot had ever been; but it is only those who know what led to that result who can guess how really great was the deed. It is a story to stir one how this young man conceived the idea that he would himself raise the sum of £50,000 or £60,000 by his own exertions, find and buy a suitable ship, find the men useful for his purpose, equip his expedition—thinking out beforehand every possible detail—and would then essay this daring and difficult task of surpassing all that any one, alive or dead, had done. Surely a bold and ambitious dream! Yet Ernest Shackleton did it—did it in less time, on less money, and with greater results than any other expedition, and brought his ship and all his men home safe and sound; his

men devoted to him now as then, and ready and eager to follow him now whenever he calls upon them. No weeping mothers, wives, or sweethearts here—only joyful women blessing his name—no great disasters, but a splendid and genuine success due to the leader's great qualities, which almost ensured success ere he left on his quest. Such energy, spirit, imagination, foresight, and practical organisation were bound to take a man far. He *was* the man, and it *was* the expedition!

As I write these lines I remember how last night I sat in the drawing-room of his London house—whilst all Britain, nay, all the world, is acknowledging in him the man and the conqueror—and looked at him whilst he stood on the hearth, and, turning over the pages of the soiled little notebook he carried with him on his famous Southern march, read to his family and guests, here and there, a page of notes as he had written them daily under those terrible difficulties—those short, bald statements of those terrible days and hours when the end seemed very near, and famine, sickness, and fatigue held sway—bringing so vividly before us that awful time—I looked at him and round the pleasant, flower-decked, firelit room—yes, he *was* the man, and it *was* the expedition.

Brave men make brave women. Her ladyship might be sitting there proud, happy, and at ease now; but I had seen and known what a woman's brave and cheerful spirit can mean in days of deep anxiety and waiting—that *waiting*—and had known how splendidly some of those women had played their part, which is no light one. If we had little to say when that reading was done, it was not that we were stupid, for thought and memory were busy—indeed, that success had been well won—indeed, it had all been well done!

It is a beautiful story to those who know it—a thing like the gallant deeds of old; and if they laugh at me because I love their brave and sturdy little old ship, and think her the "biggest ship afloat"—well, I do not mind; and it is not only the ship I love. I longed to see this thing done; these Britons did it, and in the very way I wished it should be done—no wonder, then, that Ernest Shackleton, his merry men, and his brave little ship have a particular hold on my heart—they realised for me a lifelong wish—and to me it is a joy I do not care to hide that they believed in me all the time, and cared that I cared.

Those days, sailing through those gleaming seas by unknown lands, I dreamed dreams of such a thing as this, fearing that if it was to be I should not be here to see it; and, after all, the dreams have come true, and those who made them come true are men I believed in from the first—it is a beautiful, cheering, stimulating story for those who love their land.

Our "decadent" Empire cannot be quite dead—there are men in it yet who can do great things. I have a prophetic eye, and I look to the day when those who have to guide the destinies of our great Empire claim for the Empire the services in some high position of such a man as Sir Ernest Shackleton, with his unique combination of qualities, so admirably fitted to guide a ship of Empire to a safe and splendid harbour—no "little thing" is fit for a man who sees nothing in anything that has not obstacles to be overcome, rises in delight to tackle those obstacles, and goes at it with unwavering energy, spirit, and zest. May this wish come true!

It has been given to me also to hear the tales of what they have done or hope to do from the lips of other explorers—the gallant and popular French

Antarctic explorer, Dr. Jean Charcot, to whom I have to give thanks for an honour that touched me deeply; my good friend, Lieutenant Wilhelm Filchner, leader of the German Antarctic expedition with the ship *Deutschland*; and many a talk have I had with my friend, Dr. Douglas Mawson, who is going to, I am sure, make the name of Australia renowned in Polar annals also. My best good wishes go with them all, and they know it. Then we have Captain Scott at work also, and a letter from his expedition when it touched the Antarctic continent has reached me, so that my interest never fades.

I have faith, too, that the secrets of the mysterious land, what lies hidden within the recesses of unknown New Guinea, will ere long be revealed to the world.]

Polar explorers are my heroes, and in a lesser degree I honour those other explorers who have made known to us the world, and particularly those gallant men of long ago, who in their little frail ships faced every danger and hardship with such indomitable spirit. It is wonderful what they did, simply wonderful, and it is for mankind in general they did it. Dampier, Tasman, Cook; and all those others are never out of one's thoughts here, and yet in the long space of time since they lived and died how very little has been done in these regions—and yet how much! Think of Australia alone—parts of which I have seen grow under my own eyes, and have even known some of the first white men who ever set foot on a part of its shores—the now colony of Victoria—and made of it in such a short space of time so great a land. The story of that fine race, the Hentys, ought to stimulate any one. Some of them I have known. They, the first white settlers in Victoria, and one of whom was the first white child born in that colony, did

such great work for it that it could not be what it is now but for them and those others who did like them, and yet who ever mentions or remembers them now, or gives them a word of thanks? The great fathers of that colony are almost forgotten already, yet their names are really written for ever in the history of the land, and in far future ages countless people will with pride try to trace their descent from them, and they will be honoured as they are not now. The man who explores and makes known an unknown part of the world does work that lasts for ever, for all who come after reap the results. No man is a hero to his valet; but that is not because the man is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet. So in the same way those who belittle or disdain explorers are only showing what they are themselves—the "little ones" of the earth, incapable of understanding anything beyond the feeble vision of their feeble mind. We cannot all rise to the great heights, but we can honour those who do, or else we dishonour ourselves.

Here, though they never realise it, every man is in almost daily, even hourly, peril of losing his life. Many lives are always sacrificed to build up a new country; it has always been so, and always will be so. Few people realise it, least of all those who long after reap the benefit of it. Yet every trifle connected with a new land is of interest, and each name mentioned is that of an Empire-Builder. What would we not give to know more of those Saxons who drove the Romans from our shores—their names, what they did, what they saw, what they thought? What would we not give to know what race, if any, conquered the wild aborigines of Scotland, lived with them, bred with them, and made the race what it is?

No one cares at the time, but one hundred, five hundred, or one thousand years hence will they

not wonder about the people who first made known these beautiful lands around me as I write? To me, each one of these First Men has a surpassing interest, unconscious as they often are that they are doing or have done anything. Scarcely a spot here have I seen but a white man's blood has dyed the ground; they are forgotten, uncared for, yet each one in losing his life did something, and a great deal, to make it a necessity that those who come after should be in less peril, and so bit by bit the land is won.

[Poor, simple Frau Wolff could never have dreamt that in the annals of New Guinea she is to be an historic character, one of the first white women in the land, and whose life was lost for and by it; or how through her fate men said sternly to one another, "It must never be again; we are to be masters here, and the lives of our women sacred." For one white woman hundreds of black men die in reality; for it is never forgotten in such communities, and is in the minds of men when they wreak vengeance on their enemies, and it steels their hands and hearts against mercy.]

In the colony of Victoria I have seen and known the original black inhabitants of the land; where are they now? Vanished, as if they had never been! Surely a strange and terrible thing—the work, was it, of wicked, ruthless, greedy men, or simply the ordained will of God? It is a troublous thought. Here too it is to be the same; undoubtedly in no far distant time these Papuans will cease to exist. Are such races the so degenerated descendants of some mighty race of the past that the Creator will have no more of them and decrees their extinction? It is all perplexing. As to the converting of them to Christianity—by methods entirely opposed to the teaching of Christ—the "civilising" of them, we all know it is a

mere farce. It is not to be; it never will or can be. The mere contact with the white man is the beginning of their degradation and ultimate extinction. The natives of the Interior will likely survive the longest, and those of the Admiralty Group of forty islands seem to be a hardier and more virile race; but already, since the European occupation, on many of the islands less than a hundred survive out of thousands. Ere it is too late it is to be hoped that ethnologists will make thorough studies of the survivors, and all their customs, ways, and beliefs be noted down.

[I have discussed this Papuan subject with Miss Pullen-Burry, who is greatly interested in anthropology, and who has written on these matters, and what this clever lady and many others have noted ought to be carefully preserved. I remember once when I was a guest of this lady at a "travel dinner" in a London club where she occupied the chair and made an excellent and witty speech, she announced that she thought the best employment for a ladies' club was "the study of man"!]

We discuss these questions concerning the origin and the ultimate fate of the natives here, but never come to any satisfactory conclusion. The "ferocious savages" are, after all, doing what we all would do—fighting for their very existence. No wonder they massacre, when they can, the people who would snatch it from them, and who have seized upon their land. Yet, right or wrong, the white man has to be master; we know that. As to making Christians of them, it is ridiculous; they may profess to be, but they never really understand and never will; there is nothing to make them understand. They see the so-called Christians, the Protestants and Catholics, jealous of and hating each other, unable to work together

and practising few of the Christian precepts they profess to teach. The natives *see through it all*; they are clever enough for that; but it pays them to be on the right side of the "missionary man" they in their hearts really scorn. It is truly astounding to see a couple of missionaries in dead earnest "converting" a mass of people not one word of whose language they understand, and actually thinking they are doing it; what sorts of minds can they have to so shut out all reason? I have seen missionaries give printed tracts to the heathen, who cannot read, and if they could, do not know the language in which the tract is printed; and yet the givers really believe they are "doing the Lord's work," and are unctuously satisfied with themselves! My brain cannot comprehend such things. The teachings of Christ must be borne in upon the heathen not by words but by deeds, and it is in their own lives the Christians are to exemplify what Christ taught. Many are good men and women according to their lights—but how feeble the lights!

Yet it must not be supposed that in saying this I mean to cast either ridicule or contempt on the great band of missionaries, male and female, and of all denominations, who in so many lands have given up all they possess—a very easy thing to talk about, but a very difficult thing to do—all the joys, comforts, and pleasures of this world, to go forth cheerfully and with steadfast and enduring courage to carry out the mission they felt themselves destined for, often perilling their lives daily. I have seen enough of them to know how great is sometimes their civilising influence, how earnest and sincere they are, and what benefits have resulted to their countries and the world generally through their self-sacrifice. They sow the seed perhaps at times in barren soil and it

never takes root; but it is not always so, and if at times mistaken in methods and deeds, and singularly devoid of tact, the greater generality of them are men and women who are worthy of all honour, and are deeply in earnest over their work. Missionary enterprise has played a very large part in the progress of the British Empire and it should not be forgotten, nor should those heroic lives and deaths which have cast glory on their countries.

On the evening of the 18th we passed the Traitor Islands, a fine group, flat and wooded; then through Geelvink Straits between the great and fine Jappen Isle—with Bulteg Isle at the end of it—and the Schouten or Mysory Isles. In the ship chart Schouten is given as one great isle, with a supposed passage cutting it in two; but it appears more like a group, and there are many small isles with numerous inhabitants, as canoes and native villages could be seen on shore, and at night many native fires. All these are most beautiful and desirable isles, and I transfer my affection from one to the other.

[The Dutch have now a settlement at Merauke, on the mainland, adjoining West British New Guinea. There is there a barrack for one hundred and fifty Dutch soldiers, the ten-roomed house of the Resident, and also a house for the Comptroller. Though this is a comparatively new place, built by Javanese convicts, brought there to drain the marsh, Dutch gardens have been laid out, lamp-posts erected, and so on. Mr. Pratt describes it in his book. When he was there it was all protected with barbed wire and a ring of block-houses. He describes how one afternoon they heard a shout, and found some Javanese workmen had been decapitated by the natives with bamboo knives. The Dutch are there to co-operate with the British in dealing with the very fierce natives

of that part. But that is far from where we passed by.

At Sekar, Fak-Fak, and other places along the coast from Merauke, the Dutch have established settlements, and at some of these reside Arab, Boutonese, and Chinese traders. Mr. A. E. Pratt tells us that both the Tugari and Alifuroes tribes are savage and troublesome. In his expedition in 1907 he was accompanied by his son. He states that relics of bygone Portuguese visits to the islands and coast are common, there being many brass guns. As this part is only a day's sail from Thursday Island in Torres Straits, and not distant from Port Darwin, no doubt in olden days there were more Portuguese and Dutch visits to North Australia than we know of; it is known the Malays frequently went there in quite remote days, and it therefore seems most possible that interesting discoveries may yet be made in the tropical jungles of New Guinea relating to bygone visits or occupation.]

In this part about the great Geelvink Bay there are no white inhabitants save, I believe, one missionary. They have gone there only to be murdered.

[To my great joy, these unknown lands of Dutch New Guinea, which I merely looked upon, have lately been visited by four or five Dutch expeditions and, with the consent of the Dutch Government, also by a British expedition. Dr. Arthur Wiehmann led a Dutch expedition in 1903, the results of which have been published. The present attack on the Mysterious Land will surely result in much knowledge. The British expedition was conveyed to New Guinea in a Dutch gunboat, and was accompanied by a Dutch officer commanding Javanese soldiers and convicts, the latter as carriers.

Three of the members of this British expedition

are known to me—Captain Cecil Rawling, C.I.E., of the Somersetshire Regiment, the well-known Tibetan explorer and author of *On the Great Plateau*; Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston, author of one of the most readable and interesting books on Africa, *From Ruwenzori to the Congo*; and Mr. Eric Marshall, who was one of Sir Ernest Shackleton's three companions on his famous march to within 97 geographical miles of the South Pole.

This expedition underwent almost incredible difficulties for many months in an "impossible" part of the country. Dr. Lorentz, the well-known Dutch explorer—whom I also have the pleasure of knowing—made a most successful expedition to a great altitude in the Snowy Range and surveyed Wilhelmina Peak and the adjacent country. The British expedition returned home this year (1911), and the full account of the excellent work it did will, I hope, soon be published.]

Jappen Isle lies across the entrance of Geelvink Bay. It was in this bay that a Dutch ship visiting the mainland sent some of her officers ashore and they disappeared. On returning to Batavia, the Governor sent the ship back with orders to search everywhere for traces of the lost men, but with no result. No trace of them has ever been found. A Dutch boat sometimes runs to this bay and to other parts of their New Guinea territory, but there are no Dutch inhabitants.

The following day we were still passing along the Dutch New Guinea coast. The bold, high, rugged hills were clothed to the very top with forest, some trees standing out so conspicuously against the sky that they must be of enormous size. Beyond them towered the cloud-wrapped summits of huge mountains—the Arfak Range, I suppose. There was such a heavy swell on that the ship took to rolling in the most annoying manner,

and rolled many tottery forms into a desirable seclusion. We passed through immense shoals of very fine large fish all springing out of the water, and saw a horn pike, a large fish which skimmed along the surface of the water like a flying-fish. Captain Dunbar said they used to shoot them, and no doubt they made good practice targets.

In the evening we entered Dampier Straits, passing many islands, and about 9 p.m. steamed through the narrow Pitt Straits between Batanta and Salwatti; but there are so many islands I confuse them. It was the first time the *Stettin* had passed through at night, and this "big white fellow war canoe" must have been an imposing sight to the natives, with all her electric lights gleaming from her portholes. The native fires sprang up at once on both sides of us, and were so close and numerous that they looked like the lights of towns.

It was on this night a Chinaman died, which annoyed the captain; and, of course, it was very disobliging of him to do an inconvenient thing like that, and at his age too! The Chinese are so fussy about taking their dead back to China that they would probably insist on taking him. It was out of the question under the circumstances, so the captain went to the dead man's wife, and though at first she howled and would hear no reason, he at last got her to consent to keep it quiet and to allow the body to be quietly buried in the sea at night. Having once agreed, she set to work composedly to dress the body first in white silk, then in black, then in green lined with violet, and the captain said she made him "quite beautiful." When I came in to breakfast in the morning I was invited to go and see him; but a dead Chinaman before breakfast on a very hot morning was not to my taste, and I declined. He was quietly dropped

overboard the following night. The captain was greatly taken with the Chinese widow; I had proposed that we should come to her aid financially, but on speaking to her it was found that she had plenty of money, that she thoroughly understood all her dead husband's affairs, had all his papers, knew all about banking, and investments, and so on —in fact was a most capable little business woman and most sensible about everything. Once she had had pointed out to her the danger of keeping her husband's body on board in such heat on a crowded ship she acted most reasonably; but when the doctor appeared and wanted to dissect the body—so like a doctor, always trying to get a knife in somewhere—she would have none of it, and had our sympathy in that. She afterwards seemed to feel a cheerful composure at finding herself a rich and attractive widow, and no doubt as to husbands, pictured how in China she would get "plenty more."

None of our passengers—the fever-stricken ones from New Guinea—were very lively, in fact were just the opposite; but we had Captain Jorgensen, who was going home to buy a new trading ship for himself, and Dr. Dunckler, of the yacht *Eberhardt*—both interesting men and full of information. I missed King Peter and Professor Biro, though the latter was so wrapped up in his scientific work that we did not see much of him. I remember somewhere a little bird came on board when we were far out at sea and was captured. We all cried out for the Professor to come and tell us what it was, but when he came he grabbed it and rushed away to kill and skin it at once, we all streaming after him in loud plaint, as that was not what we had intended at all.

There are always little incidents on a ship of

this sort to interest one. The captain came to me one day half amused, half annoyed. "Just look here," he said, "here is something for you and your British pride. You know there are all those Indian coolies on deck, and that they have a flock of live sheep with them, which they kill and cook for themselves in accordance with their caste. They sent a deputation to me asking that I should give orders that they were to have the use of the deck cooking galley before any one else. I asked why they should; the others had as much right as they had; but they answered in quite a surprised way that of course they must have it because they were British subjects! The best of it is," he went on, with a laugh, "that on inquiry I found the others—the Chinese, Malays, and all those—seemed to think it quite natural it should be so!"

"And what did you do?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, with a grimace and a shrug of his shoulders, "I said in that case they must have it. You British think you are superior to the rest of mankind and must have everything."

"And you encourage us to think so," I answered; "you give way at once."

"It will not always be so," he said, with a nod.

Nor will it be. Already the signs are visible that we do not know how to take strong opposition or rivalry, but get sulky under it.

Hearing my name called all over the ship one day, I rushed on deck to find every one pointing at the sea.

"Your island! your island!" they cried. And there, all by itself out on the sea, was the daintiest, dearest, cheekiest little mite of an island you could imagine! They all burst out laughing as they saw the wonder and admiration

on my face. It was a tiny thing, a fairy isle floating in those blue seas all by itself. It had everything an island should have—little curving sandy bays, green trees, a tiny house with palms waving over it, a little cliff—in fact it was a poem! Who could live on it, or have thought of building a house there? In but a few minutes it was a mere speck on the sea.

That infernal cockatoo gives us no peace. It has been uncontrollable lately, and torn us to pieces. I came along the deck one day to see it on a rope which stretched from the yard-arm to our high deck. It was half-way along this, upside down, and hanging by one claw. If it let go it must drop into the sea. On the deck below stood the three Chinese and two German stewards, all their silly faces lifted in consternation as they tried to entice it to come down with bits of sugar and cake and much crying of "Cockay, preety Cockay!" but the wretch still hung on by one claw in the most absurd manner. At last I was about to unloose the rope and draw it across the ship so that if the bird did fall it would be on deck; but it saw at once, came along quite coolly, and on reaching the deck turned round, deliberately winked at me, and strutted down the deck convulsed with mirth and talking away at a great rate. I really wonder who that bird was in some former life? They say I spoil it, but they surely mean it spoils me, or what it has left of me, for I have not a square inch of unspoilt flesh about me.

Out at sea an empty canoe passed us. Somehow it looked so lonely that I bent over the side and called to it, "Where are you going, little ship, little ship; oh, where are you going?" But there was no answer, and in silence it passed on into the unknown. Then I was sad, for some-

how it seemed symbolical of its makers; where are they going, the people of this poor brown race against whom is the hand of the white man? Where are they going? Only passing on silently into the unknown? Would they be happy with us if we let them? Does never into their minds come the thought that if the strange, powerful white people would but seek to know and understand them, they need not be a lonely race who in impotent silence must see all pass from them?

These poor untaught savages see their lands and homes torn from them, and if in their untutored hearts they seek to defend or retaliate, they are mowed down by the hundred; is it an equal contest? "Where are you going, little ship; oh, where are you going?"

III

DUTCH EAST INDIES

MACASSAR, CELEBES, *24th Dec.* 1900.

HAVING once passed through the narrow Pitt Straits, just south of the Equator, we were in another world, and New Guinea was left behind. It was almost with a pang that I realised it. No longer were we in the savage cannibal Papuan area, but had entered upon the pirate-haunted seas of the Malays, the golden sphere of the famed spice inlands.

How is one to speak of this great wonderland of seas and islands?—thousands of isles of all shapes, sorts, and sizes—coral reefs, palm-clad and bordered by veritable coral gardens full of exquisite colour and beauty—scented isles in an azure sea.

> "Beneath the spreading wings of purple morn,
> Behold what isles these glist'ning seas adorn!"
> CAMOËNS.

If you look at the map you will see nearest to New Guinea, and stretching down in scattered masses towards Australia, those many groups known now collectively as the Moluccas and including the great Celebes. North of these are the Philippines—the scorpion America has got hold of by the tail and cannot leave go of. All these

SULTAN OF SOLO AND ESCORT.

SOLO NOBLES.

JAVA.

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are in the deep seas, and some practically belong more to the Australian system, through their flora and fauna, than to the Malayan.

Then next to Celebes comes the great island of Borneo, larger than France and Germany combined, south of which, across the Java Sea, stretches that long line of islands, over 1200 miles in length, from Sumatra to Timor, the nearest to Australia, and often called the Sunda Islands. Between them and Borneo and the Malay Peninsula are the shallow seas, and north-west of Borneo the China Sea. The deep seas and the shallow make the real division between the systems, though they merge one into the other. Here, too, is the great volcanic belt, for everywhere are volcanoes—active and extinct.

Leaving out Borneo and the Philippines, one may start at the New Guinea end and mention first the Aru Islands, which lie south of it, and between Dutch New Guinea and Australia. They are Papuan isles. There is one large island and several small isles round it. They lie 150 miles from the New Guinea coast, and probably once formed part of it, as the seas between are shallow. On one of them, the small island of Wamma, is situated Dobbo, a famous native trading station, on a spit of sand just wide enough for some rows of houses, which are large thatched sheds. Every house is a trading store full of all sorts of goods beloved of natives, and often there are five hundred traders there. They come from Macassar, Goram, and elsewhere, and many of them are Chinese, for these latter have for many centuries been at home in these seas. No Europeans live at it, but a Dutch Commissioner comes at long intervals to hear complaints and adjust matters. [Some Australians have now a pearl-shell fishing concession. The pearls I have seen, and one of which

was presented to me, are of great purity and value.] Yet these Papuans, Malays, Chinese, and Arabs trade peaceably together. Pearls, pearl-shell, and tortoise-shell are exported to Europe; and to China, trepang and edible birds'-nests. Sometimes, at long intervals, pirate Malay phraus arrive from Sulu and elsewhere, attack and burn the villages, murder the people, and carry away the women. The Aru islanders live in fear of them. The islands are a paradise for the naturalist.

North of these are the beautiful Ké Islands. They were not known till 1886, and are covered with dense jungle and virgin forest. At Ellat, on Great Ké, resides the Dutch *controlleur* and one or two Germans in the timber trade. There is a Jesuit Mission and a wooden church. Tocal, the chief village, is on Little Ké. The population is about 20,000, of whom 6000 are Mohammedans. There are eighteen rajas, who bear as wands of office the gold- and silver-mounted staffs presented by the Dutch. At Nugu Roa, on the sea cliffs, are ancient inscribed coloured paintings of natives and their phraus, of which nothing is known, but they are believed to be of great age. The islands are very picturesque, mountainous, and have bays of dazzling white sand. The most magnificent butterflies and beetles, as well as many species of pigeons and other birds, render the islands more than attractive to naturalists. Wooden bowls and pottery are items of export. The timber is magnificent, and the Ké islanders are noted boatbuilders. They build Papuan canoes to hold sixty men; and their great phraus of 20 or 30 tons burden, which sail on any sea and trade to Singapore, are made without a nail or piece of iron. The harbour is always full of phraus.

[*Photo, Lambert, Singapore.*

ON THE ROAD TO TELEGA BODAS, JAVA.

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Lying south of the Ké and Aru Isles is Timor, the nearest to Australia.

> "Fair are Timora's dales, with groves array'd,
> Each riv'let murmurs in the fragrant shade,
> And, in its crystal breath, displays the bowers
> Of Sanders, blest with health-restoring powers."
>
> CAMOËNS.

It is 300 miles long by 50 miles wide, and comprises an area of 11,650 square miles. The highest peak is Mount Alas, 12,250 feet, and others rise from 5000 to 6000 feet, thinly wooded, and on the side towards Australia quite sterile owing to the hot winds blowing from that continent. Germany has great desires towards acquiring Timor. It is not known when the Portuguese first settled there. In 1859 the boundary between them and the Dutch part was settled. The Dutch capital is Kupang, which has 7000 inhabitants: Malays, Chinese, Arabs, and natives. It is a good, well-kept town, with neat Dutch houses. In contrast to this is the Portuguese capital, Delli, or Dilli, a miserable place and most unhealthy, with a population of 3000. There are no roads round it, and the Portuguese do nothing to mend matters. Timor is full of divisions, each with its "king," and of these there are forty-seven "kings" in the Portuguese part alone! At Delli are Europeans, a garrison, and some officers, but it is noted for crimes and disorder. It is said some officers wanting to get rid of the husbands of women they wished to live with, simply poisoned the husbands and no one minded or took any notice. There are few Europeans in the interior. Wheat and potatoes grow well at a height of 3000 feet, but all round the town are swamps and mud-flats. There are many eucalyptus trees, and it reminds most people of Australia. It is a frequent port of call for ships of different nationalities,

and every one has heard of its ponies. At one place in the island are some curious soap springs which make a fine lather.

The islands of Semang, Rotti, and Savu, lying near Timor, have large populations; the Timor Laut group is sparsely inhabited and little known. Mr. H. O. Forbes and his wife spent some time in these latter isles. Kambing belongs to Portugal, and has small mud volcanoes on top of a high peak. Goram has a native raja and a Dutch "postholder."

Then comes the famous Banda Group.

> "Here Banda's isles their fair embroid'ry spread
> Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red;
> And birds of every beauteous plume display
> Their glitt'ring radiance, as, from spray to spray,
> From bower to bower, on busy wings they rove,
> To seize the tribute of the spicy grove."
>
> CAMOËNS.

There is always a group of islands called by several names, whilst the individual islands of the group have also several names, and these groups form part of a larger group, or system—all these, however, I mention here belong to the Moluccas. The Banda Islands are considered the most beautiful in the Moluccas, and as all are exceedingly beautiful, that means a great deal. The three principal ones are Banda Nera, on which is the town; Banda Lonta, clothed with forest; and Gunong Api, the famous volcano. They form a land-locked harbour, and are the great nutmeg gardens. Banda Nera is 7½ miles long, with a beautiful town, in the centre of which is Fort Nassau, built by the Dutch in 1609; and there is also a ruined Portuguese fort, whilst, on a plateau above the town, backed by a rock 800 feet high, is the massive Fort Belgica, commenced in 1611, and which has survived many earthquakes.

The volcano on Gunong Api, the "Mountain of Fire," is always active, and there have been many eruptions; its main crater is supposed to be extinct by some, but no doubt it is merely taking a rest. The Chinese are very important here, and the agent of the N.D.L. Co. is, or was, a Chinaman. The Residency and the Club are good, and the whole town is a beautiful garden. There are watch-towers for the police, and when a Malay "runs amok" they beat drums to warn the people, and sally forth to kill him, so it is said. The vegetation is remarkably green, and the water of the land-locked harbour, from which no outlet is visible, is so clear that the coral and even minute objects are seen at the bottom, at the depth of eight fathoms, and the fish inhabiting these exquisite coral groves are as rainbow hued as the coral. The Dutch houses are roofed with red tiles, which enhances the effect of this famously beautiful spot. The nutmeg tree—which grows to 20 or 30 feet in height—is always in bloom, and fruit ripens all the year round, being in all stages on the tree. It has dark green foliage, and the fruit when yellow and ripe splits open and shows the dark red mace and the nut. The kernel of the nut is the nutmeg we use. The great pigeons are very fond of it.

These are the far-famed Spice Islands—the scented isles of the East—once drawing all the world in search of their riches. Magnificent canary trees overshadow the nutmeg groves, and the perfumes of the Spice Islands are wafted far and wide.

Near to the south of the large island of Ceram is Amboyna, the capital of the Moluccas, on an island of the same name. The town is situated between two precipitous points, white houses and a fort facing the sea and backed with hills.

It is very beautiful, and laid out with shady gardens. Here may be seen Malay phraus, Chinese junks, and picturesque craft from the Aru and Ké Islands. The natives are a mixture of Dutch, Portuguese, Malay, Papuan, and Chinese —a queer mixture of blood. They live mostly on sago and fish, both easily procured, and so they are content and lazy. The women dress in black and carry everything on their heads, and on Sundays men and women don attempts at European clothes. Earthquakes are very frequent. Amboyna is one of the oldest European settlements in the East. It is 260 square miles in area, and has a population of 32,000. The highest point is 4010 ft. It has an imposing Government House, and the Fort Victoria was enlarged by the Dutch in 1609. It is a garrison town.

The cultivation of the clove and the quantity of sago grown supply the inhabitants with much they require, and the sea yields fish of various sorts. The white houses of the Dutch mingle with the palm-woven houses of the natives. A favourite but exciting beverage is the *sageroe*, made from the sugar palm. The coral reefs and the creatures inhabiting them are of great interest, as is the coral itself. Tropical flowers and foliage, beautiful birds—there being over twenty species belonging to Amboyna—shells, coral, fish—there is no end to the interest here, and it is a land of plenty.

Ceram is 216 miles long, with an area of 7000 square miles, and the highest point is 9612 feet. There are no good harbours or navigable rivers, and it is only known to Europeans at one part, where it is only 15 miles across. It is clothed with virgin forests, and the natives are still head-hunters and probably pirates. The Dutch have four stations, and at Wahai are European coffee

[*Photo, Kerry, Sydney.*

PREPARING RICE, TERNATE.

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and cacao plantations. The population is about 226,000. Buru, near it, is 90 miles long, with a population of 60,000, and the highest peak is Mount Tumahu, 8530 feet, whilst others rise to 7000 feet. A Dutch Resident rules it. North of it is Mysol, or Misol, about 50 miles away. It is mountainous, about 50 miles long by 20 miles wide, and has kangaroo, birds of paradise, and is akin to the Papuan system. It is ruled by a native raja, tributary to the Sultan of Tidore, but is little known or visited.

On the Obi Group, the chief of which is Obi Major, 45 miles long by 20 miles wide, with mountains 5000 feet high, covered with virgin forests, it is said there are no inhabitants at all. There are ruins of an old Dutch fort. According to the natives, Obi Major, or perhaps the whole group, is haunted—mysterious, beautiful isles they are.

North of all these are the Moluccas proper, the famous Spice Islands which one time caused Spanish, Dutch, and British ships to crowd these seas. The name Moluccas is now applied to all the islands between Celebes and New Guinea, but of the real Moluccas, Gilolo, Ternate, and Tidore are the principal ones. The Resident of Amboyna administers Ceram, Buru, Banda, Ké, Aru, Timor Laut, and others; but these ones are ruled by the sultans of Ternate and Tidore. The Portuguese rule was cruel and brutal. The Spanish came from Manila but did not do much, and in 1613 the Dutch, by a treaty with the sultans, obtained power, and by 1681 had crushed out all opposition. They allow the sultans, who are subsidised, to rule their own subjects, and the jurisdiction of the Sultan of Tidore extends to New Guinea.

Gilolo is as little known as Ceram, but has 125,000 inhabitants. It is very mountainous

and rugged, has many volcanoes, and the highest peak is 6500 feet. Only one or two Dutch live in it. Ternate and Tidore, two volcanic isles 6000 feet in height, form a harbour. Tidore rises from a mass of hills, but Ternate is the most mountainous, and the volcano has had many eruptions. The population is 9000, of whom 350 are Europeans, 500 Chinese, and 100 Arabs. There is a Dutch garrison at Fort Oranje. Tidore Peak is 5900 feet high, but it is now extinct; and Tidore has a population of 8000, a few Dutch soldiers, but no other European residents. Makian is thickly populated and grows tobacco; the last eruption was in 1862, when 4000 people perished. At Fort Barnewald, in Batian, erected in 1615, is a small garrison, and coffee and cacao are much grown. Batian, or Batchian, has its own sultan, who travels in a gorgeous cabined barge with gilded roof, fluttering flags, and bravely clad rowers, and the island is said to contain both gold, copper, and coal, as yet waiting research.

"'Mid hundreds yet unnamed Ternate behold!
By day, her hills in pitchy clouds inroll'd;
By night, like rolling waves, the sheets of fire
Blaze o'er the seas, and high to Heaven aspire.
For Lusian hands here blooms the fragrant clove,
But Lusian blood shall sprinkle every grove.
The golden birds[1] that ever sail the skies
Here to the sun display their shining dyes,
Each want supplied, on which they ever soar;
The ground they touch not 'till they breathe no more."

CAMOËNS.

Ternate is only one mile from Gilolo, and has a mixed population of Arabs, Malays, and Chinese, with an admixture of Portuguese and Dutch

[1] Skins of birds of paradise brought to Europe had no feet, hence it was supposed the bird lived in the air, and the young were hatched on the male's back!

blood. Ruined European dwellings, the result of volcanic disturbances, stand amidst native thatched dwellings, palms, and spice groves, and amidst the scented scene wander the careless happy people clothed in many colours. Fruits such as the durian, mango, mangostan, etc., do very well. Above the fruit-groves rises virgin forest. The sultans of Ternate and Tidore were once famous for their magnificence and power, and were much courted by strangers. Though now pensioned they retain full control of their own subjects.

Drake in 1579 describes his visit to the Sultan of Ternate: "The king had a very rich canopy with embossings of gold borne over him, and was guarded with twelve lances. From the waist to the ground was all cloth of gold, and that very rich; in the attire of his head were finely wreathed in diverse rings of plaited gold, of an inch or more in breadth, which made a fair and princely show, somewhat resembling a crown in form; about his neck he had a chain of perfect gold, the links very great and one fold double; on his left hand was a diamond, an emerald, a ruby, and a turky; on his right hand in one ring a big and perfect turky, and in another ring many diamonds of a smaller size."

[Nowadays the Sultan is poor and shorn of his glory. When he dri out in state it is in an ancient carriage, draw.. not by horses but by coolies. His soldiers are attired in uniforms of the time of Napoleon. He dresses in white European clothes and wears a white turban. As a background to the *Kraton*, as his palace is called, rises the volcano Gamalama, which is over 5000 feet high.]

They became wealthy through spice. Ternate is the native home of cloves. In former times

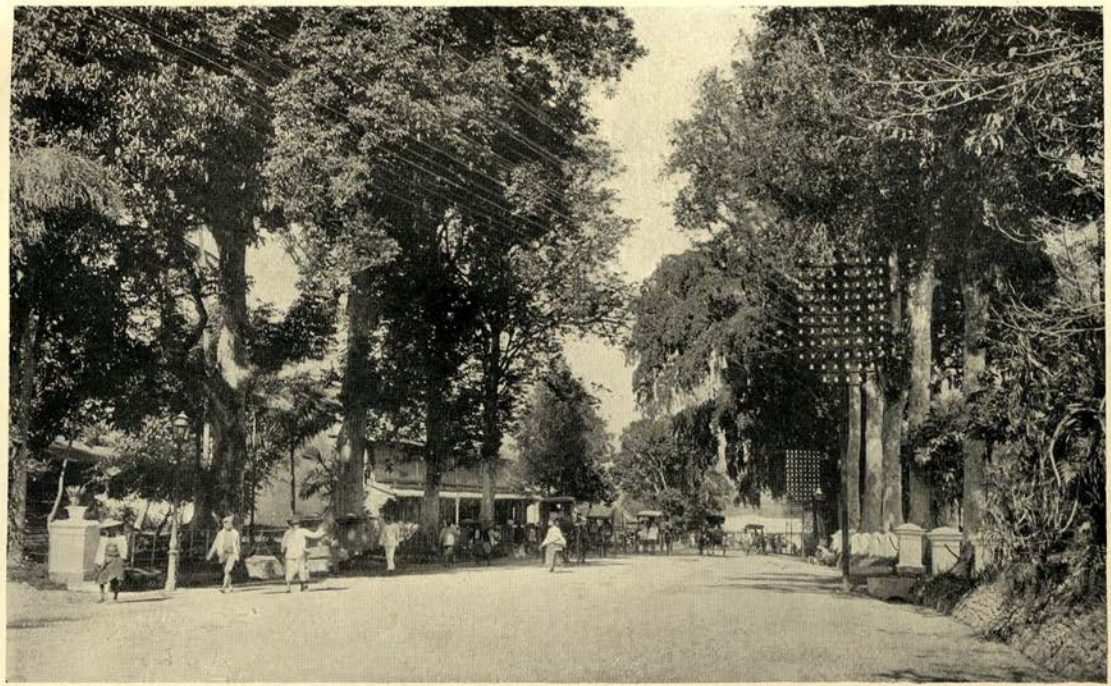
people gave quantities of jewels and gold for the desired spice. All about Ternate are ruins of massive stone and brick buildings, arches and gates, mostly destroyed by earthquakes. There was a very bad one in 1840. When the slaves here were emancipated they were quite content to remain under their former masters. The Dutch rule, somewhat paternal and despotic, is a kindly one and suited to the people.

We passed Ceram in the distance, but Buru very near; it is crescent shaped, somewhat neglected, and not as beautiful in appearance as some of the others.

These were formerly the dreaded pirate-haunted seas, and how thrilling were the tales one used to read of the phraus and their evil owners! The countless Malay phraus we saw around us here, though so exceedingly picturesque, were not above suspicion, and it is easy to believe there are many dangerous characters about. It was fascinating to watch all these sails skimming the lovely waters. We passed great shoals of fish, saw many birds sitting on driftwood, and the strange ships and their occupants were of unfailing interest.

> "The masts' tall shadows tremble o'er the deep,
> The peaceful winds a holy silence keep;
> The watchman's carol, echo'd from the prows
> Alone, at times, awakes the still repose."
>
> CAMOËNS.

Off the south-east coast of the Celebes are the islands of Muno and Bouton, the latter being 100 miles long. There are 20,000 inhabitants in the two islands, and much cotton is grown. The island of Salaier, south of Celebes, is 40 miles long, has 50,000 inhabitants, and is a Dutch port and settlement. There are deep seas all round



[*Photo, Lambert, Singapore.*

BUITENZORG, JAVA.

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these Celebian islands. It is not safe to venture into the interior of Bouton, as the natives are dangerous, as they also are in the Celebes.

When we passed Bouton, and were in sight of the mountains of the Celebes, it was a curious scene. All along the coast were low-lying, palm-clothed lands and countless isles and coral islets, and the latter were dotted about everywhere. The waters were full of fish, and the large and small phraus of the Malay fishermen were everywhere. Some were very large, with huge square sails. Long poles, looking like the masts of sunken ships, are anchored in the sea, and to these the fishing-boats are tied. Platforms are also erected in this manner and each occupied by a Malay, who sees the shoals of fish and signals where they are.

The blue skies, green, blue, and amethyst sea, the purple and pale blue mountains, the green palm-clad coral islets, the brown- and red-sailed phraus, with the touches of colour about their Malay crew, formed a picture which is almost indescribable. The rainy season, of which they have months, has commenced, but so far we have none of it. At Macassar, along the sea-beach, the native houses are on long poles and sometimes over the water, and this has the same curious effect as the platforms out at sea.

We arrived at Macassar, the capital of Celebes, in the morning, and lay beside the wharf, which was crowded with a most picturesque and brilliant group of Bugis, Macassars, Malays, and Chinese in their various costumes of bright colours, and some carrying Chinese umbrellas. Along the shore stretched the "go-downs," or trading sheds, of the Dutch and German merchants, each with a rickety pier in front of it. Of course we all hurried ashore at once. It being Sunday all

the European shops were closed, but there was much to interest and amuse strangers.

As I stood on the wharf an impudent native came up to me and said, "All German man now; Englishman no good now."

"Try the toe of an English boot," I answered, "and see how you like that!"

But mark the words. What is happening is all summed up in them. Throughout the East, where once we held sway, where once they knew only of the Great White Queen, in their eyes the greatest ruler on earth, where our name and influence was spread far and wide, there is now but one idea, and that is that our day is past, our power and influence gone, and that Germany has taken our place. How has this idea so quickly spread and been accepted as true? Partly because *it is true*, and partly because the Germans in the East and on their big liners are carefully, quietly, zealously doing all they can to spread the idea and make people believe it. As they never see a British ship now, nor a British flag, but everywhere the German flag and German people, what can they do but believe it? All honour to Germany for her clever foresight and her successful endeavours to push her fortunes; it is not Germany we are to blame but ourselves. This is no little thing, no matter of slight importance—it is only by our name we hold India and govern such countless varied races. The great British Raj was everything, the name of it carried weight everywhere—now, not only is that name on the wane, but in many places it is gone. "All German man now; Englishman no good now."

We actually find a Chinese author of to-day, Wang-shu, writing a thoughtful book on *The Decline and Fall of the Anglo-Saxon Race*!

To what is all this really due? Is it not because many of our politicians are uneducated, narrow-minded men who have no knowledge of the needs of the Empire? Have not the people of Great Britain become afraid of risking anything or opposing any one; blatant in talk of Empire (by which they mean England) yet with no understanding of it; feeble-spirited and short-sighted to a degree? Thelack of spirit and of enterprise is undeniable. In England is no loyalty to the Empire.

[Surely it is but a temporary phase, and that again we may be as of yore? This mighty Empire is the greatest the world has ever seen; its resources are greater than ever, yet nothing almost is made of them, and the huge, unwieldy Empire is drifting—whither? Is it to drift apart, or are its people to wake up and realise that together we stand, sundered we fall, and that each individual part of the Empire, great or small, is as important as any other. "England" —nor even Great Britain—is not the Empire, only part of it. Everything, every climate even, that human beings need, is to be found within this mighty Empire; its splendid harbours, its coaling stations, its mines and minerals, its great lakes and rivers, its food-producing lands, its forests of priceless timber—nothing is lacking save the touch of genius that is to weld it for all time into one mighty whole.

In 1910 the world watched a great political battle being waged in these isles, and during this battle scarcely one understanding word was spoken on either side of Imperial needs; no one could rise above parochial politics and the status of the House of Lords, which, having stood for centuries, could well stand till a more fitting time for the calm revision of its constitution. Half this business

was mere County Council business, and it was almost impossible to believe that those men engaged in this miserable spectacle were the "great statesmen" of the British Empire! Indeed, we have come to a pretty pass when the high places of the Homeland are filled by mountebanks, clamouring and behaving like village pot-house politicians. The world looks on with contempt. Are these responsible thinking beings, these unseeing, spluttering, carpet-bag nonentities? Let them go to Holland, which, as the geography book wickedly says, is "a low-lying country full of dams." Not one sees the writing on the wall. Please God they may yet all be swept away, and in their stead rise the vigorous youth of the Empire, coming from north and south, from east and west, to save this tottering heritage of ours from final disruption. They must come from somewhere—they are not in the Homeland. And the silly, cowardly cry of, "Oh, the foreigner is coming to take us!" Our ancestors would have laughed with glee, risen as one man, and let the foreigner learn what British strength means. They would have welcomed the chance of putting the enemy in his proper place; they never would have sat down and cried, and moaned, and howled with fear, whilst the amazed world looked on and laughed them to derision. What a spectacle we present! Men bending from platforms, upon which stand Cabinet Ministers, to strike women who differ from them in ideas; men who have a vote and are too lazy and indifferent ever to have used it, booing and hissing and fighting with women who struggle for what they deem their rights; girl-scouts; handsome young women in uniform prancing about on horseback — what they mean, or of what use they are to any one, no one can tell; people of birth and posi-

[*Photo, Lambert, Singapore.*

THE PIER AND QUAYS, MACASSAR, CELEBES.

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tion making guys of themselves on play-house stages—truly this modern England is a thing to be proud of! What have *such* people to do with the brave and sturdy men and women, boys and girls, who are doing their best to build up a mighty Empire over the seas—the *real British*? Yes, it must be from over the seas, from north and south and east and west, that come those who are to save our honour and our Flag, and to stir up the slumbering ones here—only slumbering, I hope and believe—nay, I feel sure of it—for most certainly the day is near when the people themselves will demand that every citizen is trained to take his share in the defence of his land. The hooligans, the cricketers, the football players, the hunting men, the "idle rich," all classes in fact, the very loafers and dreamers of the land, are simply waiting for the call, and then Britain is Britain once more. But who is to give the call, who is to give the touch that sets the mighty machine going again, who is to clear away these black and yellow fogs enveloping and choking the land? There is no sign yet of his coming. Is he to come after war and fire and pestilence have devastated the land? Is he first to drive the doubtful foreigner who sweats upon us from the door, and rid us of those "naturalised" undesirable aliens who are battening and fattening upon us—those rich nobodies who desert their own land to play mean little parts in ours, and call themselves British? What have *they* to do with the holding together and building of our Empire? Is it already too late? I think not, if only the board were swept of the place-hunting crew now infesting it, and those who have a little of the vim and patriotism of their ancestors come to the fore and take the helm. Perhaps some one will publish *The Wit, Wisdom, Humour, and Brilliancy of the House of*

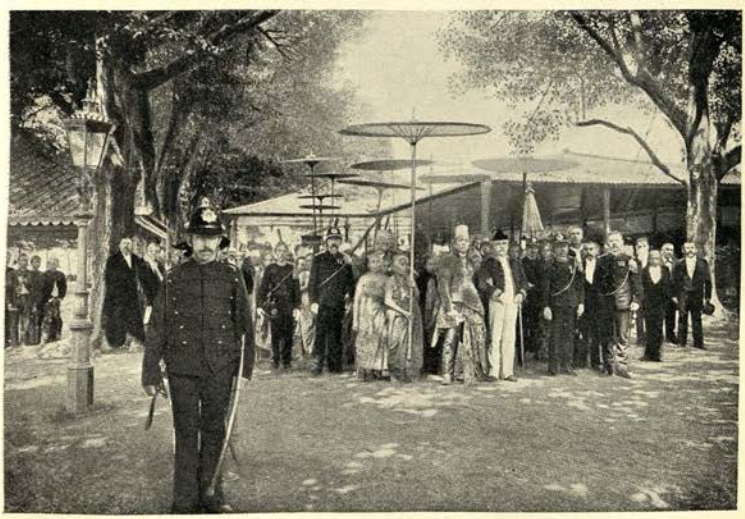
Commons for Ten Years, and so sing its requiem, ere the new Imperial Parliament rises in its place. It would be too good to be true! "At last! at last!" would cry the new lands over the seas. "At last Britain comes to her own again!" Will it ever be? How sick every one is of this party system, which is so unpatriotic.

That the day of the British is over—that is the idea that is spread now through the Dutch East Indies—purposely spread—and which has extended to our own priceless possessions of Singapore and Hong-Kong, that is spreading throughout the whole East, and is it the East alone? The natives of all sorts believe it. We only hold India, Ceylon, and our Eastern possessions through prestige—that gone, they go too.

[That the day of the British is far from being over, is not the point. It is, that the world, and especially the East, must be shown that the idea is a false one, and must learn that the British Empire is as yet in its early days, and that the British race has no intention of abandoning its great destiny.]

Many of the Malays—or Celebians—are good-looking, but often small and thin. The descendants of the Arab pirates, whose deeds were once notorious, they betray numerous traces of their origin. The women cover their faces as they pass you, just as the Arab women do. They are dignified and well mannered, great sticklers for etiquette, and abhor practical joking or vulgarity—compared to them a British hooligan is a brutal savage. There are scores of Malay police and Dutch soldiers about Macassar—the latter in Glengarry bonnets. Many of the children are naked, but the general wear is coloured baggy trousers and the *sarong* of various checks. Some wear enormous coloured hats.

LIFE GUARD OF THE SULTAN OF DJOCJA.



NEW YEAR AT THE COURT OF DJOCJA.

JAVA.

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Celebes—or with its satellite isle "the Celebes"—lies between the Philippines, Papua, and the Sunda Islands, and is separated from Borneo by the Macassar Straits; it is larger than Norway and Sweden combined. Not much of this large island is known. The Dutch commenced trading in 1607, and in 1660 a fleet under Van Dam took it, expelling the Portuguese, who were allies of its sovereign. It is healthy on the whole. There are many lakes and mountains. Bantaeng is a great but quiescent volcano; Bonthian and Koruve both exceed 10,000 feet in height. The Bugis are a mercantile people and have done much for the prosperity of the place. There are Dutch officials in fifteen towns and villages. The territory of the Raja of Goa extends to within two miles of Macassar town. It is not safe to go into the interior unguarded, but doubtless this will soon be changed. At present the Alfours of that part are head-hunters, and drink the blood and eat the flesh of their victims. The people, both Bugis and Macassars, wear little drawers about twelve inches long, which do not come half-way down the thigh, and do not look as much dressed as the Papuans, who wore nothing! They wear the useful *sarong* in all sorts of ways and colours: orange, purple, crimson, and in variegated checks.

Macassar has about 20,000 inhabitants. Its trade is now almost entirely falling into the hands of the Germans. One street of Chinese and other shops and warehouses extends for about a mile along the shore, and parallel with it are two others—the European quarter. Bales of merchandise are piled up along the busy wharves. The Dutch houses are very quaint, neat, and clean, with white pillared porticoes and somewhat absurd prim gardens full of stone vases. The Dutch have strict regulations about keeping the houses white-

washed, the streets watered, and so on. At the end of these streets is Fort Rotterdam, the church, Government House, and the residences of Dutch officials.

It is quite strange to be thus suddenly in a town again with civilisation round one, and it seems quite grand. The houses nestle amidst fine trees and old cocoanut palms, and have a solid comfortable look as if they had been long there and meant to stay. Near the old Dutch fort is a broad grassy playground with a bandstand and surrounded by straight avenues of old canary and tamarind trees. Beautiful tall palms border the fine broad roads.

The street life is most picturesque and interesting. The long street full of Chinese and native stores was crowded with vendors of all sorts of things going about.

Why should one have tender memories here of London lodging-house landladies? On account of the Macassar hair-oil, of course. Macassar for the hair was once the rage, and greasy heads everywhere reposed on the grimy chair-backs in the lodgings of London Town. The landladies therefore invented what they called "antimacassars," dreadful woollen, crocheted, and even "cruel" —or is it crewel?—arrangements they hung over their grimy chair-backs to preserve them from the Macassar hair-oil on your head, and whenever you went out to see your best girl the antimacassar stuck to your buttons and went with you, and so you lost your dignity and your chance with that girl, and you owed it all in reality to this place!

I visited the club-house, the church, and then lunched at the M—— Hotel, which was very bad. The great, fat, bloated Dutch proprietress, dressed in the usual white dressing-jacket and the *sarong* —a coloured checked cloth wrapped round her

HOUSE NEAR MACASSAR, IN CELEBES.

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great bare legs—was a perfect sight! She did not trouble about her hotel guests in the least.

Then I went for a most charming drive into the country in a small pony-cart with two Malay boys in attendance. It was a beautiful, well-kept road, bordered with trees and countless native houses, most pretty and quaint, all built of bamboo and matting on bamboo poles, and varying in shape and style, gay with flowers and plants, and with groups of their occupants sitting in front. Some of the houses are mere toys. The road was crowded with cyclists, most of whom were Malays or Chinese—the latter are most prosperous here. After the savage cannibals and the wildness of New Guinea it all seems startlingly civilised here, and the life so interesting. Strange-looking bullocks are feeding about, and one hears bulls roaring and can hardly believe they are only bull-frogs!

I did some bargaining for any rubbish that took my fancy. Gems of sorts are sold in the streets. I was to have gone to visit the Sultan of Goa with Captain Niedermayer; but now he cannot go, and there is, it seems, some trouble in Goa at this moment. The Sultan's palace is about ten miles from Macassar, and is a large ram-shackly building with many galleries and annexes.

[In 1909 the Sultan fell into disgrace through intriguing against the Dutch.]

In the evening a number of Germans came on board. We shipped a large cargo of bundles of cane for Singapore for cane furniture making. I visited a funny dilapidated old Japanese tea-house, with two bridges and a houseboat—a reckless, dissipated, willow-pattern-plate look about it. Every house seems crowded with cockatoos and parrots. I had vague ideas of

waiting here some time, but the *Stettin* had become such a home to me that I did not like the thought of leaving her.

We had a tremendous thunderstorm and downpour of rain at night, as here the rainy season sets in early in December.

The most interesting part of Celebes, for various reasons, is at Menado in the Minahasa district. It is a beautiful little town full of gardens, with good roads from it to the country. The people not so long ago were savages and head-hunters. They are short, well-made, and fair, and are said to bear traces of a supposed Japanese origin. They are now very quiet, peaceable, and gentle—most attractive in every way; and are the best clothed, best housed, fed, and educated, most industrious, peaceable, and civilised people in the whole of the islands. And all this was done by the missionaries and the Dutch in a very short time! In 1822 coffee was introduced and roads and plantations made. The system of government by the Dutch is good and suits the people. Each district has a European *controlleur*. The villages are very neat and clean, with pretty houses, and all the well-kept hedges are entirely of roses. The chiefs—sons of savage head-hunters—are now quite European in their ways, and entertain in proper fashion. All is most interesting and reflects the very greatest credit on the Dutch and on the people themselves. Amocrang is also a pretty place.

At or near Soemalata are gold mines, as also at Kivandang—but Celebes is a land of the future, full of undeveloped wealth of every description. On the eastern coast is Todak, with gold mines and ebony plantations, and Gorontalo, near which is the green, weedy Lake Linnbotto, through the water-channels of which only the native

Photo, Lambert, Singapore.

THE WATER CASTLE, BRAMBANAN, JAVA.

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canoe finds its way. Off the coast lies the palm-clad volcanic island of Oena-Oena. Paragi is the home of somewhat restless and troublesome natives; but then, the interior of the country is populated by savages who are cannibals and slave-dealers, and who can only be brought under control by degrees.

In the mountains in Celebes—which are about 7000 feet high—is found the sapi-utan, or wild cow, half antelope and half buffalo, a small animal; and the babirusa, or pig-deer, peculiar to this island, the Sulu Isles, and Bouru. It has upper tusks curling back to its eyes, and is different from all other animals. There are here, in Macassar, all sorts of interesting birds, animals, and things for sale—but one cannot carry a menagerie round with one.

Now I have here acquired a new friend and made what is nothing less than a grand triumph, which has surprised me quite as much as it has the whole ship!

There is a rugged old Malay sailor on board who is a great character, and whom we have often discussed in the most unfavourable terms. He is devoted to the Captain, whom he calls "the old one," but rude and uncivil to a degree to all the other officers and the passengers. He is such a good sailor, always doing his work unordered, that the officers excuse everything, and are quite content that his devotion to the Captain and his duty makes up for his ignoring of them. Patently he regards the passengers as mere encumbrances. When he comes along the deck he pushes the chairs and their occupants out of his way with surly grunts, and is deaf to the abuse it evokes. We all knew he was as good and honest as possible, and a great character, but objected to his surly, rude ways. I had never

spoken to him, but had noticed he never interfered with me or my chair, so that I had no occasion to come down on him. He, in fact, spoke only to the Captain and ignored every one else.

Imagine, then, my surprise when here at Macassar he suddenly walked up to me on deck, and tapping me on the breast began speaking. I am quite unable to reproduce his English or what he said properly, but it was something like this:

"Look here, sir, you English gentleman, I poor old Malay sailor man. I see you here every day. I no speak to you—but I know you. Now I want speak to you. I poor old Malay sailor man, but I know you and I like you. Now here to-day come one man and he say to me, 'Here, you old Malay, you take these things under your clothes, and smuggle them for me, and I give you two shillings.' What I do that for? I old sailor man, but I honest man, I proud man. I no do that. I no do what not honest—no, never in my life. Why that man him dare come insult me because I poor old Malay sailor man?" Here another tap on the breast. "I come tell *you* that; you never do that. I know you, you real gentleman, and I old sailor man not one bit afraid to come and speak to you—I know, I proud man too! I know you proud man; I see you not able to do like that. What you tell me say to that one dam dishonest man?"

You might have knocked me down with the proverbial feather, I was so surprised at this outburst.

"Take absolutely no notice of him," I said, when I recovered my breath, which this onslaught had utterly deprived me of. "He is not worth it."

"I know you say just what is right," he said. "I old sailor man, but I like you and I know you."

CHINAMAN'S HOUSE, SOLO.

STREET IN BATAVIA.

JAVA.

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"Well," I said, absolutely overwhelmed with this unexpected honour, "you must smoke a cigar; these are very good ones."

"What," he said, in the most hurt tone, "you think I come speak to you to get a cigar?"

"Oh no!" I exclaimed; "of course not. But any man can smoke a cigar with a friend, can he not? You just light that, and I am going to put these others in your pocket. Now you light up at once."

Just then up came the Captain and stood thunderstruck, then disappeared, to return with some one else to point out this extraordinary sight. There was the old Malay puffing away at a cigar, tapping me on the chest, and discoursing volubly! Such a thing had never been seen before.

After this he seldom took much notice of me, never even saying "Good-morning," but sometimes, as he passed my chair, he would give me a pat on the shoulder, and that meant much. Now and again I waylaid him and insisted on his having a cigar—always as a friend from a friend. The strange old thing grunted, and gave me a nod that spoke volumes. I understood him very well, and knew I had a real friend. My chair was always placed for me in the morning, and no one dared shift it. The little pat on the shoulder he gave me as he passed was a sign of greatest favour, and was so regarded by me and every one else; it betokened a secure friendship. I suppose this is a long tale all about nothing—it is not so to me—a gift from God it seemed to me, and it humbled me. Somehow I felt as if I had been a selfish, unseeing idiot!

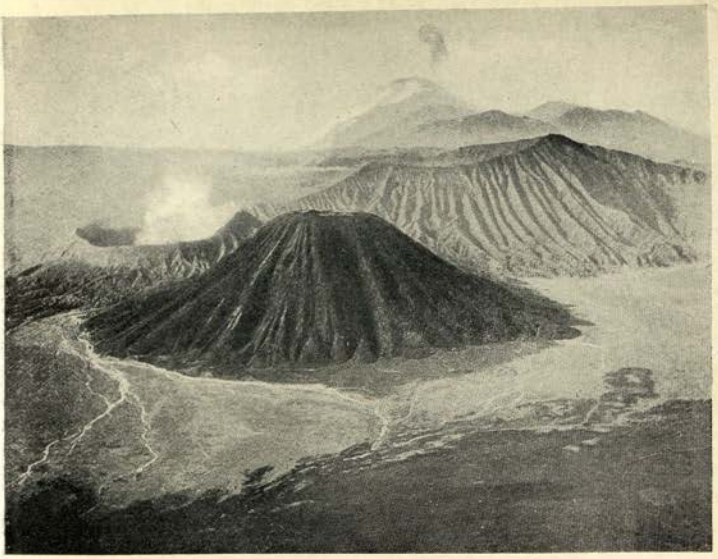
Such things are lessons in life. We were a small community shut up together for some time in the ship—now and again I passed along the lower deck and said a careless word here or there. The Indian coolies were always most respectful to

me and the other British, as one expects them to be. I made a joking remark to the Chinese, such as "How you likee this place? New Guinea man plenty eat 'em up here, Chinaman makee good dinner." They would laugh uproariously over such remarks, and answer, "Chinaman welly good, but no good eatee—too muchee smokee," and so on. I would dig the Malay or Javanese babies in the ribs now and again to make them crow, and their mothers smile, as they are beautiful, irresistible, dark-eyed little things—the babies, I mean, of course, not but what the mothers are very nice too. But I recognise now I never troubled much about any of them, and scarcely thought of the sailors—perhaps one could have done many things in little ways for them—been aware at least they were human beings—want of thought—surely much of the selfishness in the world comes from that? Now I feel I am a selfish pig, but I feel too conscious to be different. What is spontaneous is all right, what we force ourselves to do is a bore.

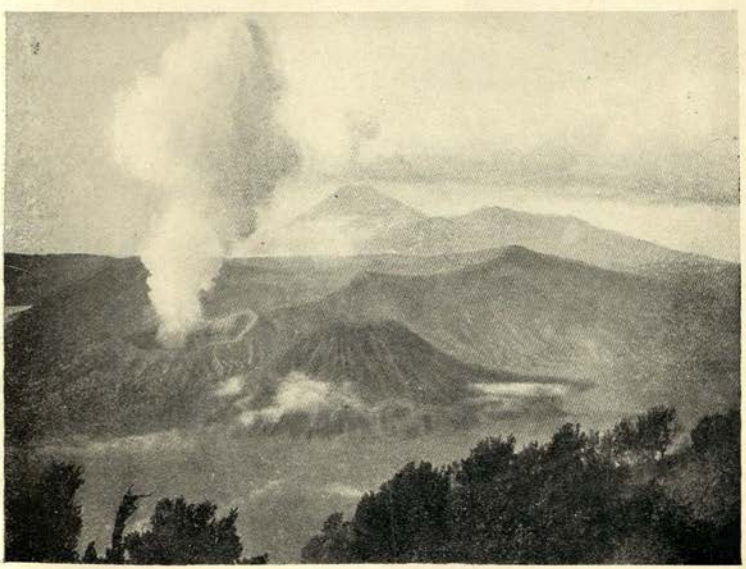
There is the monkey—ought I to have contributed to its ease and well-being also?—no, really, that would be too much! The deck passengers give it its daily due! "Preety Cockay"—ah! he makes up for everything, and no one can say I neglected him—I never got the chance. This introspective mood annoys me; it is so much better never to think. It is all the old Malay; he made me feel as if somehow I had been so selfish and unthinking.

BATAVIA, JAVA,
December 1900.

The Celebes seemed a strange place to spend Christmas Eve, yet we had our Christmas tree—an artificial one. We had all subscribed a small



CRATER OF BROMO, TOSARI.



MOUNT BROMO, BATOK, AND SMEROE, WITH SAND SEA.

JAVA.

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sum, and out of this presents were bought which we raffled for. The Captain invited the people from the second class, and stood us all champagne. The presents were drawn for, and I got a nail-brush and a musical instrument you play with your mouth—in reality I think it was a dentist's instrument, for all the "music" I ever got out of it gave every one toothache—a horrid thing to have in hot weather. We all tried to be jovial and "merry," which latter is an old-fashioned thing long gone out of date; the present generation knows it not. The whole function fell terribly, awfully flat, and the more cheerful we essayed to be the flatter it became. All the deck passengers came and gazed through the window at the strange religious festival, as they took it to be, and were quite subdued by our solemn faces.

We then migrated to the deck and our chairs, and a *Bohle* was brought up; we had more drinks, sang the "Watch on the Rhine" and various *Volkslieder*, and in the end all relapsed into a most sulky silence and got away from each other. I am afraid in every one's mind were thoughts of the Christmas times in other climes, and we drank to "absent friends" in a dismal silence. I could picture them all in that *château* in France—all round the fire with the dogs spread out on the rug —and knew how the Princess would speak of me and wonder where I was and recall old times; and they would be off to Mass probably, and be glad when the Christmas time was over. They would have their tree for the children from the village, and the old nuns would ask for "*Monsieur l'Écossais*" and throw up hands and eyes in amazement to learn he had gone amongst cannibal savages in a land they had never heard of. In Germany, in Italy, in many lands they would speak of me and wonder where I was, but they none of them

could picture such surroundings as I was really amidst. It is but a sad time, Christmas, when we are no longer children. There seemed no *Gluckliche Weihnachten* about it somehow.

We discuss on the ship many subjects, ranging from Goethe and Schiller to the politics of to-day.

And Bismarck—he never dies—even in this hot weather he is with us. "Bismarck would never do this or would have done that"; but there would have been no German Colonial Empire, no dream of this *Weltpolitik*, had Bismarck had his way. He was the man of his time, but his time is not this time. And there is the Boer War! How kind it was of us to present such an interesting spectacle to the world, and how keen and sympathetic towards us was the feeling displayed! "All the world may wonder," they hum here, but they do not wonder at the admirable way in which we do it, but at the long time we take about it, and what hard work we find it.

"Never mind," I say amiably, "now you have got colonies and can show us how to manage things properly—just as you are doing now in South Africa and in New Guinea."

This produces silence, but it does not seem a pleased silence.

"But, you know," I go on, "you really must make a road or two so that people can get about and see how much you have colonised and all you have done; and how you use all that magnificent timber for your public buildings—but it is the Bishop does that—I forgot, of course he is French—how enterprising he is with his sawmill, his electric light, and his brewery, or whatever it is. I wish you would have a big war and show us how it is done; we know so little, you know—of course you have fighting in Africa—but somehow, you know—well, somehow it does not

seem to go well—indeed "All the world is wondering"—but you are surely feeling it very hot to-day, you are quite flushed and panting—let us have another cool drink?"

Here there is a yell and a general *Donnerwetter*—it is "Preety Cockay" who was forgotten for a moment and brings himself to some one's remembrance—sharply!

[There comes here into my mind a remark I heard a pretty English girl make to her German husband as we entered the harbour of Hong-Kong in the evening and saw all the harbour and the island blazing with lights, and up a thousand feet to the Peak—a magnificent sight that did make one feel proud. "Otto! Otto!" she cried, "do come here. You must say it is beautiful—even if it *is* English!"]

We crossed the Java sea with all its phraus and beauty, the brown sails wafting the rich merchandise to other lands—how great a thing is commerce in this world; it makes or mars a land.

It is a wonderland, that long stretch of mountainous volcanic islands reaching from the Asiatic mainland to Timor—Sumatra, Java, Bali, Sumbawa, Flores, and Timor, to say nothing of hundreds of lesser isles and islets. No wonder the Germans, the Japanese, and others look upon them with the lustful, greedy eye—it is not for me to revile them for that, since I am doing the same myself. Let us glance a little at these wonderful possessions of the Hollander.

"Lo, gleaming blue, o'er fair Sumatra's skies,
Another mountain's trembling flames arise;
Here from the trees the gum [1] all fragrance swells,
And softest oil [2] a wondrous fountain wells.
Nor these alone the happy isle bestows
Fine is her gold, her silk resplendent glows."

[1] Benzoin, a species of frankincense. [2] Petroleum.

"Here from the shore by rolling earthquakes hurl'd,
Through waves all foam, Sumatra's isle was riv'n,
And, 'mid white whirlpools, down the ocean driv'n.
To this fair isle, the Golden Chersonese,
Some deem the sapient monarch plough'd the seas;
Ophir its Tyrian name. In whirling roars
How fierce the tide boils down these clasping shores!
High from the strait the length'ning coast afar
Its moonlike curve points to the Northern Star,
Opening its bosom to the silver ray
When fair Aurora pours the infant day."

CAMOËNS.

First comes Sumatra, embracing the neck of the Malay Peninsula, which we have grabbed. It is 1062 miles long, 260 broad, and 162,000 square miles in area. A chain of mountains runs from north to south—many are volcanoes. At the south it is separated from Java by the Straits of Sunda, where *was* the terrible Krakatau. The centre of the great island is still unexplored. The only well-known parts are Palembang, Benkulen, round Padang and Deli, and the Lampongs. Marco Polo spent five months here in 1291. When the Dutch drove the English out of Java in 1685 the latter built a fort and factory at Benkulen. In 1602 Queen Elizabeth sent a letter to the rich and important King of Acheen by Sir James Lancaster, and made a treaty with him. The British held Benkulen till 1824, when it was exchanged for Malacca. Owing to a reef, landing is somewhat difficult with a sea on, but it is a pretty place with a fort, and white houses shrouded in palms.

Lusé, about 12,100 feet, in Acheen, is the highest mountain. Lake Toba, an old crater, is 45 miles long by 15 broad. On the Equator is Mount Orphir, 9610 feet, a very conspicuous extinct volcano. Merapi is *not* extinct. Korinchi, 12,000 feet, is active. Krakatau Island lay in the Sunda Straits; when it disappeared 40,000 people perished. On the 20th of May 1883 explosions

[*Photo, Lambert, Singapore.*

TDUDJONG PASS, SUMATRA.

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were heard at Batavia, 100 miles away, and dust fell. Then columns of matter were vomited forth to a height of perhaps 26,000 feet above the mountain, and this lasted till 27th August. In June pleasure parties were organised from Batavia to see the great sight, and photographs were taken. On the 26th things came to a crisis. Fire, smoke, ashes, and lava poured forth, with a tremendous roar and the rattle of artillery, continuing till the 27th, but the whole scene was wrapped in a terrible darkness. On the 28th all was over and it was light again.

At 10 a.m. on the 27th occurred the great wave that overwhelmed all the coasts and rose from 78 to 115 feet. The Dutch man-of-war *Berouw* was carried inland nearly 2 miles and left 30 feet above the normal level of the sea. Villages and people were swept away. The mountain itself was blown to bits and had vanished. This great wave was felt in South Africa, 5000 miles away, and at Cape Horn, 7500 miles away. The great air wave went over the world and back and forward. At the island of Rodriquez in the Indian Ocean, 2968 miles distant, the noise was heard, as also at Dorey in New Guinea, 2014 miles. Nearer at hand it was less audible. The Chelsea artists tried to perpetuate the splendid blood-red effects it gave us on Father Thames—and in my old notebooks I find to this day my impressionist attempts, and so odd is memory that I can recall a burly carter coming and looking over my shoulder and saying, "I'm blowed, mister, if I can tell which is the right end of your picture, but that's the—old bridge anyway."

To-morrow or to-day the same thing may happen again—I mean the earthquake, not the carter's remark—but who can look at the smiling scenes around and think of it. What remains

of Krakatau is less than half of it, with a coned peak about 3000 feet high; parts of it are now covered with green foliage and plants, there are even orchards at its base, though steam still rises from its riven bulk, and now that the imprisoned forces can find easy outlet there is not likely ever to again occur at this spot so terrific a catastrophe.

In Sumatra there are huge forests of four hundred different sorts of trees, and over it roam elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, and many monkeys. We have a description of the King of Acheen by Queen Elizabeth's envoy in 1613, as "a proper gallant man of warre, strong by sea and land, his country populous and his elephants many." The Acheenese cannot be said to be conquered by the Dutch yet after thirty or forty years of warfare, but they are better in hand. Sumatrans are supposed to have a high and ancient descent, and to be now divided into forty tribes or clans, and the women are highly regarded. Though the hereditary chiefs have seats in the Dutch councils, they have no special privileges. There is much mineral and other wealth awaiting development. The Lake of Manindjoe, which has cliffs over 1000 feet in height, may be reached from the garrison town of Fort de Kock, which is surrounded by good roads.

It is interesting to recall Marco Polo's description of Sumatra in the thirteenth century. He tells us there are eight kingdoms in the island, each with a separate king and language. He describes six of them. Some of the inhabitants are followers of Mahomet, and some of them are idolaters and cannibals. He describes how the rhinoceros does not injure people with its horn, but tramples on them and lacerates them with its tongue, which was supposed to be armed with

sharp spikes or, anyway, very rough. There were men with tails "a span in length, like those of the dog, but not covered with hair." He refers to the ourang-utan, which means wild man. We are also told that the natives caught monkeys, shaved off the hair save in such places as it is found on the human body, giving them the appearance of little men. These they dried and preserved with camphor and other drugs, and sent them in little boxes to India and elsewhere as specimens of a dwarf or pigmy race—faking for curio-hunters even then!

Marco Polo had 2000 men with him during his stay in Sumatra, called by him Lesser Java.

Surely there never was such an amazing history as his. In China now you see him enshrined in bronze amongst Buddhas in the temples.

Padang, the chief town of Sumatra, has 20,000 inhabitants—Europeans, Arabs, Chinese, Malays, etc.—and is a beautiful place. At Ache, which has a large garrison, there are 14,000 inhabitants, with 490 miles of railway. Benkulen, with 12,000, is now rather desolate, and Palembang, 45 miles up a river and accessible to large ships, has a garrison and 60,000 inhabitants, of whom 100 are Europeans. Sumatra boasts of wonderful mountains, lakes, and forests, the most quaint of peaked houses, and a varied race of Javanese, Malays, Klings, Batteks, and so on. There is coal in quantity, as well as most other minerals.

[At the north of Sumatra, about two days' sail from Singapore, lies Sabang (Pulo Weh), which eleven years ago, in 1900, was but a small place. A depôt for coal was established by the Dutch at Weh, and Sabang possessing an excellent harbour and climate, it has made remarkable progress. There is deep water in the harbour, a large extent of wharves and sheds capable of storing 25,000 tons of

coal, and there is always a minimum stock of 10,000 tons. Ships are coaled at the rate of 80 tons an hour. There is a dry dock and repairing slips, and coaling goes on during the night, an enormous benefit to many vessels now using it, and as well there is a large oil storage for their benefit. Land is being reclaimed, and additional wharfage and other facilities are in hand, and the island of Weh with its harbour, Sabang, is considered one of the most beautiful, desirable, and valuable places in the beautiful East—yet we gave it back to the Dutch! Unless Singapore looks out for herself, she will have more than a formidable rival here. Its rise to importance shows what may result from the development of the other islands. I believe it was at Sabang that the Russian fleet took refuge and coaled during the war.]

The narrowest part of the Straits of Sunda separating Sumatra and Java is 14 miles wide, but we will leave Java for the present, make for its east end, and cross a strait not 2 miles wide to Bali. It and the adjoining Lombok form one Residency, have seven native princes, and the two a total population of 1,042,000. Both are Hindu. The women—said to be beautiful—sometimes sacrifice themselves by the dead bodies of their husbands, being with much ceremony cut to pieces with a Malay *kris*. Between Bali and Lombok is deep sea, and Lombok presents quite other aspects to the more Malayan islands, approaching more to Australian features. It has no rhinoceroses, elephants, tigers, or tapirs. It was in Lombok in 1893–94 that the Sultan massacred a whole regiment of Dutch. It is said that when they went to capture him and raze his palace to the ground, he threw two million English sovereigns into a lake—I wonder if they are there now, and if one could drain it and get them? It would be a beautiful find. Perhaps

WEAVING.

PAINTING SARONGS.

JAVA.

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some day when there is an earthquake they will be left high and dry to be picked up on afternoon walks. This Sultan was imprisoned and his son committed suicide.

I am not sure whether it was in Lombok or another isle that, after a revolution, the Sultan, when defeated, agreed to surrender to the Dutch troops. On the appointed day a great procession left the palace with the Sultan, and when the latter arrived before the Dutch General he, the Sultan, gave a signal, and instantly he and every single member of the blood Royal drew his or her *kris* and killed themselves!

A deed for the songs of poets—the pity of it!

Lombok is 55 miles long by 45 broad. The Peak of Lombok, or Gunong Ringani, is 12,375 feet high, and nearly extinct. It has never been ascended. A lake of some size lies at the height of 9000 feet. Coffee is much cultivated, and there are many cattle and horses. The Rajah has a good palace, and it is all very beautiful. The population is about 540,000. Not many Europeans are resident in it. Landing is difficult as there is always a very heavy surf and swell.

Straits 10 miles wide separate Lombok and Sumbawa, which is larger than Jamaica, but it is not well known. Tambora, 9040 feet, is the highest peak; it is said to have been 13,000 feet high before the bad eruption of 1815. The present crater has a diameter of 7 miles. At this eruption great whirlwinds carried away men, cattle, and everything else, but where they were carried to I do not know, and I should have liked to have viewed the scene from a safe distance. The sea was covered with fine ashes to a depth of 2 feet, and ships could scarcely get through it. It rose 12 feet. No one can call these places dull to live in; you may have excitement at any

moment. The town of Tamora sank 18 feet under the sea, and out of 1200 people only 26 were left! This pleasant mountain is quiescent at present, but who can say what it may do? Pirates still sally forth in their phraus from here, and make for the Aru Isles and elsewhere. I wish they had flown black flags with Death's heads, so that we could have distinguished them, as doubtless we saw some of their pirate craft. There are two Sultans, they of Sumbawa and Bima, and each of these towns has about 5000 inhabitants. These Sultans rule, but there is a Dutch *controlleur* and a garrison at Bima. The ponies of this island are noted as being very good.

Numerous isles, many uninhabited, lie between Sumbawa and Flores.

[A number of Dutch soldiers were ambushed and massacred in Flores in August 1909.]

People at home, who talk vaguely of the East Indies as well-known civilised islands, little dream how far that is from being the case, or what scope there is for trade and commerce with their large populations, and what folly it is to throw all this trade away to others—we, too, at Singapore at their door! Even Singapore has allowed a great part of her trade to fall to Germans, and their flag is fluttering all over the place.

If the great manufacturing and trading cities of Great Britain, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, and so on, would wake up out of their obsolete methods, and their great firms would send out well-educated, clever, bright, energetic young men to all these rich and populous places to learn and see on the spot what the people want, and then establish agencies and make for them what they desire and send it out in British ships, how splendid the gain to country and individuals alike, and what an interesting employment for

[*Photo, Lambert, Singapore.*

RIVER AT PALEMBANG, SUMATRA.

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clever young men—for it is only the clever who can do it.

We arrived at Pandjong Priak, the port of Batavia in Java, about 11 a.m. on December 27th, after passing various small islands. A mole of some size is entered by a narrow passage, and Pandjong Priak consists of wharves with great rows of "godowns," or goods sheds, and the railway station at the back. How horribly civilised and ordinary! Where have I got to? Letters and a telegram—fancy a telegram—awaited me from Baron Carel van Haeften, who, they tell me, has already been down to see if the *Stettin* had arrived. I am asked to go to the telephone—a telephone!—and I have just been writing about pirate phraus and Sultans chucking millions of sovereigns into a lake—and as I do so I see a ship with the British flag, the first I have seen *since leaving Australia!* Think of it—the first British flag! "All German man now; Englishman no good now"—is it a wonder impudent natives say and think that? These rich, rich islands full of "trade"—this splendid route—all this lying between our possessions of Singapore and Australia—and never a ship carrying our flag amidst it all.

There is such a strong smell of bilge water or bad drains—the Dutch must have forgotten to look after sanitary matters, or else it must be this German ship—the Germans again!

SINGAPORE, *January* 1901.

From Pandjong Priak I went by train up to Batavia, and taking one of the small pony-carriages plying for hire, drove to the Hotel de Nederlanden. The way from Priak is through low marshy land, thick with tropical vegetation and smelling to heaven, so I wondered if, after all, it could have

been the ship or the drains that had so offended me. The heat was intense—a moist, clammy heat. From the station to the hotel is along a wide street with a canal down the middle—I thought it must be that canal that was so odoriferous, as the smell was as bad there as anywhere. It was all most beautiful and a feast of colour, as the Chinese, Malays, and Javanese were so picturesque in their varied attire, and the whole town has its own *cachet*. We passed through the large Chinese town with its quaint buildings and teeming population, all so busy, with their pigtails flying about in every direction. I have always liked Chinese servants, they are so quiet and glide about, and you need never yell at them, you merely pull the pigtail like a bell-rope as they pass, and it rings inside them without undue tinkling, which is so disturbing to the nerves.

Then the more Dutch town begins. Very handsome white stone houses—white marble too—with tiled roofs and pillared porticoes, most of them one-storeyed on account of earthquakes. The large, handsome porticoes and the rooms beyond are quite open, even the interiors of the bedrooms visible. Quantities of beautiful flowering plants in ornamental pots are placed about, and the inhabitants are lolling in easy-chairs in scanty attire—a great air of freedom and ease pervades it all. Beautiful grounds surround each house, and there are no walls or fences at all sometimes. As a visitor from honest Europe, one feels they are not taking care of themselves and their possessions, and wonders which house is best to burgle first. The Hotel des Indes, with its dependencies, seems a most imposing establishment.

But what extraordinary costumes! Here are great fat Dutchwomen walking about, bare-headed and bare-legged, dressed in white dressing-jackets

[*Photo, Lambert, Singapore.*

PALACE AND GROUNDS OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, BUITENZORG, JAVA.

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and the *sarong*, the checked coloured cloth wrapped round their fat legs. They pace along ponderously and indifferently under their parasols and umbrellas. The costume is bearable on a young and pretty woman—but on a very fat old one!

The men in the morning, and as a sleeping suit, wear hideous, wide, baggy trousers made out of coloured *sarongs*.

The Hotel de Nederlanden is a huge building with any amount of dependencies, in front of which run long, wide verandahs. My bedroom was in one of these, and my sitting-room in the verandah in front of it.

Carel van Haeften soon joined me, and what a pleasure it was to see an old friend again and to chat over old days in Germany and in Holland, and about the van Lenneps, the van der Oudermuelens, and all his people at The Hague—his kind old father, his handsome, charming sisters, and his brother, Pankie, so well known in London. I found him looking thin and white, but well; but it must be a trying climate. He lives in one of the dependencies of the hotel, and his sitting-room is merely a large part of the wide verandah in front of his other rooms, separated from the rest of the verandah by screens. Here he has his writing-table, books, photographs, ornaments, easy-chairs—in fact, a furnished room. It is quite open in front and only separated from the garden and road by a little railing. Any one passing has only to stretch a hand over and take what they please. He has a telephone there and a native servant always in attendance. When I expressed my astonishment at such confidence in the natives and every one else, he told me that nothing was ever touched, that no native or any one else would ever dream of stealing anything. Day and night it is open for them to do it if they wish, but they

never do. I wonder what dreadfully honest sort of place I have come to, and hope it won't hurt my character.

"Is it really you, Carel, and is this really Java?" I ask, for it seems so strange to be sitting opposite an old friend out here, smoking and drinking—but good it is to see again a friend, and one whose face and name can only recall such pleasant memories. I ask many questions, and he tells me many interesting things—but all the time, delighted and charmed as I am with the beauty and character of my surroundings, I am only too conscious of that terrible odour. It must be bad drains, is so strong, and has pervaded every inch of Batavia I have seen since I arrived at Pandjong Priak Wharf—the train, the streets, the canal, and now the hotel.

"It is a most interesting and beautiful place," I say, "but it must be unhealthy with such terrific drainage—or want of drainage."

"Drainage?" queries Carel.

"Yes, this awful smell that pervades the whole place—how *can* you endure it?"

Carel leaned back in his chair and laughed till he was no longer pale, but quite rosy.

"It is not drains," he said, "it is the durian—our famous fruit!"

Then he explains that this much-prized fruit, a large thing with a hard rind, is perfectly delightful and beloved by every one, only that it has this awful smell. At first you cannot go near it—I can well believe that—and when you do, it is long ere you have the courage to attack it. You generally give it up at first and fly from it, but once you overcome the smell, and taste the fruit, you are content. Perhaps so.

I, of course, asked to be shown the durian at once, but it was so overpowering that I was never

brave enough to touch it. The smell is everywhere, and you cannot get away from it. And I thought it was a bilgy ship, a marshy swamp, a stagnant canal, or bad drains!

It ought to be introduced to London as a new delicacy—only, the Sanitary Inspector would be sure to come to dinner!

I walked to the station with Carel to meet Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop and their daughter, who was his affianced bride. They are Dutch, in spite of their Scottish name. Their smart carriage, with liveried servants, was waiting for them.

In the evening we went to Vorsteegs Café, opposite our hotel, and sat at a table in front of it, separated only by a low wall from the street. This is the fashionable meeting-place and evening drive. All the smart world turned out in carriages of various descriptions, drove up and down, halted to speak to friends, or got out and entered the café to greet others. Some of the carriages were very smart, with liveried servants. Some people had huge barouches, called "milords," with native servants behind, four horses and postilions—quite overpoweringly grand. Some ladies, old and young, had bare heads, which looked odd in their carriages—but then this was night, when they all wake up and come out in the "coolth." It was, for me, an original scene, and so reminded me of pictures of old colonial days.

Miss Dunlop [now Baroness Carel van Haeften and resident at The Hague] drove up in a smart little English cart with a good pony and quite English-looking dapper groom, and joined us for a time. After naked savages all this was a great change to be suddenly launched into the society of smart ladies. Miss Dunlop knew every one, and I admired then, as I have always done, the smartness of the Dutch girls.

We went back to the hotel to dine. There I had put before me a huge bowl of white rice, with here and there mysterious objects poking through the rice. This is the great dish in Java. I set to exploring at once. In your rice you find fish, chicken, and I don't know what all; you have everything there in the same bowl, not mingled, but nicely buried apart in the great heaps of rice. I liked this very much, and discovered all sorts of delicacies planted there which were to my taste. This was, however, but one dish served at a very good dinner.

Then we got into long chairs in Carel's verandah room, with something to "smokee" and cool drinks, and yarned for hours. The worst was that the lights attracted simply myriads of flying ants, beetles of every shape and size, and all sorts of insects—a cloud of them. You may get used to this—you have to—but it is not agreeable at all.

Batavia was founded by the Dutch General Koen, in 1619, on the ruins of a Javanese town, and has a population (1900) of 115,890. It has suffered much from volcanic eruptions and from the continual malaria. It is said a million people died between 1730–52. Probably the durian did for them—or am I prejudiced? I must be, for I read somewhere that in Sumatra at one season are great durian feasts, in which men, monkeys, and elephants join in amiable peace, and that even the tigers come forth and devour this fragrant fruit! Who am I to disdain what these interesting others so adore? I am at least generous enough to not even desire to deprive a tiger of its durian.

Buitenzorg has the Governor-General's Palace and the world-famed Botanical Gardens, the beauty of which seems to astonish all travellers; and here is the tomb of the wife of Sir Stamford

GOING TO MARKET.

ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

FORT DE KOCK, SUMATRA.

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Raffles, which the Netherlands Government are bound by treaty to keep in order. Many people reside at Buitenzorg, which is 45 miles from the capital. The roads about it are excellent, and both roads and railways in Java are good.

Java is 48,638 square miles in area, two-thirds larger than Ireland, and is estimated to have a population of twenty-nine millions—so that it may well be called a rich garden. It has no less than twenty active volcanoes. The mountains rise to a height of 10,000 feet, and Semeru, over 12,000 feet, is the highest. It is 575 geographical miles long, and from 28 to 105 miles broad. According to some, Java was the Garden of Eden, and here, too, rested the Ark after the Flood, and still rests for ever petrified on the mountain peaks. I looked about in the shops for any relics of Noah, but could find none.

The antiquities of Java are amongst the most remarkable in the world. These ancient Hindu temples and ruins of great size and magnificence are supposed to date from 600 A.D. The Hindu influence was destroyed by the Arabs in 1478. Java is mentioned by Marco Polo in 1290, and was visited by the Italian traveller L. Varthema in 1505. The Dutch, under Houtman, landed in 1595, and in 1610 a fort was built by them at Batavia. In 1677 the Dutch enlarged their possessions, and went on acquiring territory by war up till 1830—they had five great wars. From 1811 to 1815 it was occupied by the British, under Sir Stamford Raffles, who did much in that short time.

North and west shallow seas with islets separate it from Sumatra, Banka, and Blitong. The volcanoes are mostly grouped together in a mass. In 1699 Salak, 7266 feet, caused a great catastrophe; it is now quiescent. By the sudden and short eruption of Papandayang, 8611 feet, in

1772, it is said 4000 people and 40 villages were destroyed. Guntur—the Mountain of Thunder—is always up to mischief and doing damage; it is 7362 feet high. Then in 1822 Galunggung, a quite placid apparently extinct mountain, 7313 feet high, without the slightest warning suddenly gave vent to a thunderous roar and a dense cloud of smoke poured forth, whilst hot water, stones, and mud flowed down, destroying everything, and stones and ashes covered a radius of twenty miles. Not content with this it repeated the performance, half the mountain was blown away, large stones thrown seven miles, the country covered with many feet of greenish-blue mud, 114 villages and 4000 people destroyed. There are also many mud geysers and such things. The rivers, though small, are many. At least a hundred bad thunderstorms take place annually.

No one can call this a dull land, or one without interest, with all this activity around. Apparently you cannot sit down quietly for a moment with everything popping off in this manner without a word of warning.

A great part of this lively island is covered with forest, but much of it is really a garden. There are splendid trees, and the teak is famous. Rice, coffee, chinchona, all sorts of fruit—in fact, everything grows. Two hundred and forty species of birds are known, of which forty are peculiar to Java: there are wild peacock, jungle fowl, pigeon, quail, and tigers, leopards, rhinoceroses, wild dogs, and wild pigs; monkeys, wild oxen, and deer add to its attractions, to say nothing of the durian, which does not allow itself to be overlooked.

The Javanese are noted as being very truthful and straightforward, are very docile, industrious, and sober, and are also attractive in looks. They are excellent workmen, good weavers and agri-

culturists, and understand irrigation very well. There are over 550,000 Chinese and about 30,000 Arabs; they both intermarry with the Javanese. There are various languages in the island. In 1900 there were 76,000 Europeans, and to-day 800 of these are Germans, 274 Belgians, and 180 British. The people, though professedly Mohammedans, are in reality mostly pagans. This rich, beautiful, populous land is a Garden of Eden, despite the volcanoes, and the people are both contented and happy under Dutch rule, which suits them; and long may they continue under it, despite some present clouds in the sky.

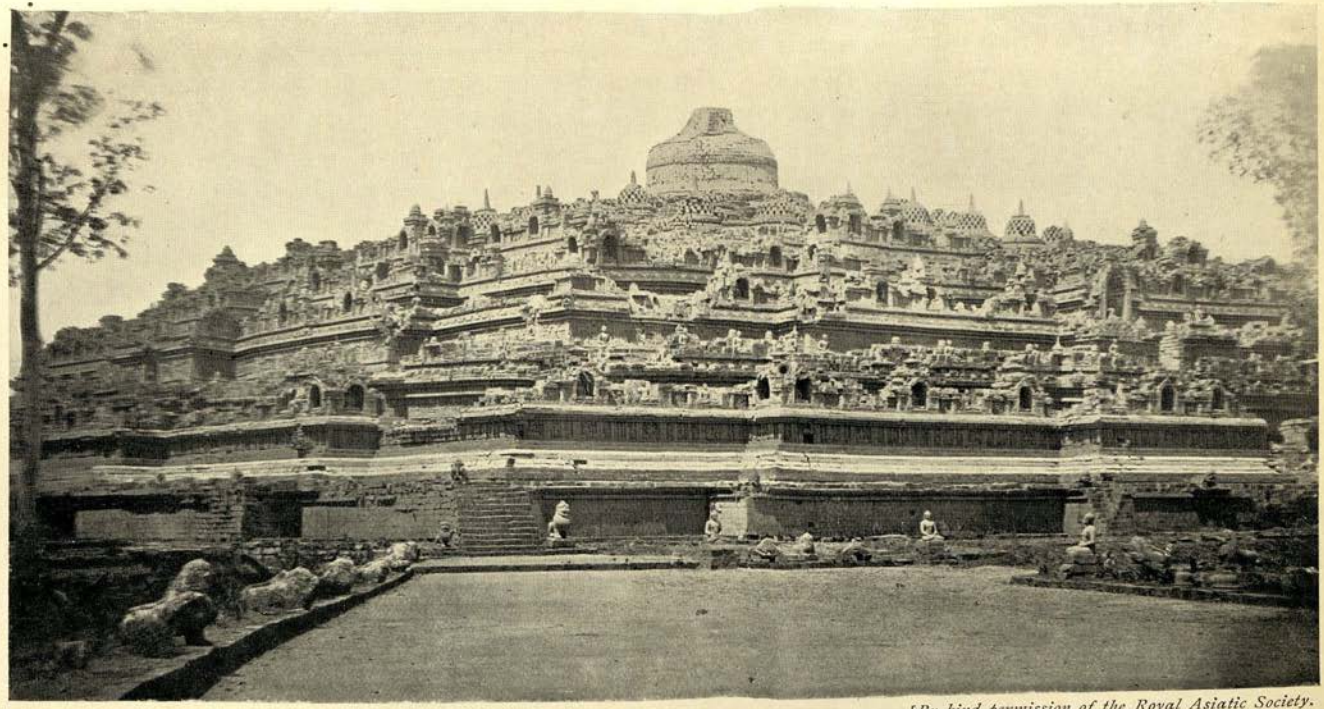
The great buildings and cities of former days seem to have been extraordinary in size and magnificence. How strange, then, it seems that the dwellers in Java of those days had not penetrated south from island to island on to New Guinea and Australia. Who knows but yet, in the unknown interior of New Guinea, ancient Hindu ruins may be found, showing they had been there. [The natives of Macassar, in Celebes, in recent times have been in the habit of going as far as Port Darwin and the Northern Australian coast, and it is thought have done so for a long period of time. I still think that either in Dutch New Guinea, or even in Northern Australia, traces of ancient habitation may yet be found. When one remembers that the huge Hindu ruins in Java lay for centuries forgotten and concealed in tropical jungle, it is quite possible the almost impenetrable jungles of New Guinea may hide interesting secrets.] The ruined city of Majapalut covers miles of ground. The bricks used in construction are of marvellous beauty, and appear to have been welded together with some invisible cement. Some of the brick architecture is very imposing. At Brambanam, in the centre of the island, are

great ruins built of stone ornamented with carvings and mouldings. The temple of Borobodoer is 520 feet square and 120 feet high, situated on the summit of a hill, and has six terraces raised one above the other, surmounted by a cupola surrounded by seventy-two smaller temples in triple rows, with 400 figures of Buddha in niches; and there are hundreds of such ruins.

Djokjacarta, which has its sultan's palace, is famous for the wonderful architectural remains in its vicinity.

Borobodoer, or Boro-boedoer, was erected about twelve centuries ago! For six hundred years it lay unknown and forgotten, buried in a tropical jungle. Under British domination was commenced the clearing of this jungle, which is said to have taken six weeks and to have employed hundreds of labourers.

Sourabaya is, after Batavia, the important port of Java. It contains Chinese houses and temples, Arab mosques and Malay buildings, to say nothing of the spotless white houses of the Dutch; the land is a brilliant garden, and has an additional charm in its own active volcano Bromo, which rejoices in the largest crater in the world, three miles in diameter, a bottomless pit of seething vapours and fiery floods, with volumes of smoke and red-hot stones cast up to fall back again. It seems strange that these wonderful lands do not attract more tourists than they do, and how little realisation there is in Europe of their size. [Australians are at last beginning to frequent them as holiday resorts.] Borneo, for instance, is larger than France and Germany combined. Java is 700 miles long; Sumatra is 1400. They are generally referred to in Europe as little islands "somewhere out in the East."



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BORO BOEDOER TEMPLE, JAVA.

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It is my great desire to return here to see all these things, poke about these ruins, drop bits of soap down the volcanoes to see if they will go off as do the geysers in Iceland. This is in truth one of the richest and most interesting countries in the world, and so easily got to, so that I do hope I can one day return for a long stay.

I was up at 5 a.m. in the morning, and at 6 o'clock Carel van Haeften took me for a drive with a pair of fast ponies for miles all round Batavia, or through it, perhaps, as we never appeared to get away from beautiful houses and gardens. We seemed, indeed, to pass countless houses, some of which are really very fine, with huge white marble pillared porticoes and marble floors, and each house set in a lovely garden full of wonderful trees, plants, and flowers. These white-pillared porticoes are gay, too, with flowers in Chinese and Japanese vases. Apparently these fine houses spread out for miles, and many are without walls or fences. It never struck me before how we wall and bar ourselves into our domains at home; but no wonder when one thinks of the coarse, ill-mannered, ungentle, unpleasant, dishonest people we have to keep out of them! For, in truth, when you think it out and compare our "free-born Britons" and other Europeans of the lower classes with the same class of people in the East, it does give one pause! We are so used to it in Europe it never strikes us, and that is the best, or the worst, of travel—you are for ever learning that your own countryfolk are in no way superior to the people of other lands, and often do not equal them. Even among savages now and again a sort of feeling of dismay comes over one as to what our so-called civilisation really is, and if we are not all blind mistaken idiots pursuing wrong ideals. I suppose every one feels this in "uncivilised"

lands at times. One remembers the hooligans of London, of Paris, of Glasgow. What are they but foul-mouthed, foul-thinking, foul-living savages? No "savage" land contains such beings—but it seldom strikes us to think about them in such a light, we are so accustomed to them.

The roads here are a sight to see, splendid and beautiful roads, crowded with streams of natives pouring in with their produce to the market. There were scores of cyclists, including Chinese and Javanese; many handsome carriages, and also many well-dressed Chinese driving about, and in some roads were trams. All this made an interesting, beautiful picture in the cool morning air; it was a charming drive and my companion such good company.

The palace of the Governor-General is a huge, long, white-pillared house.

There is, of course, strong anti-British feeling everywhere—the Boer War so embittered the people against us from the mistaken ideas promulgated among them. You see many remains of old buildings built while we occupied Java—in fact, what the great Sir Stamford Raffles did has left its mark on the place.

But the Dutch speak now quite calmly of "when we come under the flag of Germany," as if it was an inevitable thing. There is no heir to the House of Orange who is really Dutch, and it seems inevitable to them that great changes are to occur. But it is strange to hear these Dutch—so tenacious a people—calmly speaking as if it were an inevitable thing that one day they must pass under the German flag.

In the Netherlands they have not arrived at this idea by any means; but the Dutch have ever been noted for playing a mere selfish policy which blinds them to outside things. What does it

matter to them, they say, what happens to other countries, so long as they are left in peace, they quite forgetting that any war between two Great Powers in Europe must affect them, and seriously. Who can say what is coming? For instance, many Dutch people have said to me that, in the supposition of a war between Germany and Great Britain, the British would defend them. Perhaps so—let us hope the British could. But the Netherlands must wake up and show where her friendship lies if she wishes to secure that friendship *in time*! There is no use in locking the stable door when the steed is stolen.

I can imagine nothing better for the Dutch East Indies and their people, and for the Netherlands herself, than that Queen Wilhelmina should come out and visit all her wonderful possessions here. Hers would be the vivifying touch somewhat needed now; she would be received with the most unbounded enthusiasm and wildest joy, and how proud, how rightly proud, she would be to see the interesting races she rules over with both wisdom and kindness, and the glorious rich lands which hail her queen. Here she would make a truly Royal triumphal progress, and it is just the thing that is needed. May I be here to see if it ever happens. I have had glimpses of that young Queen when she was a mere child and as she grew up, shouted myself hoarse as I stood amongst her people at the time of her enthronement and the heralds came out on the palace balcony at Amsterdam to proclaim her titles, and saw the young Queen herself in her Royal robes come out and stand alone before her people—the "phlegmatic Dutch"—how they cried, sang, shouted, and went mad with joy! It was a beautiful sight, a stirring moment. Let the Queen come and be honoured and acclaimed all her route till

she reaches her own great possessions here—she will do what no one else can do. Were I a Dutchman I would entreat her to do it—as it is, I do entreat. What pleasure she herself would surely derive from it all, and what is it but a few months' change from Holland? She is sovereign out here over millions of people, and nowadays the empires over the seas have claims upon their sovereigns, the day for indifference has gone by.

[Now things have changed. A baby has done it. The coming of the child—the hope of the Netherlands—has given new spirit to the Dutch people, and is wakening them up; there is no longer any talk of coming under other flags. But they must not fall asleep again; they must no longer leave their isles and seas to a lonely solitude. The day has gone by when a nation can claim a land—as the Dutch did their part of New Guinea—and warn all others off, though they do not occupy it themselves. Effective occupation alone can make it theirs, and that gives promise now of taking place. The House of Orange has an heir—that means much. The Princess Juliana is the most important child in Europe. Nevertheless, sovereigns of great empires can no longer remain quietly at home as of yore; the world and its peoples have changed; the over-seas peoples have grown so rich and powerful that their claim upon their monarchs is as great a one as that of the home people. It is no longer a journey of time and danger to get to the other side of the world; it is merely a short pleasure trip. The Germans once called their sovereign "Gondel Willy" on account of his partiality for making journeys; it was fatuous wit, for the journeys of the German Emperor showed his wisdom and advertised his country, and a consequence of them has been that now all Germans want to travel and see things for

A BABOE, SOLO.

AT BORO BOEDOER.

JAVA.

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themselves—always the best way. The Emperor William can scarcely be expected to visit Tsingtau or Kaiser Wilhelm's Land—" dots in the ocean " out there—but Queen Wilhelmina rules over great and rich lands and millions of people who need to see their sovereign—and it is not Queen Wilhelmina alone who should go travelling far afield. The sovereign is the one real link between widely scattered lands, and is the symbol of their united nationality, and as so can no longer afford to ignore the claims of far-away subjects. As well it teaches the peoples of the homelands their proper place, and that they are but parts of a whole, and not the whole themselves.]

There are nations beyond the seas now—not, as before, mere scattered communities—and those nations will in time want a head for themselves if they never see their hereditary crowned one. The people at home must begin to realise that. We are not the only nation that must " wake up." [Now we hear the good tidings that the great British King-Emperor will have himself crowned in his Empire of India—what a splendid and striking fact it will be in history—and we may hope that other parts of his great Empire may sometime also see their sovereigns—it is the most wise of proceedings.]

I wonder if this climate—and the Durian—will exercise as enervating an effect on the German, Japanese, or American activity as it has done on that of others? It certainly is not a climate that permits of much energy. The people rise very early, but by eleven or so retire to their house, get into slipshod attire, repose all day, and only come forth in the evening. They dine about nine or so, and soon retire to bed. It does not sound very lively, and seems a somewhat slovenly life. It may be the only possible one.

After this glimpse at Batavia and sniff at the Durian—a very long sniff, though—I rejoined the *Stettin* and we sailed at eleven in the morning. Amongst new passengers was a young Englishman, Mr. Louis Wright, a Ceylon tea-planter, connected also with tea-plantations in Java. He had been in South Africa with the Ceylon contingent, but was invalided home on account of enteric fever.

The second day we had a fine, fresh, and most welcome breeze. We passed through the Banca Channel—which is narrow and full of shoals and sandbanks—between the island of Banca and Sumatra. All the shipping between Borneo and Sumatra goes through the straits. Banca belonged to the Sultan of Palembang. In 1811, when the British got their Sumatra settlements, the Sultan killed all the Dutch to please them, and they, in the most ungrateful manner, dethroned him for his trouble. In 1816 it was restored to the Dutch. There are 375,000 Malays, 30,000 Chinese, and 200 Europeans on it. Muntok, with a population of 6000, is the chief town and is fortified and garrisoned.

We were in crowded seas with many craft around us, and we passed the French sailing ship *Sylvia* from Havre, in full sail—a most beautiful sight. We discussed Sumatra and the endless war the Dutch wage with the Acheenese, which has gone on for somewhere about forty years. The Acheenese say—or once said—they would be content if the British got Sumatra, an improbable thing now—the Germans are simply dying to possess it, and one of their much-discussed aims is to have a settlement on its shores directly opposite Singapore, so as to render that key to the East useless whilst we hold it. Such a thing is out of the question. Singapore is

now too important for us to allow any other Power to interfere with it. [The rise of Sabang has brought a new factor on the scene. Formidable rival though it may be to Singapore, whilst it is in the hands of the Dutch we do not need to regard it with anything but friendly interest.] But if the Netherlands once join the German Empire, or are forced to do so—then good-bye to us in the East and to India. However, there is Japan; she cannot hanker after new rivals in the Germans, especially as she would like all these islands herself. There are countless interesting political questions here. Japan, Great Britain, Germany, the Netherlands, Portugal, and the United States have all parts to play, and there is an awakened China to reckon with at some not far distant date. It is the East that is to become the burning question of the world. Though, indeed, there is the Near East as well!

[Let those who should, remember and ponder over the defeat of the Italians by the Abyssinians, and the defeat of the Russians by the Japanese, and realise what it means to all Asiatic or Eastern peoples, and what thoughts it has raised in them. Is there not to be China for the Chinese and India for the Indians? The Western in their eyes is no longer the infallible dominant race, but, they have learnt, can be made to bow before the Eastern. The coming questions in the East, as in the rest of the world, entail unceasing vigilance and thought—are they receiving them?

Korea has become an appanage of the Japanese Empire—what next?

At Pearl Harbour, in the track of every line of connection, the Americans are making an impregnable fortified harbour. Why? Could no British statesman—or politician—look far enough ahead to see what was coming, what was inevitable

when the Sandwich Islands passed to America? Do they realise what the fortified Panama Canal is going to mean? Do they believe that the Americans will let any temporary checks interfere with their ultimate aim of fortifying that canal and assuming full power? Do they believe that the Republic of Panama—in reality a creation of the Americans—is destined to be anything but a stopgap? Mr. Roosevelt has already openly proclaimed his ideas on the subject. To suppose that it does not concern us is childish, for the ultimate prosperity and fate of the British West Indies is involved with Panama—and there is British South America and British Central America —for they exist—and it therefore lies with the British Government to look far ahead and guard our interests. It would be well, too, for those who look ahead to study the doings and aims of the "International Bureau of American Republics"—that combination of, I think, twenty-one Republics, banded together to foster their own interests, but not to foster the interests of Europe. Truly there are mighty problems facing us in many parts of the globe! Are we to sit idle, do nothing, and imagine all the world loves us so dearly that we are safe? Is it only the North Sea that is to see the grey hulls of the British fleet? In the East "things are to happen" at no distant date.

What this land wants is war—war here at our doors—war devastating our homes, destroying our cities and our harbours—only then will she wake up—too late!

In 1900 what was Kiaochou or its city of Tsingtau?—a mere nothing. Here Germany has indeed shown what she can do in this line if supported. In these ten years Tsingtau has risen into a fine city, with magnificent Government House,

BORO BOEDOER, JAVA.

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Government buildings, naval hospital, schools for Europeans and Chinese, and handsome private residences. Roads and railways, electricity and many industrial concerns have all been introduced. There are afforested preserves with nurseries and gardens kept up by a vote of £5000 a year. In the harbour is the immense floating dock which can lift a vessel of 16,000 tons. Within the dock-yard enclosure are navy store yards, and there is a staff of somewhere about fifty Europeans, as well as the Chinese. Germans may well point with pride at what has been achieved in a few years—but this is no colonisation—for it must be remembered that no money has been spared, and that the Fatherland has devoted to this purpose well over £6,500,000 sterling, and continues enormous grants, not as loans, but as free grants. But how wisely expended, as a rich return will be eventually received. In striking contrast to this is the British concession of Wei-hai-wei, the value of which is great, but which, through vacillation and neglect of the home Government, has in no way developed or fulfilled its promise. Indeed, indeed, it is time to "wake up!"]

What countless beautiful palm-clad islands we steamed amongst—1001 of them, some one said—all valuable, all beautiful, and as yet with a future before them, numbers of Malay phraus and other craft plying these lovely waters.

Blitong, or Billiton, south-east of Banca, is 1800 square miles in area, and its highest point 3117 feet. Then there is Sinkop Isle, Lingga Isle, and, with many others, Bintang, lying directly opposite Singapore. This is called the Rhio-Lingga Archipelago, a mass of reefs, shoals, and islands at the end of the Malay Peninsula. The Dutch have a prosperous port at Rhio Isle, where many boats call, and which is full of Chinese and

Malays. At Lingga—a pretty town—there are 8000 inhabitants. This archipelago is from its situation an important one, and more than one Power is casting longing eyes on Bintang, or one of the others, so as to be directly opposite Singapore.

On the evening of 30th December we anchored alongside the wharf at Singapore and I came ashore to Raffles Hotel, a huge, imposing edifice with two wings. With regret I left the *Stettin* which for so long had been my pleasant home. From Captain Niedermayer and from all connected with her I had received nothing but continuous kindness and attention, and I shall always bear them all in grateful and kindly remembrance. I was even sorry to say "good-bye" to "Preety Cockay," and missed the daily attack of his terrible beak. May he live long to inflict it on others is, I think, the most suitable wish I can make him.

Quite a fracas occurred as I was leaving, and I found my old Malay sailor-man had taken my bag from the steward, insisted on carrying it and escorting me down the gangway. Then we solemnly shook hands—I actually "choky" and almost "weepy"—and so our queer friendship came to an end. I look back on those many weeks on that German boat with unalloyed pleasure and a little touch of sadness. I learnt many things and was taught many things, and am grateful for all.

Singapore ways were new to me, though those who have dwelt in the East will scorn my ignorance. My bedroom opened on the long, wide balcony, and the space in front, partly enclosed and furnished with table and chairs, was my sitting-room. The little swing-door of the bedroom reached neither floor nor ceiling, so that it concealed little of the room. There were two dressing-rooms and one of

these was my bathroom. It also had a little swing-door opening into the inner hall. Chinese " boys," as they are called, passed to and fro, in and out, regardless of me or my state of apparel. They paid no attention to anything I said, nor could I bar them out anyway. When I wanted them I had to go and call them, and it so happened that I wanted many things, for I was discarding all my garments worn on the voyage, so that no New Guinea fever microbes should abide with me, and what did on the ship would not do in smart Singapore. After many appeals to passing servants, a languid Englishman in the next balcony compartment said to me, " Excuse me, but these are my boys you are ordering about." I apologised and asked how I could possibly know that, as they seemed to use my room as a passage. He said they were incorrigible that way, and explained that here one engaged at once one's own Chinese boys to wait on one—they were not hotel servants at all ! He sent for an hotel servant for me for the meanwhile.

But now I am getting into the way of things here. I could not get on without attention, so said to the hotel people I must have boys to wait on me, and to " put them in the bill." Now I appear to have six. They all look the same and I no longer lack attention or attendance. I live a life of mingled laziness and overpowering energy, half in my chair here and half tearing about Singapore in " rickshaws." My neighbour next door I do not see unless I advance to the front of the balcony. He then takes his cigar out of his mouth and says " Ah ! " He is always in his chair in exactly the same attitude with apparently the same cigar at the same stage. He never smiles and seldom speaks. Once as I was leaving the hotel my conscience pricked me and I

thought perhaps he was ill and needed sympathy, so I returned the length of the huge building and along the balcony.

"Are you ill—are you well—are you all right?" I asked.

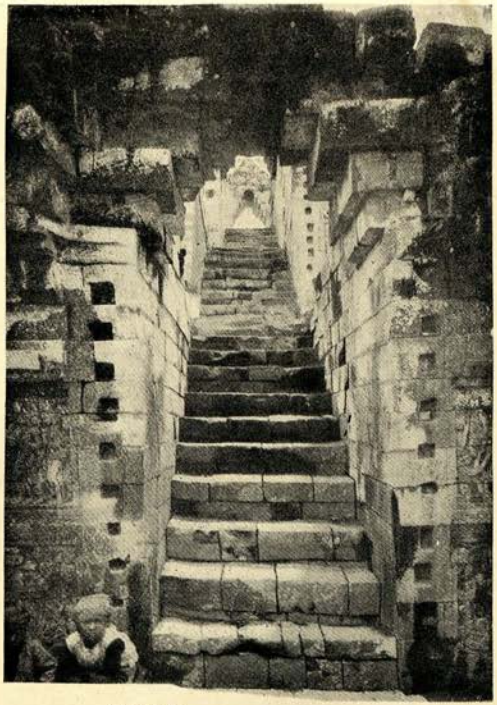
He looked astonished, then said, "All right."

"That's all right," I said, and departed, feeling satisfied and quite unable to prolong this interesting conversation. I have since discovered his vocabulary is limited to "Ah!" "Yes and No," "Pretty well," "Not bad," and "All right." It simplifies life.

A suspicion has just dawned on me that two of my attendants are his—they seem familiar somehow. But I don't know where any of them come from—if they are hotel servants, or his, or mine, or whose. I just accept the situation—it suits the climate. Anyway, already they are by way of "taking care of me," and grinning faces—all the same—and flying pigtails are everywhere.

My programme is, after my morning tub, to go and lie in my pyjamas with bare feet in my long chair. My tea is there, fruit, smoking material, books, and a Singapore newspaper. If I want anything I pull the nearest passing bell-rope—I mean pigtail—and point at something. They are wonderful, though; they know now even without my pointing. I notice, too, they have suddenly coiled their pigtails in an elegant coronet round their heads. I wonder why? I never see any one attending to my neighbour next door, but I can't help that. All my baggage is unpacked, strewn about, and in process of repair and cleaning. They did it all unasked, so I don't worry.

The first night I got into a rickshaw, and said I must be driven—or whatever you say in a



STAIRCASE IN BORO BOEDOER.

THE BORO BOEDOER HINDU TEMPLE.

JAVA.

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rickshaw—very quickly all round the town. We tore along, scattering every one right and left; went first through a crowded street, and I had visions of painted ladies rising in balconies and rows of Japanese girls calling out in chorus, but we tore past unheeding and raced all over the place. "Here—hi!" I cried at last; "not so fast—stop!" whereupon my coolies came to a dead stop and nearly threw me out. I admire much the fat, rich-looking Chinese driving about in grand carriages with liveried Malay servants on the box, and I saw three stout Chinamen packed into one rickshaw, and their coolie nearly fainting with the weight. These Chinese become rich and prosperous under our Government, but if they went to China would lose their wealth and their heads—but it will not be always so.

Captain Niedermayer, Captain Dunbar, and a young German friend of theirs, apparently from some house of business here, came to see me one evening, and we sat on the verandah having whiskies and sodas. At first all was right, but by degrees the young German merged into his own language, forgot me entirely, and commenced railing against the misgovernment of Singapore, and the imbecility of the British authorities. They even, he said with scorn, had a Chinaman on the Town Council. He let out all sorts of things, and I sat taking them all in. Then he described how he had been pulled up to Court for not paying his washing bill, and how even his own Chinese boy was called as a witness against him. "I, a German," and here he thumped his breast, "actually have my Chinese boy called against me!"

Having had enough of it, I leant forward and said calmly—

"But why did you not pay your washing bill?"

There was a dumbfounded silence as they recalled where they were, and that I was their host.

"I am sure we do dreadfully foolish things," I went on sweetly, "but now you have got a colony of your own, you can show us what to do and how to govern natives—and yet this place seems full of happy, prosperous people of many nations. Even you Germans seem to do nicely."

There were hasty good-nights and departures. The next day when I met the two captains they apologised for their friend, and put it down to "wheesky-soda." I said it was of no consequence—and, really, what did that youth's opinion matter ?

I seem to know scores of people—how, I know not. I went to a gala dinner, New Year's Eve, danced vigorously at a ball, sang "Auld Lang Syne" with every one else, with joined hands, as the old year went out. People are most friendly, kind, and amiable—who they are I have not grasped. I have been at the Cricket Club Pavilion, and watched most interesting and amusing water sports from the balcony of the other club-house, which overhangs the sea. All the élite of Singapore were there: smart ladies, the Governor and suite, Lord Beauchamp, fresh from British New Guinea and his Australian Governorship, and I don't know who all. Wright and a pleasant man called Harrison looked after me. I never saw a more interesting, amusing, or pretty sight than these sea sports. We lay in long chairs, had cool drinks and cigarettes, and I laughed till I was sore at that item where a long, greased pole projected from the bow of a vessel with a prize at the end of it, and competitors had to walk that greased pole to get it. Of course, after wild

endeavours and frantic clutches at the air, they all fell into the sea, amidst a perfect storm of laughter and cheers. There were crowds of gaily dressed Malays and other natives on the pier, and the harbour was a mass of Chinese sampans and other craft, the ships all decorated with flags, and the scene of the most brilliant description, alive with movement and colour. The Malay phraus and Chinese sampans raced, and very beautiful and exciting was the race between Malay kolehs with crews of twenty men. Many of these and the sampans were upset, but no one minded.

Then I was taken through various public buildings, including the Drill Hall, where my cicerone pointed out the maxim guns subscribed for by the Chinese of Singapore. He was enthusiastic about the Volunteers. By some strange fatality I commenced running down an article in a Singapore paper, noticed the blank silence, received a nudge from behind, and heard a whisper that my guide was the editor! So I quickly went on saying worse things about the paper, awful things, and then said I hoped he would not pillory me in his paper for jesting about it—and he was all smiles again, evidently thinking I had known all the time and was only chaffing!

Then in the afternoon were gorgeous and amusing New Year's Day sports for the natives —really a fine scene, and every one in holiday humour. What an intensely pleasant thing it is to see people happy! The funniest thing was dipping heads in tubs of treacle to find money with their mouths; when they got it they bolted straight for the sea, near by, to clean their heads, scattering the shrieking crowd right and left. Then the tug-of-war was most exciting, all sorts of natives, Chinese, Javanese, Acheenese, Indian coolies, and Indian soldiers, and so on took part; it was eventu-

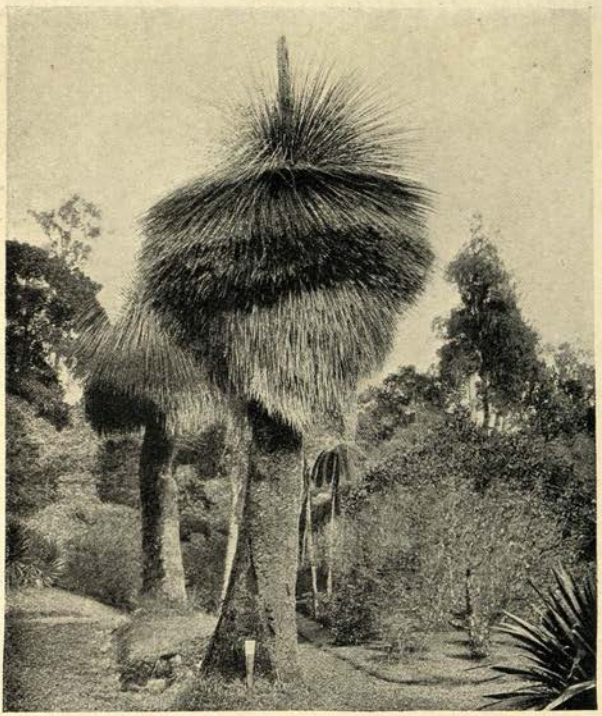
ally won by the Chinese, who pulled every one over. These sports, in which all participate, so please the natives of all sorts, and make them fond of British rule. To keep people happy and good-humoured is everything. The pity is that they are learning that there are other great nations coming forward as rivals.

The Dallas Company is here playing in *San Toy* and *The Belle of New York*. As I have travelled with them elsewhere on a mail-boat they receive me like an old friend when I see them about. I have been at all sorts of things, and out in the country, hoping to see a tiger eating four Chinamen, as I am told they do daily. These tigers swim over the Straits from Johore and come quite near the town and lunch on the Chinese—perhaps so, but I have not seen it, and they might have thought of arranging it for my benefit for one day at least.

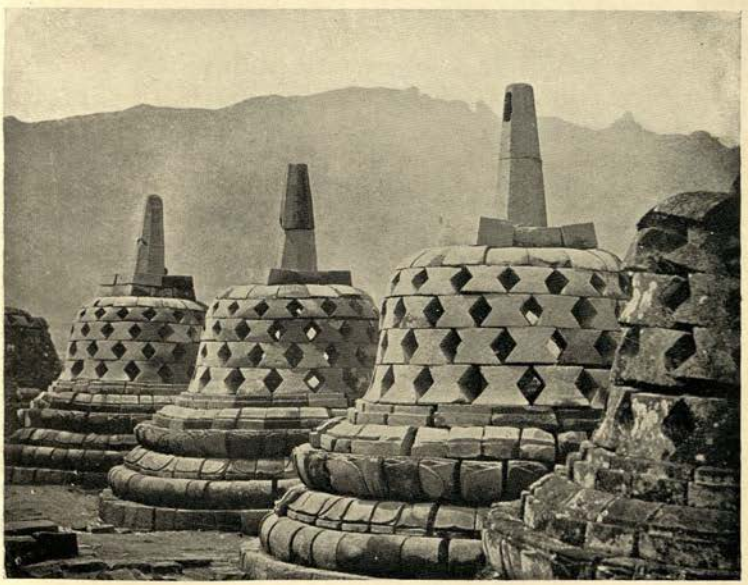
Wright has gone, and I went out with him to the Japanese mail-boat to see him off. It lay miles out at sea. We went out in a launch, and as every one mounted the ship's gangway, I saw them all speak to a gold-laced-capped individual who stood at the top; when I got up I barely glanced at him, but said, "Steward, what time does this launch go back to the shore?"

"I am not the steward," he answered; "I am a British naval officer come to see a friend away." Profuse apologies from me, but I added, "Well, you should not stand at the top of the gangway just as if you were going to show every one their cabin." He laughed, said I was right, and moved away.

Some important Chinese personage was leaving, and his womenkind were on board to see him off, and were full of curiosity, running about poking their noses in everywhere. Just as a dainty little



GRASS TREE.



TERRACE WITH CUPOLAS.

BORO BOEDOER, JAVA.

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Chinese woman—looking like a porcelain figure—went to the top of the ladder to the lower deck up came a little Japanese officer, and it was quite amusing to watch the bows and smiles and polite little flirtation between Japan and China. Every one said there was plenty of time, and I went to the saloon to have a glass of champagne with Wright. When I came on deck the launch was gone, so was every boat, and the anchor was coming up—the mail-boat actually starting. Here was a situation, for I had no desire to be carried off to Ceylon! At last, by violent signalling and holding up money, we induced a Chinese sampan to come alongside, and I slid down a rope and arrived in a heap on top of its crew! I was just in time, as the next minute the steamer was off.

Then I looked round at my situation. The little sampan had a wet, slippery deck, half of which was under water, with nothing to keep one from slipping overboard. The crew consisted of a Chinese woman and three tiny children, the youngest being a baby. To the back of the baby was tied a large chunk of wood. I soon saw the use of it. When it fell overboard it floated; the mother took a long pole with a hook, and just hooked it back again! They were all at first frightened of me, but being alarmed about the child (and myself, though I was not going to show it—for I had no log of wood on my back), I took possession of its little wet body, and the mother smiled, and signified it was quite safe. She and the two other little mites managed that boat marvellously, and soon we were all the best of friends. I was sitting (and sitting tight, too) on the wet, sloping deck nursing the wet baby, whilst another little kiddie was hanging over my back with its arms round my neck nearly throttling me—but we were all beaming and joking.

All the same, it was a long sail, as we had to tack so much, and I simply marvelled at the cleverness of that little woman. I was relieved when we got to the pier at last, which was crowded with people, who regarded our arrival with astonishment, as they well might, for it is not the custom in Singapore for European men to go out in small sampans with Chinese women! Moreover, I was dripping wet, and took such an affectionate farewell of that boat's crew that it seemed queerer than ever. She was such a nice woman, and the tiny children quite fascinating. I took care they did not bring me ashore for nothing, and left them all waving and smiling "Good-bye." Then I mounted the steps to the top of the pier, shook the wet off me like a dog over the gaping crowd, and walked away without giving them any explanation.

I don't know when I am leaving for Hong-Kong, China, Japan, and America—just when I am tired of Singapore, and that is not yet. People are kind here, it is all very pleasant, I like the gaiety and colour of it all, and feel quite loth to commence travelling again. I have been back to the *Stettin* for another farewell—but already New Guinea seems like a dream, and as if it were long ago since I was there. My "little ship" that is to bear me on is a big German liner, and I hear that the goodwill of various distinguished German naval and military officers, going sooner or later by one of the boats to join the allied forces at Pekin, has been bespoken for me, and that there is no fear of my not being taken care of—valuable me! Both Captain Niedermayer and Captain Dunbar have been most kind, and the latter intends seeing me off when I go, and introducing his distinguished compatriots.

I hate this continual saying of "Good-bye," and when I like people, wish they would just settle

down round me for a time, but it is for ever "Move on, please," till we make the final move without return tickets. Anyway, one has not been "a ship that passeth in the night," and gave no one greeting on the way, and that is something. Little memories linger; a little gladness here, a little sympathy there, a helpful word that cheers and encourages, that lightens the stony way—all has been gain. We know what has been in the past, can think of it, dream of it, laugh over it, and maybe weep over it—but the future—— Where are you going, little ship; little ship, oh, where are you going?

IV

CHINA AND JAPAN

HONG-KONG,
22nd January 1901.

I CERTAINLY was very reluctant to leave Singapore, but, after all, I was on my way home, if in somewhat leisurely fashion, and I had to move on ; so, on the evening of Saturday, 5th January, I boarded the *Hamburg*, a large, high, gorgeously decorated N.G.L. boat. We did not, however, sail till 1 p.m. on the next day.

Captain Dunbar came on board to say " Goodbye," and made a point of presenting me to the Captain—a big, burly, gruff German—and also to two German naval men, Captain Gadeke of S.M.S. *Irene*, and Captain Gildermeister.

Being a newcomer on this ship I was placed at a side-table at dinner, where the chief engineer, the doctor, a young German, and two Dutchmen had places, and I presumed I was breaking into a friendly little party. The Dutchmen, however, I soon discovered, never opened their lips to any one.

It happens that on all these big German liners in the East it is announced everywhere that English is spoken, and it is even printed across your ticket. I was placed between the chief engineer and the young German, the doctor occupying the end of the table. To be polite, I

commenced speaking to the engineer in English, but got nothing but Yes and No from him, and after a time gave it up. At breakfast in the morning it was the same, and no conversation of any sort took place, they all ignoring my presence.

But at last I heard the doctor say to his neighbour, in German, that he ought to speak to me, and in English. The other said he did not see why he should. The doctor then said they were supposed to speak English to any passengers, as, of course, English people never knew German.

"It is a German boat," said the other; "let him speak German."

I was secretly amused, and took no notice, but presently, more by accident than intending it, asked the steward for something in German —and ignored the little flutter that went round the table.

When I went on deck after breakfast I was joined by the two German naval men, and the Captain came up to do the civil. Then a man spoke to me and said he remembered meeting me in Hanover at the famous *Reitschule* there—the Military Riding School, where so many cavalry officers are trained—and introduced himself as Major Count Franz Anton Magnis of the 2nd Guard Uhlan Regiment. I could not recall him, but surprised him by saying I had known very well his brother, Count Wilhelm Magnis of the Bonn Hussars, and had met his cousin, Count Deym, son of a former Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London, and of course we had other mutual acquaintances in officer circles in Germany. This Count Magnis was on his way to Pekin to join Count Waldersee's staff.

My table companions thus beheld me seated in "the highest circles" of the ship, and probably

made inquiries about me, for lo and behold! when I went down to lunch I was received with most edifying politeness, and gushed over in English by every one save the two Dutchmen. Nothing was good enough for me then, and the doctor said that a mistake had been made, and I ought to have been placed beside the Captain! I said I was all right where I was; but, strange to say, and I am sure to their great wonderment, I devoted all my conversation to the two Dutchmen opposite, who gradually thawed, and afterwards confided to me that they had been so ignored by their table companions that they had ceased to speak at all. As I am sometimes amiable, but not very often, I at the next meal had them all talking and arguing as if they were bosom friends—but not one word of German would I understand! There was mean spite, wasn't it?

It was quite late in the evening of Thursday the 10th when we entered the harbour of Hong-Kong—but what a magnificent sight! All the shipping in the harbour and the town right up to the Peak blazing with electric lights—it was like a fairy illumination! In the morning we moved into the dock at Kowloon. Many warships of various nations lay in the harbour, and it was crowded with other craft, including Chinese junks and sampans. Fine houses cluster above the town right up to the Peak, 1000 feet high above it, and the effect is very fine.

It was only last year that Kowloon Peninsula with its Hinterland became British, but there is quite a town at Kowloon, with forts, barracks, an hotel, and wharfs. Now good roads run inland on the mainland for six miles, and the mountains which dominated Hong-Kong are ours, and not the source of danger they were. Ferry-boats ply across the harbour to Victoria, the town, though

I cannot say I ever heard it called Victoria, as people merely speak of Hong-Kong.

How proud one feels when one remembers that this was once merely a barren, fever-stricken rock; and behold what the British have made of it—a healthy, very beautiful, and most imposing place! I had not realised that it was really as beautiful as I found it to be.

I was soon installed in a large room in that well-known huge caravanseri, the Hong-Kong Hotel, with three sprightly Chinese "boys" in attendance. One "boy" was about sixty, the others not quite so ancient. The town was full of animation, people in "chairs" and rickshaws trotting about in every direction, crowds of blue-jackets and our Indian soldiers—there was no end to the variety of costumes or the play of light and colour. There are very handsome buildings and private houses. There is a railway up to the Peak, but I liked toiling up the steep, winding ways, watching the people and the lines of coolies carrying up bricks on slings across their shoulders. What loads they carry, men and women, and how ceaseless the movement. I amused myself very well, and explored as much of Hong-Kong and the Kowloon mainland as I had time for. When out in the country I once met a Chinaman tearing along with a rickshaw in which lolled a dead-drunk and sleeping blue-jacket, whose face and clothes gave evidence of a battle. As I could not see where the Chinaman could be taking him in such a condition *out of* Kowloon, I stopped him, woke up the blue-jacket, who was quite incapable of understanding anything, and insisted on their returning to the town, and had the satisfaction later of seeing the sailor being safely convoyed by some of his own comrades.

A pretty little garden is perched above the town at Hong-Kong, and I often sat there and watched the things that went on round me.

There was a little smoking-room in the hotel, upstairs, dedicated to the use of people staying in the hotel, the public smoking, bar, and billiard rooms being below. I usually had this room to myself; but one evening an officer in naval uniform came in, and we remained talking till the place was closed and he had to leave to go up to the Peak where he was living—but a more entertaining man I had not met for long, and we had a charming evening. He told me some interesting things about the operations at Tientsin and elsewhere, and on my complaining that one never saw our flag anywhere almost, even here in our own possession, whilst the flags of other nations were fluttering wherever they could hoist them, and that surely it was a great mistake, he quite agreed with me, and told me that when the allied forces were engaged in operations and hoisting their flags everywhere, even on mud-banks on the river, actually our men had not sufficient flags to hoist where needful. He had, he said, been very severe with the officers on his ship over this.

But the smoking-room brought me other acquaintances who afforded me great amusement.

On Sunday evening two small boys came in and sat down at the other side of the table. Said one to the other—

"Have a drink, old chap?"

"Don't mind if I do."

"What will you have—the usual?"

The bell was rung and the waiter loftily ordered to bring "two lemonades"!

But when the lemonades came, alas! they had not between them sufficient money to pay for them! So I asked if they would have a drink with me.

"You're very kind—don't mind if we do. But you must have a drink with us some other time." "All right;" and so over the lemonades we became good friends, and I learnt they were the two principal actors in the Children's Opera Company then performing in the town, and which was the rage, with good reason, as this Children's Company in the *Geisha* and *The Belle of New York* were really wonderful—in fact, quite fascinating. They gave two performances a day, both to huge audiences, the gallery being packed with enthusiastic bluejackets. The company, numbering somewhere about fifty, all lived in the hotel, and were soon informed "He's all right," and adopted me as one of themselves. They were extremely well cared for and looked after; and the larger and older girls were most important damsels. The golden youth of Hong-Kong vowed these bigger girls were not really only thirteen or fourteen years old, but much older, but they were all genuine children despite their coquettish grown-up airs, as I had plenty of opportunity of learning, for they took possession of me in a body and seemed to consider me to be there for their benefit.

It was very hot, and I had found a long cane chair in a cool corner of a balcony and appropriated it, and there they knew they could always find me.

But, however charming and clever were these children, what is one to say of that fairy little dot of a thing who played *The Belle of New York*—a tiny, charming, fascinating person? She was a lovely child, and a real child, and on the stage was too delightful for words. I lost my heart completely, and worshipped her.

They had two performances a day, and a rehearsal—in that heat—so she was always

tired and often had a headache. Whilst the others flooded the staircases and rooms, always full of boisterous spirits, she loved to come and sit on the foot of my long chair, and she liked, too, to take my hand and press it hard against her aching brow, always declaring it sent the headache away.

"It is so quiet round you," she often said.

Once in a London drawing-room a lady astonished every one by suddenly rising and coming towards me.

"Do you know," she said, "that you are simply full of magnetism—that you have a great gift, and could even cure people by laying hands on them?"

"I have never been aware of it," I answered, laughing, and of course surprised.

"Yes, indeed you have. But you have never studied it or cultivated it, and, therefore, you have misused a wonderful gift God has given you!"

"But what am I to do?" I asked helplessly, believing the lady, whom I did not know, to be—well—odd!

"You must study the subject, and learn how to cultivate this great gift. I felt it the minute you came into the room. You extract the vitality from other people."

"Do you mean I bore and tire them?—if so——"

"Oh no! but people like you can, if they will, draw vitality from others. You could live to be a hundred. You are a most magnetic person."

The lady talked a lot more of this sort of thing, and quite alarmed me, but stirred my curiosity, so after this I was often to be seen in the Row or at parties, sitting very close to healthy, rotund old ladies endeavouring to will their exuberant health out of them, but I cannot say I ever felt successful; and when it came to my hunting out

all the pretty girls I knew and saying, "Please, may I lay hands on you?" they only replied indignantly (you see I am not young and attractive!), "Most certainly not!" and when I attempted to explain, they would say, "What impudence!—don't you dare! Try it on somebody else!"

So how am I to experiment with this great gift? I never thought it a bit nice of those pretty girls, and no one wants to lay hands on an ugly one.

But here was the little Belle of New York who proved there was some truth in it, for whenever her head ached she loved to take my hand and press her brow hard against it.

Now the young ladies of the troupe were greatly run after by all the midshipmen of the fleet, and the whole company was frequently invited to tea on this or that warship. The midshipmen came in bands to the hotel, laden with offerings, and what flirtations went on! My cool corner was a favourite resort, and they treated me as if I did not exist. The airs and graces of those young ladies afforded me unending diversion. I believe pretty and popular actresses receive many offerings in the shape of jewels, fans, flowers, gloves, and even silk stockings! So I am told—and, indeed, I have seen it. But these very youthful ones cared nothing for such things, and the offerings brought them were bonbons and chocolates. The staircases and corridors of the hotel were daily strewn with empty chocolate boxes and silver paper!

As a friend I came in for some of this, as now and again some girl, bethinking herself of my lonely state, would descend on me and try to force a chocolate into my mouth; but frequently the delicacy looked as if it had been tried and

rejected, so I was always "so unselfish" and refused to deprive them of one.

There was quite jealousy between the different ships over these young ladies.

One day, however, they had been invited on board a certain ship—the whole company. They always had to be fetched by the middies and brought safely back. This day the gallant sailors did not arrive at the proper time, and when half an hour had gone by, a whole shoal of indignant and offended damsels descended on me, voicing loud complaints. How dared the middies keep *them* waiting! No, they would not go at all—no, not they!

I pleaded the cause of the absent, endeavoured to reason—to reason with women, and these creatures were little women!—talked of duty and how "England expected," and all the rest. But when a full hour had gone, feeling rose to tragic heights. I was urged, entreated, threatened, cajoled, and I know not what, to go to the ship and find out the reason of this shocking desertion. Only the Belle of New York, sitting quietly on the foot of my long chair, was silent.

"But," said I, "if I went to the ship they might be angry and hit me with a marline-spike."

"What was a marline-spike?"

I had no idea.

"Oh! one of those things sailors hit people on the head with."

"Oh, *do* go!" they screamed in chorus, and they were wildly excited over this, and the ungrateful little hussies nearly pulled me out of my chair, imploring me to go and be marline-spiked! They urged and entreated and said, "But you are a man, and won't mind it."

Only the Belle of New York made dissenting gestures, and threw me entreating looks which

I did not understand. But I was thereby encouraged to resist going to be marline-spiked.

The midshipmen came at last—hot, breathless, flustered, laden with chocolates and apologies—but they were not listened to, were most haughtily repulsed; there were tossing heads and disdainful pouts—but sidelong glances at the chocolates—and the most emphatic "Noes," which were meant to be "Yes-es" in the end. Real women these.

The midshipmen appealed to me, and after a time I succeeded in making peace, and, by representing that unless they went at once it would be too late, got rid of them all. Not all, though—for the Belle of New York was tired—would not go—whispered, "I want to stay with *you*!" So, when all was quiet, she smiled an ineffable smile on me; I moved to one side, and she crept up, turned round and nestled into a corner of the chair, placed my hand on her forehead, gave a big sigh of relief—and was sound asleep in a minute! Poor, tired little creature; her head rested on my outstretched arm, which grew perfectly numb and stiff, but it might have dropped off ere I would have moved it. I do not believe there is anything so beautiful in life as a little child asleep—and I just loved this one.

It is the thing to go from Hong-Kong to Macao, the Portuguese place, for week-ends; but I went on a Tuesday. I left my room and all my belongings in charge of my three Chinese boys. The steamboat took three hours to reach Macao, was clean and good, and Captain Clarke was most entertaining. There were two English ladies on board—an elderly one and a young and pretty one. In the dining-saloon hung cutlasses and loaded guns for the use of the passengers should the Chinese attempt anything, and Chinese sailors, armed with sword, pistol, and gun, stood on guard

over the hatchways leading to the lower deck, where hundreds of Chinese were padlocked down —for some of these might be pirates. This has been the custom since an affair that occurred on this or one of the other boats.

It happened that on one occasion the Captain and passengers being at lunch, and only one sea-sick passenger left on deck, a crowd of Chinese pirates, disguised as passengers, rushed the deck, shot the sea-sick passenger ere he could give the alarm, and killed and wounded the Captain and others as they rushed up, then imprisoned the survivors and looted the ship. It was an arranged thing, and they had junks in waiting, so they escaped. Some were afterwards caught and beheaded and some imprisoned.

Captain Clarke kept a sharp look-out on all junks which came near us.

The harbour of Macao looked very pretty as we entered it—the sweep of it is supposed to resemble a miniature Bay of Naples. As a harbour it is now no use, as it is silting up. Macao is a small, rocky peninsula connected by a sandy causeway with the Island of Heung Shan, and is on the west shore of the entrance of the estuary of the Chu-kiang or Pearl River, which again is joined farther north by the Si-kiang or West River, which rises in Yunnan, flows east for 600 miles through Kwangsi province, and at Wuchan Fu enters Kwantung, and then after 200 miles forms the Chu-kiang. Now you know all about it, and that "Kiang" means "river," so, like me, you can speak a little Chinese.

Portuguese traders founded Macao in 1557; the Dutch under Admiral Rezersy van Derzton attacked it in 1622, but were repulsed. The Portuguese paid the Chinese an annual rent of 500 taels up to 1848, but in that year Governor

[*Photo, Lambert, Singapore.*

SINGAPORE.

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Ferreira Amaral refused any longer to continue the payment, and drove the Chinese authorities out of the place; and in 1887 it was finally and fully ceded to Portugal. After the foundation of Hong-Kong in 1841 trade decreased.

At present it seems half moribund; there is no life in the streets, and it has a distinct air of having seen better days. The Boa Vista Hotel is quite a good building and has prettily laid out terraces descending to the sea. Captain Clarke, of the boat I came over in, owns and runs it, and he and his wife seem to manage well—though in truth it seemed really to be managed by Chinese "boys." My bedroom window had a pleasant outlook over the town and harbour.

I referred to two English ladies who came over in the same boat. They were the guests in Macao of an English naval officer, who had with him a junior officer, and they greeted the ladies on arrival. Jinrickshas from the hotel were in waiting, and I, entering one, was hauled to the hotel with these other people. Chinese waiters received us, we all registered our names at the same time, and we and our baggage were carted upstairs together. Arrived on the landing, the Chinese boy turned to me and said—

"Which lady belong you, sir?"

"Neither!" I gasped.

"What! That man he got two ladies!"

I fled into my room, the ladies into theirs, and I heard stifled peals of laughter from the ladies' room, and had a suspicion that the old one was putting a pillow on the head of the younger!

But to return to Macao itself. The only vehicles in the streets were rickshaws and chairs. There were some quaint old houses, forts crowning every eminence, and bits of picturesque walls here and there.

The Praya Granda is the esplanade facing the sea, and here is the Government House, a pale blue house with white pillars, the Consulates, and some handsome private houses, some of which are painted in pale pink, blue, and green. It is certainly a pretty place, but seemed asleep.

After dinner that evening I did what is the usual thing, and went to the Chinese fantan or gambling-house. I walked down alone through a street crowded with Chinese, lined with Chinese shops, open to the street. Seeing some little bits of porcelain I liked, I went in and bought them, but in pretending to give me back my change the Chinaman in the shop kept back most of it. On my naturally objecting, he became most insolent and called out things in Chinese to the others, and instantly the shop filled and they began to hustle me. I only realised then that I had done a silly thing coming out at night alone into this Chinese part. An old Chinaman, however, rushed in, harangued the others, pulled me out, and simply bundled me into the gambling-house, which was opposite, warning me to be careful what I did, and not to come out alone like that at night.

The fantan house was a dirty place, open in the roof to a room above, a rail running round this opening, and there above were the naval officers and the ladies letting down their money in a basket. I sat at the table amidst a mob of Chinese, with other excited half-naked Chinese sprawling over my back. The game was simple enough. I loathe gambling, do not like winning money (strange as it may seem!), and it does not amuse me in the least. I was doing it this night merely to see what the place was like and study the gambling Chinese. Yet, strange to say, whenever I put my money down I won, and so I scraped in quite a pile of dollars—I found after-

wards I had enough to pay my total expenses in Macao! When tired of it, the heat, and the Chinese perfume, I departed, and was quite surprised that my former enemies in the street did not see that that was the time to molest me, overflowing with ill-gotten wealth as I was. Every one comes from Hong-Kong for the week-end or a few days to indulge in this pastime, but, according to my old-fashioned ideas, it is a strange taste that brings ladies into such a place.

The following morning I hired a rickshaw and two Chinese boys and explored Macao. The streets of the town are narrow and often steep. I dislike a rickshaw very much, and still more do I dislike being drawn about by a panting and perspiring runner; but, of course, here it is the usual thing.

I went first to the ruins of the church of San Paulo, the façade of which is alone remaining, and it is a conspicuous object from every quarter. It was destroyed by fire in 1835. It is approached by long, steep flights of steps under which is said to be a vault containing treasure, and subterranean passages, leading to Guia fort, and under the sea for a mile to Green Island.

I was not a bit impressed by this tale of treasure. If it was there no one would have allowed me to dig it up, and what is the good of treasure in a vault anyway?

I inspected a silk factory in a dirty Chinese village, where numbers of women were spinning—a curious sight; then to Porta di Cerco—the barrier on the causeway which joins Macao and the island. Near this part are mud-flats in the sea-shallows where oysters are cultivated. The men go over the mud on planks with great ease and at some pace. "Flora," the country residence of the Governor, is also near—a villa with a very charming

Chinese garden laid out in terraces with balustrades of turquoise blue and green porcelain. There are also public gardens, the paths and grass bordered with miniature white railings a few inches high, which had a quaint and pleasing effect.

I had made a long tour of the island and was trundling along peacefully by the edge of the sea when my coolies suddenly stopped, exchanged remarks, and one said to me, "You killee me."

"Well, you silly old thing," I replied, "why do you let yourself be killed?"

So I alighted, gave them cigarettes, and we all sat on the shore to rest. When we resumed our return journey I told them to go quietly, and the consequence was they walked all the way! A rickshaw when the coolie walks is a foolish business. We stopped near the town to watch the funniest football match I had seen for long. Portuguese, English, and a Chinaman were playing. The latter, in his wide flapping trousers and his pigtail flying, was very comical.

Then, as usual with me, I discarded the rickshaw and walked everywhere—I always thought it was what legs were for. When strolling under the banyan trees on the Praya Granda—where, by the by, there is a Military club and a Union club—one of my coolies in attendance, a band of three Portuguese police with a Chinese prisoner caught up to us. The four of them and my coolie entering into an animated conversation, I asked what it was about, and learnt that the Chinese prisoner was being taken there and then to execution—to be beheaded. We accompanied them part of the way, whilst I asked questions, I bestowing cigarettes on them all, including the condemned man—who was perfectly at ease and quite cheerful, and smiled upon me in the most friendly way in thanking me for the cigarettes. They

were most anxious I should go with them—I believe even the prisoner wanted it—but I was horrified when I realised the thing, and that the smiling, cigarette-smoking wretch was going to his death! To the great disappointment of my coolie I turned back ere we reached the place. There was something so careless and callous about it all—on this lovely, bright, sunshiny day, too. But it is a fact that death has little terror for a Chinaman, and this one did not seem to realise what it meant.

On the Leal Senado (Municipal Chambers) is an inscription—"*Cidade do nome de Deos não ha ontra mais leal*," which is, "City of the name of God, there is none more loyal." This inscription was placed there by command of King Dom João IV., at the time of the restoration of the Portuguese Monarchy, as a recognition of the loyalty of the Macaenses in giving their allegiance to Portugal instead of to Spain.

Mr. Chun Fong, a Chinese millionaire, has a fine house on the Praya Granda and a country house at the village of Wong Mo-Tsai, which was his native place. His history shows how much the world is alike everywhere.

As a poor country lad he went to California, and from there to the Sandwich Islands, where he amassed a fortune, becoming, according to the tale, the wealthiest man there. After forty years' absence he returned to his native place, purchased land, and built himself a beautiful house surrounded by fine gardens, and no doubt was ambitious of founding a family and becoming a personage.

But the great attraction for me, and what really had brought me to Macao, was Camoëns' garden and grotto. Here I spent many pleasant hours with his great poem in my hand. The

gardens are quaint in themselves, with great masses of granite boulders, and they were given to the town by Lourenço Marques.

Luis de Camoëns was born in Lisbon in 1524. In 1545 he fell in love with Senhora Donna Catherina de Athayde, one of Queen Catherine's ladies of honour, and for that was banished by King John II. to Santarem, on the Tagus, and later was sent to Ceuta, in Africa, to serve as a soldier. He lost his right eye in a fight with pirates in Morocco. He went to the East in 1550, and at Goa received news of the death of his beloved Donna Catherina. He then became an ardent patriot and commenced writing his famous epic *Os Lusiadis*. He wrote a satire on the Portuguese Government at Goa, was banished to the Moluccas for a year, and was then made Administrator of Estates of Absentees and Dead at Macao; but on his voyage there he was wrecked off the coast of Cambodia, near the mouth of the Wukong, and lost everything save the MS. of his poem.

It was in the Holy City—that is, Macao—he spent many hours in these gardens finishing the *Lusiad*. The grotto—where he wrote and thought—is formed of natural granite boulders, amongst which is placed his bust. Sir John Davis, Sir John Bowring, Rienzi, and others of various nationalities have written poems in his honour, and these, inscribed on tablets, are affixed to the rocks.

He died at Lisbon, and is it necessary to say, in great distress and poverty?

I do not think his immortal work is much read now in England—or perhaps in Europe. But when I first entered Camoëns' garden I felt I had won another great goal in my pilgrimage, and my face was hot and my heart fluttering at the thought of it.

That being so, it can be guessed what it meant to me to saunter through those shady paths or sit in that grotto, and read what he had written on that spot. The scene I looked on he had looked on, the very fragrance that was in the air he too had inhaled, and there were his words composed and written on the spot! No wonder he is a very real person to me, and that the music of his words raises pictures for me others may not perhaps see.

When he sailed for the East his last words of reproach to Portugal were—

"Ungrateful country! thou shalt not even possess my bones." But even in that he was defeated. I believe it was an Englishman, Mr. Fitz-Hugh, who at Macao did so much to make these gardens a monument to the poet.

But his real monument is his undying poem, and where his enemies have passed into oblivion Camoëns lives—or, as he says himself in the charming lines of the epic—

> "The King or hero to the muse unjust
> Sinks as the nameless slave, extinct in dust."

When I departed from Macao at eight o'clock one morning, it was to enter into a dense fog, in which the steamboat lay at rest for nearly two hours, the Captain keeping a sharp look-out on the junks, whose sails now and then loomed near us through the grey blanket. It was a strange experience lying motionless there in that grey world, with hundreds of incessantly talking Chinese padlocked down on the deck below us. Suppose, in the fog, a swarm of yellow-faced figures had suddenly boarded and overpowered us, and liberated those hundreds below us?—it might easily have been. And though I like the Chinese, I have always said that I should have a horror

of being put to death by them. I do not know why, but the repulsion at the idea is there.

When I reached the hotel at Hong-Kong I was welcomed by my three Chinese boys, conducted to my room, and there was surprised to find that, quite unasked for, all my belongings had been overhauled, my clothes washed and mended, and everything arranged in perfect order!

How delighted the good creatures were that I was pleased! And not a thing would they let me do for myself after that.

The day following my return, when walking in the street, I saw a familiar face being trundled past in a rickshaw, and on overhauling it was amused and pleased to find it was Father M'Clymont.

Before I had left England I had seen him, and neither he nor I had had any idea of being in China. Now I found he was R.C. Chaplain to the Fleet. Having lunched together, I accompanied him to the Naval Hospital and through its wards. There were some wounded officers, midshipmen, and bluejackets there. One of the midshipmen showed me some of the Pekin loot which he had purchased. One article was an elaborate diamond encrusted watch. Dr. Keoch showed me everything I wished to see.

We then went up to the Peak, where it was a little cold and foggy; but a magnificent scene lay spread out below us.

It was the two hundredth anniversary of the Prussian kingdom, and all the warships in the harbour fired twenty-one guns in honour of the event. The noise was terrific and it looked as if a battle was going on.

With Father M'Clymont I went on board the commodore's ship, the *Tamar*, to tea and met many naval men. The commodore lived on board with

his family: the ship was a permanent institution and was roofed in. Then to the club, a handsome and comfortable building, with a good library, and had a game of billiards. From the club balcony, too, I watched various cricket matches.

Another day we inspected the prison, which was a clean, bright, airy place, cells and all being very well kept. A little garden of palms in tubs decorated the site of the scaffold, standing on the trap-door, which opened, when there was an execution, to allow of the drop to the cavity below. There were many prisoners, mostly Chinese, some of whom were there for life, and many for nine or seven years. Some of them were pirates, supposed to be of those who had looted the Macao boat, as I have related. Looking through the little window in a cell door I was startled to recognise in the European prisoner within—who was unconscious of my scrutiny—a young Englishman who had been on the *Hamburg* with me. It seems he had embezzled money in the Malay States and had run away, being, of course, at once arrested on arriving at Hong-Kong. He was awaiting trial, and looked despairingly miserable, poor youth. Naturally, there had been no escape for him, as the people in the Malay States simply wired to Hong-Kong to have him arrested.

What I did not like in this prison was to see numbers of bluejackets there for trivial offences—such as breaches of discipline and the like—mingled with the Chinese thieves and murderers, surely an unnecessary degradation for the sailors, and in many ways a great mistake.

ENGLAND, 1901.

Canton has always been noted as being a turbulent place, and just at this time, with all the

trouble in Pekin going on, it was not an abode of roses. When the Chaplain and I proposed going, the naval people made many objections. It was not safe, they said; we would probably (especially His Reverence) be stoned and have mud thrown at us, if nothing worse, and that would mean trouble; and the worst was that our Government (so like it!) would permit no retaliation for insults or attacks. Some naval men had been attacked, but had just to put up with it, and no strangers had gone up for some time.

Scottish and Irish blood is not damped by tales of that sort, so we left at 5.30 one afternoon for Canton, but such a thick fog came on that we were anchored all night in the river, and only reached our destination at eleven the next morning, seeing very little on the way owing to the fog. We went to the hotel on Shameen, and at once engaged Ah Cum John, the third son of Ah Cum, the famous guide, that family having the privilege of acting as guides to strangers. Ah Cum John was very intelligent and amusing, and looked after us very well. Hearing that lunch had to be provided from the hotel, I ordered two pint bottles of champagne to be taken with it.

Shameen, the foreign settlement, is an island in the river, formed out of a mud-flat, and is laid out with handsome houses, trees, and promenades—the consulates and the hotel being there. The bridges joining it to the city of Canton have gates, and are guarded by Chinese soldiers. No Chinaman, save the servants of the foreigners, is ever allowed on the island. The gunboats of the different Powers lie in the river on the other side, with their guns trained across Shameen, on the city of Canton, ready to fire if necessary.

But an enormous floating population lives entirely on the river; it is one mass of junks, sampans,

and boats of all descriptions, so that, in the event of trouble, the Chinese need only step across this mass of craft and on to the island. Here, too, are the "flower-boats," where gay, painted Chinese ladies dispense tea, give concerts, and otherwise provide all the pleasures dear to Chinese or Europeans.

Preceded by Ah Cum John in a closed chair, we set out in open ones, each borne by two coolies, into the Chinese city. The streets are about six feet wide, having a ditch in the centre, the shops lining them are open to the street in front; banners of all sorts and colours hang from above, completely shutting out what little air could in any case penetrate into these dirty, unsavoury little streets which "smell to heaven"!

Indeed, the smell of China—which Captain Niedermayer of the *Stettin* used to say you could *hear* miles out at sea—is an all-pervading thing, which never leaves you, and which you seem to carry away with you and even taste at all times.

Borne along thus in chairs through these streets our brains became dizzy with the heat, smell, and the phantasmagoria of the endless yellow faces passing on either side without a break.

I had no idea what we were to do or see, and was resigned to following our leader. We went to see the rice-paper painting shop—the paper being really made from the pith of a tree—then to see the kingfisher feather workers. The feathers of the blue major are cemented into gold and silver filigree jewellery, giving the appearance of delicate enamel. The designs are small and intricate and the general effect very beautiful. It is most delicate and trying work, done by boys, and the result to them is often blindness. It is said it is to be abolished; if so, the articles which exist will become of very great

value. I have always had the greatest admiration for this beautiful work.

The temple of the five hundred genii has rows of Buddhas, including Marco Polo, the famous Italian traveller. It is said to have been founded 500 A.D., and the temple and courts are large. Amongst its "treasures" are a white marble pagoda given by the Emperor Kien Lung, and an ordinary-looking blue and white porcelain jar of priceless worth, given by "a rich man."

We had our kodaks, entered the temples with our hats on and smoking cigarettes, as both Ah Cum John and the interested crowd accompanying us insisted we should do so. Naturally we would never have done so otherwise. It was a friendly, amused, and interested crowd. What was most curious was that, when we entered a shop to buy things, strong bars were placed across the entrance to keep the crowd out. But the cameras and our purchases were left lying in our chairs outside, for no one would touch them! I should have said that we had no money with us. Ah Cum John paid everything, and we settled with him on our return to the hotel.

Chinamen, like most Eastern races, enjoy a joke, and I had entirely got the right side of my two coolies by proposing, when we once stopped for a rest, they should get inside the chair and that I should carry them. This seemed to them too funny for words, and they kept relating it to bystanders, who also seemed to think it excruciatingly funny. Get people amused and they are very ready to do anything for you.

We bargained for embroideries in a shop, and had a most animated time with a very portly old Chinaman who evidently enjoyed the bargaining; and soon he was in high good humour too. I insisted I must take his photograph; he was

immensely pleased and equally amused over the posing. He shook all over with laughter when I said he was a very fine-looking man, and, stretching out one finger, touched his waistcoat button and added, "And so much of you!" This he considered a compliment.

But soon my brain was in a whirl with the unending sea of faces, the heat, and closeness, and I wanted to see no more. Men sitting in their shops called out "Pekin! Pekin!" and made the action of cutting off their heads. I always responded, "Pekin you!—cut *your* head off," which again they thought quite funny.

At last we arrived at the walls of the city, where were here and there a few friendly soldiers in their quaint garb. We went along the walk on top of the wall, which is decorated here and there with obsolete old cannon. Looking beyond the walls was a sea of graves, and here and there a mound surmounted by a more imposing tomb. At last we came to the foot of the seven-storied pagoda which crowns a high point of the wall, and here I went on strike and refused to leave the chair, expressing myself indifferent to the view said to be obtained from the top of the pagoda. When Ah Cum John and my coolies entreated, I proposed the latter should go up and see the view for me—a proposition that simply convulsed them with mirth. They offered to carry me up to the first storey, but at last I gave way and consented to carry myself so far. Arrived there, amidst shouts of laughter they began to cajole and urge me on to the next floor, and in this manner they badgered me, more to please them than myself, to do the seven storeys. Arrived on top, Ah Cum John, who was in high spirits, conducted me to the balcony, and lo and behold! there was a neatly-set-out luncheon-table, tablecloth, napkins,

and all, not forgetting the two most welcome little gold-necked bottles! I had forgotten lunch altogether—and proud and delighted were our attendants at the effect produced by this welcome sight.

This pagoda on the wall is at the extreme north of the city, and was erected over five hundred years ago. The view was extensive, the White Cloud Mountains and the river visible. The town was just a sea of roofs with the R.C. Cathedral and the towers of the pawnshops rising above it.

By the "Tartar General's Yamen" is the Flowery Pagoda, nine-storied, 300 feet high, a little off the perpendicular, and founded fourteen hundred years ago! China is no parvenu empire.

The north portion of this Yamen was formerly the British Consulate, and is surrounded by high walls. In 1859 it was used as a hospital for sick members of the British contingent. Through disuse it became the home of quantities of bats, which were destroyed by the allied Commissioners. The bat being of good omen, the Chinese regarded this as sacrilege, and when later it was destroyed by fire, they were sure it was a judgment.

We went to the temple of Confucius. He was born 550 B.C., and was descended from the Imperial house of Shang, which once ruled over China. He selected seventy-two disciples, whom he divided into four bodies: the first to study morals; the second reasoning; the third jurisprudence and government; and the fourth teaching and preaching his doctrines.

Another temple is dedicated to the five genii who, mounted on rams, visited Canton two thousand years ago, and must have been worth seeing. As they passed through the market they said, "May famine never visit this place," and then vanished. So Canton is called the "City of the

Genii," or the "City of Rams." The great bell, weighing 5 tons, and cast five hundred and fifty years ago, is the largest in China. When this bell strikes of its own accord a calamity befalls the city.

A strange place was the Examination Hall [no longer existing], where the triennial examinations for the degree of "Bachelor of Arts" takes place. It is entered by the Dragon gate, covers 20 acres, and consists of rows upon rows of stone or brick cells each 5 feet 6 inches long, 3 × 8 feet broad, and 6 feet high, all open in front. Every male of any position, from the age of eighteen to eighty, may compete for the examination. They must spend two whole days and nights shut into these cells, by a wooden grating placed in front, preparing their essays or poems, all their doings watched from a tower. At the far end are apartments for the Viceroy and Governor, and the two chief and ten junior examiners, who come from Pekin, and whose arrival is met with much noise, state ceremonies, and great fêtes. It was a most interesting place, and the idea is curious. Our next halt was in a small open space about 25 yards long by 10 broad, ending in a point at one end, whence it is called the Ma'Pan, or Horse's Head, from a fancied resemblance in form to the latter. This turned out to be the execution ground, one of the sights for tourists, used as a pottery-drying ground when not otherwise in use. I was half injured, half relieved, to find no execution was in progress. Except some skulls under a heap of rubbish, and some signs of the execution of two victims the previous day, nothing was to be seen. Other strangers have often been more "lucky."

The prisoner is brought suddenly in a basket carried by coolies. The magistrate sits at a red-covered table. The victim kneels down, and

his head is cut off with a sword. Sometimes there are rows of them to be executed, and it has been described to me how the front row, kneeling and smoking cigarettes, turns round and watches with interest the heads of the other rows coming off. Another form of execution is the Ling-chi, when they are hacked to pieces alive.

Li Hung Chang, as a result of his European tour, introduced another form by strangling, after which the bodies are hung up in cages which stand there. Not one of these "tourist sights" did we see.

The Clepsydra, or Water Clock, we did see. Three copper vessels are placed on platforms one over the other. In the bottom one is an indicator scale which rises as the water fills it, and shows the time, which is exhibited on a board outside. It has been destroyed and repaired, and has been in use over five hundred years.

A place that was curious, but not unpleasant—indeed, I liked it—was the "City of the Dead." There are small rooms, arranged and decorated like chapels, in which rest the coffins of those who die far from home, or whose families rent a room till they decide where to bury them. The outside coffin is of fine black lacquer. Tea and rice are placed every day on the "altar" for the refreshment of the corpse. There was something attractive about the place; it was carefully laid out and tended, and seemed to me an excellent idea. Some tortured-feet Tartar ladies were walking painfully about, with flowers in their hands. I am so sympathetic that to my companion's surprise I quite unconsciously went walking painfully too!

As we sat outside the hotel in the evening, a Chinese boy came and asked if we were not going to the Flower Boats, and thinking we did not

understand, ere he could be stopped, and regardless of my companion's cloth, proceeded to explain in singularly plain language what the Flower Boats were, much to my secret amusement, and the chaplain's shocked indignation!

Not having been able to see the river on our way up, we left in the *Honam* at 8 a.m., arriving at Hong-Kong at 4 p.m. There are various more or less picturesque villages with high towers—which are pawnshops—on the banks. There are forts, some armed with modern guns, and opposite to them the river is barred with iron and wooden piles and chains, leaving two passages for vessels to go through. Junks are sunk in these openings in time of war. The water life on the river is interesting, there being all sorts of quaint craft. The large junks are all armed with small cannon, and of course all Chinese boats have the two eyes in the bows, to "look-see" where they are going. We passed one junk filled with children who had been kidnapped by pirates, recaptured, and were being returned to their homes. They were a curious spectacle.

The river abounds with creeks which are the refuges of the numerous pirates, who sally forth on plunder bent. We no doubt carried many on the *Honam*, as thousands of Chinese pour in and out of Hong-Kong every day, and most look the same to us. There were also one or two Chinese gentlemen's country seats on the banks of the river—one looked a very desirable place.

Captain Jones of the *Honam*, a very pleasant, polite, and hospitable man, entertained us in his cabin and showed us some of his valuable pieces of Chinese porcelain of which he was a collector. At my request he took us down to the lower deck to see the live fish which were being brought to the Hong-Kong market. There were ten

large tanks on either side of the ship each holding half a ton of live fish—Canton river salmon, a sort of lamprey, and others; water is always being pumped in.

On arrival at Hong-Kong the sides of the tanks, which are the side of the ship, are thrown open, and out pours a silver flood of live fish into the waiting boats, which race each other to market, as the first boatload fetches a higher price than the others. It was a wonderful sight to see this silver flood issuing from the ship's side. Another wonderful sight on this lower deck was to see the seven hundred Chinese passengers, packed there like sardines with all their goods and gear. They sprawled about in every attitude, and we had to step over them and almost on them to see the tanks. They were, many of them, smoking opium. Of course, all these were kept padlocked down under heavy gratings, above which stood heavily armed Chinese guards; and in the dining-saloon, as on the Macao boat, were cutlasses and loaded guns for the use of the passengers in case of emergency.

If they had wanted to they could easily have "done for" the captain and us two whilst amongst them. It is a curious state of affairs.

The naval people in Hong-Kong were at this time all down on an indiscreetly tongued young officer. At meals they are all waited on by their Chinese "boys," and this youth one day remarked that he wondered the Chinese boys did not at a given signal fall upon them and cut their throats, much to the edification of the said Chinese boys, who might thereby have been prompted to do it.

On 23rd January I was standing in the hall of the Hong-Kong hotel when an American, with his hat in his hand, came up to me in a grave

manner and startled me by saying, "I am very sorry that I have some very bad news to tell you —Queen Victoria is dead!"

So it was I heard of the passing of the great Queen.

The news spread like wildfire through Hong-Kong; excited groups were everywhere discussing it, and the Chinese were rushing about excitedly, telling each other "Queenie Wicketoria is dead!"

That day no official notice was taken of the event, though flags were all at half-mast, but quite suddenly a wonderful hush fell upon that busy town, and its noisy teeming streets were deserted and empty. The Chinese of their own accord had closed every shop, and by nighttime were draping them in crape. It was quite curious to see the empty, quiet streets—as I said, a sudden hush fell on that town, and, indeed, on the whole East.

Out in the East and through many far-away lands and seas Queen Victoria was regarded as almost a divine being—she was the Queen of all the white people, not merely of the British; and will rank through all ages in Oriental legends and tales as a sort of half-mythical being, not as a mere woman and ruler.

There was another great name that loomed over the whole East in a curious way. It was a name spoken with respect and bated breath by every one, and one felt instinctively that here must be real greatness, or how would one man's name and personality so tower above all others? I was unable to reach Pekin, and so had no chance of meeting the great Sir Robert Hart—a disappointment, as I had known his family for years. But the way he was always spoken of, and the universal agreement as to his strong personality

and the value of his wonderful work, would have impressed any one out there. [Since those days I have often met and talked with Sir Robert Hart, and learnt to understand wherein his strong personality lay. But now the day is done, the great battle fought and won; and the great man of the East—so gentle, simple, and unaffected in manner—spent his last days in quiet seclusion in England. Lady Hart, it may be noted, is a relative of the famous Elizabeth Patterson, who was wife of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia. Sir Robert's name will for ever loom large in the annals and legends of all Eastern peoples, in a way given to few.]

The following day I went on board the German mail-boat *Sachsen*, which left at 8.30 in the morning. From the heat of Hong-Kong we soon passed into a quite cold evening. There were not many passengers, but I found on board the Dallas Theatrical Company, this being the third time I had travelled on a boat with them. Mr. Dallas and his wife and the two Misses de Worms and some others were, therefore, quite old acquaintances.

We had a cold, stormy passage along the Chinese coast; saw many islands and more junks. The sea was a dirty tinted yellow—the colour, no doubt, washed off Chinese far inland—and even the bath was so yellow and muddy one could not use the water.

We had left Hong-Kong on the morning of a Tuesday and anchored at Woosung on the Yangtze-kiang about eleven on the following Sunday morning. The only Chinese thing visible here was a village and gateway. All the German ships were beflagged for their Emperor's birthday; all ours had flags at half-mast. There is a railway from this place to Shanghai, but I went up the

river in a steam-launch. It was not interesting, as there were only shipbuilding yards, docks, and factories along its banks.

Shanghai presented the appearance of a very large, handsome town, with fine buildings along the Bund. I went to the Astor House Hotel. There were cabs, chairs, and rickshaws plying the streets. I explored many Chinese streets and the British Concession where are the best buildings, and which is the best-laid-out part of the town. As in Hong-Kong there are three classes of police —the familiar British "Bobby," the Sikh, and the Chinese. As you drive along the Bund in the British part you come to a bridge, get out, walk across it, and find yourself in the French Concession, and take another rickshaw, and there are their houses, badly paved streets, and their police. I visited, of course, the Chinese tea-house, which is after the pattern of those you see pictured on a "willow-pattern" plate. The carriages have Chinese servants in smart liveries. It was very cold and snowed in the evening.

In the morning the town was white with snow, the rickshaws and their coolies looking so odd; but soon the snow under foot was churned into disgusting mud. Shanghai did not impress me favourably at all—but, of course, I only had a glimpse of it under unfavourable aspects, and know little about it.

I left about 1 p.m. on the steam-launch to rejoin the *Sachsen*.

A rather noted man was a passenger, in the person of Colonel Olcott, of Theosophist and Madame Blavatsky fame; and with this personage I had a long talk. He had white hair and a long, flowing white beard and piercing eyes—very sharp and very clever, and we had an interesting enough conversation.

[Alas! for Tibet and all its mysteries and mahatmas and hidden wonders — our British soldiers and explorers have knocked all that on the head.]

Colonel Olcott remembered very well Count Carl Leiningen, now passed away, who had been a Theosophist, and had himself told me that he had entered the supposed mysterious Tibet, and had been "beyond the portals" into the Unknown, where I could not follow because I had not knowledge or faith enough. Colonel Olcott was much interested in all I told him about that strange, ghost-haunted, one-time monastery, Billigheim, the home of the Leiningens (the head of which family was Queen Victoria's half-brother), and how the Erbgraf Carl had, I supposed, projected his astral body over 11 miles into Schloss Neuburg on the Neckar, where I was living. It took my memory back to far other scenes—to strange days and people long passed away. [Billigheim, with its gay old Count—so fat he could scarcely get through the doors—its ghost-haunted rooms, and its more interesting, amiable young Theosophist hereditary Count, are all gone—wiped out as if they had never been! So strange is life! So kaleidoscopic!]

After a night and two days—all cold and wet and dull—we arrived late at Nagasaki, and I had my first glimpse of Japan, which was looking its worst, everything sodden with wet, and mud a foot deep in the streets. It was from this place Jimmu Tenno set out on his career of conquest, and from here the expedition of the Empress Jingo Kogo against Corea started.

Here, too, Mendez Pinto and the Portuguese landed, and the still-powerful Satsuma Clan and their Prince, before the new régime in 1868, held sway. After the expulsion of the Portuguese and

Spaniards in 1637 only the Dutch and the Chinese were allowed to trade here, until it was opened for foreign trade in 1859. There are large British and Russian colonies here. The three-mile-long narrow harbour is a good one and also very pretty.

The famous Jimmu Tenno was the first Mikado and was born 660 B.C.

Before 7 a.m. we were aroused by the Japanese Health Officers for inspection, and the ship-coaling operations began. All the coaling was done by men and young girls by passing quite small baskets with great rapidity over their heads. A C.P.R. boat had 1360 tons of coal put on board by these girls in four hours! They were ugly, thick-set creatures, but very wonderful. They all wore round their heads those cheap but wonderfully artistic towels, which you buy in rolls, and cut off a bit as you want it, and which are fascinating things.

A girl and man rowed me ashore in a sampan, and I floundered about the streets in the detestable mud. The inscriptions on the shops were in English and Russian. I had no opportunity of trying the *kin-gyoku-to*—the famous jelly made out of seaweed.

Many of the men in Japan at the first glimpse give one a shock, dressed as they are—or were on this day—in long ulsters, and fearful pot-hats of German origin!

A Scottish girl who had been a fellow-passenger landed here to be married. The Captain went with her to be a witness to the ceremony.

The picturesque islets which dot the harbour, and that group of three islands outside it, are known to the whole world by Japanese prints and drawings, and struck one as being so like those Japanese drawings, though one ought to

put it the other way. One of these, a pinnacle of rock with an arched opening through it, is ideal in beauty and form.

That night on the boat I found two new arrivals placed beside me at table. One was Lieutenant Dzjobek of the German Marines, who had been wounded in a reconnaissance near Kiaochou, where there is always a guerrilla warfare going on. His account of the incident was rather comical. He is near-sighted and wears glasses. Seeing something which he could not quite make out, he went right up to it, and too late discovered it to be an ancient Chinese gun, loaded with bullets. There were Chinese at the other end of it, and as he peered at it, they naturally let it off, and he received eight bullets in his body, some of which were still there. A few extracted he had in a little box, and I suggested that when all were recovered they would make a nice bead chain for some young lady, with a pearl between each.

He described a Chinaman coming at him with a long lance, giving him no time to think, so he could only shoot the man in the forehead, and he tumbled dead at his feet. The Chinese fought naked, their "buff" being an admirable colour for khaki, as they were invisible against the background.

The other new arrival was Captain-Lieutenant Heinrich of the German Navy, who had been four months on a hospital ship, and was bound for the hotel in Japan, where his Government had hired rooms for the officers to recruit. We rose from dinner friends.

So it was that Paul Heinrich came into my life.

We had beautiful views of the famous Inland Sea. The coast and islands were very picturesque in outline, the colours of the landscape very

soft ; and the beautiful, blue-green of the sea was dotted with white-sailed vessels and fishing boats. But it was both cold and wet when we arrived at Kobe in the evening. We stayed there all night, and left early in the morning. Kobe seems well situated at the foot of a range of hills—one peak having still snow on it. There was at Kobe a rumour of the death of Li Hung Chang, but it was incorrect. This personage was constantly dying and always being dug up again. But I wonder if Chinese ever die ?

I had left Shanghai at about midday on a Monday, and on Saturday evening was installed at the Grand Hotel in Yokohama, which town at first view presents no interesting features. But that day I had my first view of the world-famous Fujiyama, or "Fuji," as every one calls it, and its fame is well deserved.

As we approached Yokohama Pier I heard two fellow-passengers, old Jews, talking. One pointed out a female figure on the distant pier, and said, "There is my wife."

"Oh no," said the other, "that is not your wife ; it is mine."

They argued, each persisting he recognised his wife, so I interfered.

"I have heard a great deal about marriages in Japan," I said, "but if men cannot recognise their own wives, things must really be very odd. Suppose I take the lady, and that will settle it!"

They rolled about with laughter at this suggestion, declaring I might have her! But on reaching the pier I changed my mind, and generously gave her up to her real owner.

Captain Heinrich and Lieutenant Dzjobek were my frequent companions in Yokohama, and they introduced me to other German officers. One of these latter, Lieutenant K——w from Kiaochou,

was very amusing and fond of relating wonderful experiences. He described to me his first fight with the Chinese. He and the other officers had been fond of theorising as to how they would proceed, and were agreed that in a hand-to-hand fight they would strike off the heads of the Chinese with their swords. But when the time came, and Lieutenant K. was scaling a ladder at the head of his men, revolver in one hand and sword in the other, with a Chinese lance coming at him over the top, there was no time to put theories into practice, and he could only lunge at his enemy with his sword; and he described it as a most beautiful sensation as the sword went right through, and "it was just like putting your knife into butter"! So he managed to kill about twenty-five that way. I went out sometimes to the German hospital at Honemaku. The ground was granted by a Japanese gentleman for two years, he receiving a decoration from the German Emperor. The hospital was built in Japanese style—very cool, clean, simple, and pleasant—and would revert to the owner of the land, who would find it a nice country house. It was beautifully situated on top of a high perpendicular cliff, with a fine outlook over the sea, and, what the Japanese had overlooked, with a good view of the Japanese naval harbour. There were about twenty-five patients in the hospital, wounded or fever-stricken, from Pekin. Dr. Priesuhn, in charge, always had cool beer for his visitors.

I also inspected the British Naval Hospital, which occupies extensive grounds and an important position on the Bluff. The doctor in charge was very cordial and showed me everything. There were only three patients, one of whom was a midshipman who had been wounded several times and had had various operations, but re-

mained extremely cheerful and happy under it all. He will take a lot of killing, that youth. They had there loot from the Imperial Palace at Pekin, in the form of a tame deer, given by H.M.S. *Endymion*. It used to follow the doctor through the wards, but ate up all the flowers everywhere and did constant mischief, so it had been relegated to an enclosure, where it seemed very happy in the company of some turkeys, with which it seemed great friends. This naval hospital—its grounds overlooking the sea—and its inhabitants all seemed to me to be particularly bright and cheerful!

With the two German officers I made my first visit to a tea-house—that of the hundred and one steps, so widely known. As we arrived at the top of these steps the two little tea-house girls ran out to greet us and put coverings over our boots. As one of them—I forget her name, but she is a famous personage, known for years to people of all nations—stooped over my feet she exclaimed, "Oh, you are English!"

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"I know by your shape," she replied; but whether she meant the shape of my feet or my figure I don't know.

When we got inside and were sitting on the floor, as is the custom, I told her I was not English, and as she could not guess what I was, I said I was a Scotsman.

"Oh, I can sing you a Scottish song," she said; and then she sang "Auld Lang Syne," and "Coming thro' the Rye," and then German, French, and English songs! This is the oldest tea-house in Yokohama, and the albums kept are full of signatures or visiting cards pasted in, and this amusing young lady had something to say about most of the people.

Of course there were the names of hundreds

of naval men of all nations, and it was curious to come across here and there familiar names which brought back old memories. There was the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch of Russia, with Prince Nicholas Poutiatine and other officers and old friends of the Russian corvette *Rhynda*—like a little friendly greeting looking out of those pages. There was the Prince of Wales [late King Edward] and two sons, Prince Edward and Prince George [King George v.], and far too many other names to mention. [During the Russo-Japanese war this little tea-house girl was able to give much information concerning the numerous Russian officers she had known.]

I could not comfortably manage sitting on the floor, much to her amusement. She trotted out of the room and returned with a little stool with a cushion on top of it, so I thanked her, took it from her, and sat down on it, whereupon she and the two officers simply rolled about with laughter, the cause of which I could not guess; but feeling myself getting hotter and hotter, and smoke arising on either side, I suddenly discovered my seat was the little charcoal stove for tea, the teapot being meant to rest on the cushion on top!

As we sprawled on the ground this young person came and sat on me, and, like a child, began examining my scarf-pin, etc. At last she said, "Oh, you are married!"

"How do you know?"

"Because you are so quiet!"

Here was a revelation. Ladies may be consoled to think that when their husbands visit tea-houses in Japan they are nice and quiet. Because I was quiet she was sure I was married. When I informed her I was still a lone, lorn bachelor, she was undisturbed, and said she liked

me better than Dzjobek, who she said was "a rough-house man"; but we were to remember she was no "rough-house girl," and she proceeded to give us a dissertation on things Japanese. She was "middle class," she said, and the middle class were thoroughly respectable, but not in the least nobility. She described the geisha girl, who is trained up from a youthful age in all the arts and graces to be a conversationalist and entertainer. The geisha girls go out to Japanese dinners to sit behind or beside the guests to entertain them. Then there is the other nameless class of girl, who plays such a part in Japan and need not be further described, as all the world knows how the Japanese have solved that question, and the strange position occupied by the frail ones of their land. But it was amusing to hear this young person describing all these differences with the utmost sang-froid, intent only on making us realise that tea-house girls were thoroughly respectable and "middle class." How she libelled herself! That such a gay and joyous, such a bright and clever little person should be labelled with such terrible epithets as "respectable" and "middle class" is monstrous.

Nothing used to amuse me so much in Yokohama as the constant fires which always seemed to take place at night. The little wooden houses burnt like matchboxes; but they are all insured, their whole contents can be removed in a few minutes, and then the house can be easily rebuilt. So one saw the burnt-out owners sitting on their belongings at ease and appearing to enjoy the spectacle! The burning houses reflected in the canals; the chattering crowd all carrying lighted paper lanterns and trotting in long lines over the bridges really forms a wonderful picture. One of these fires took place beside and partly in

the Yoshiwara, that part of the town containing the best houses, wherein dwell apart the frail ladies, and it was a curious sight to see these painted little personages pouring out. But it was a painful sight to behold amongst them, and towering high above them, a tall, slim, fair-headed American girl—for, strange to say, it is not unusual in such places to find educated American girls lost to all sense of shame and everything else.

Every one is now familiar with Japanese houses—so often seen in "Japanese Villages" in exhibitions. But these houses in Japan were a source of unfailing delight to me, so wonderfully exact and beautiful is their workmanship—every sliding panel or window fitting to perfection, everything perfect in its utter simplicity. Yet *en masse* they are tiresome to behold, especially as the wood, being all unpainted and unvarnished, soon becomes grey and gives them a dilapidated look. The general effect, then, of a Japanese town is monotonous.

Everything is so perfectly clean. How charming that is! Even the coolies who run before your rickshaw have their daily hot bath—nay, are boiled daily! Probably the Japanese are the cleanest people existing. Bath-houses are everywhere, and the blind people act as shampooers, go about the street making a noise with their wooden stave, and can be called in as they pass any house.

Shopping! Need I tell any one what shopping means in Japan—what an irresistible occupation it is, and what wonders even modern Japan can display before you?

But the children's streets—whole streets given up to nothing but shops full of children's toys! And such toys! They fascinated me—each tiny

cheap—very cheap—little object was as perfectly made as if it had been a priceless cabinet. Tiny models of almost everything in Japan are to be found in the toy-shops. I spent days amongst these things, and if I had given way to my inclination would have had to carry home a whole shopful of things. Equally interesting were the other shops, with people at work in them on this or that, sitting or squatting beside a brazier with a bit of charcoal in it—the only way they had of warming themselves. But the brazier was often desirable in itself. Then always, in the poorest shop, the one perfect vase with its one beautiful flower or plant—there to satisfy the inborn artistic soul of its owner!

The floor of the shop is a couple of feet or so above the level of the street outside—that is of the real Japanese shop, not the up-to-date, Europeanised ones. The floor, of course, covered with the beautiful matting, cannot be walked on by our clumsy boots, as it is sat on by every one, and is even their dining-table. But I used to sit on the edge of the floor with my feet in the street outside and chat to the inmates for hours. In Yokohama almost every one knew a little English, and many knew it well. But essays at each other's languages and funny mistakes always produced delighted laughter. These people were so perfectly courteous, so cheery and cordial that I never could go by, and hour after hour would find me sitting here or there. People say the Japanese are not sincere, that all this is merely manner. It is certainly very charming manner. Why should it not be sincere? You are asking nothing of them, and they nothing of you—they are cheery, sociable, and charmingly mannered, seem to enjoy friendly chatting. I think them the most perfect-mannered people in the world. If you

are interested in them and their ways, they are interested in you and yours, and they loved to compare notes and laugh over our different views.

Who ever went to Japan that did not speak of its great glory—its women! They are often quite ugly or commonplace in feature, though sometimes, especially in the higher classes (the difference being marked), very delicately featured. It is their irresistible charm, their delicate, refined ways, and their beautiful, soft, low-toned voices which so fascinate. A pretty, graceful, European girl looks quite an awkward monster beside them. I do not believe there is anything more charming in the world than the "*Sayonara!*"—the farewell of the Japanese women, with the dear little "Please come again," in English at the end of it. What matters if it be but a polite, unmeaning phrase?—it is music to hear and makes you want to come again.

Quite insensibly you grow to adapt your manner to theirs, speak gently, feel inclined to be polite, and could not think of being loud-voiced or boisterous. Even when full of romping and high spirits it is in their own way.

Once, in a quiet street, I came across some Japanese girls learning to ride a bicycle—it is at any time a rather amusing sight—but those quaint little figures careering wildly, bicycle and all, into the arms of every passer-by, their peals of soft laughter and little cries—the gaiety of the thing was so infectious that you felt it quite natural to be as one of them and assist in the lesson, just as you would with children; and to them it seemed quite natural too.

I loved also to go to the railway station, watch a train come in and the people alight, and listen to the musical clatter and clang of their little wooden shoes.

I can understand some people not liking the Japanese—especially their men—but all were to me so charming in every way I never felt inclined to do anything but respond, though I was not blind to defects.

For instance, nothing was more disagreeable and objectionable than the universal custom of clearing their throats loudly and expectorating.

I shall never forget a charming little lady in a first-class saloon in the train coming from Tokio. Everything about her was so dainty, delicate, and fascinating. Every single man—all Europeans—in that long carriage was bending forward watching her; lost to everything but her charm. She smoked her tiny cigarette out of her tiny case—the little demure witch perfectly conscious of the interest she excited—but all of a sudden she leant forward and spat the whole length of the carriage into the spittoon at the end! Tableau! But I believe she did it on purpose, out of pure mischief.

Once I was buying photographs, and wanted some coloured ones they did not have, so the girl said they would colour them at once if I did not mind waiting. I never did mind waiting in Japan. She came to entertain me meanwhile, and, with perfect taste, considered the best way would be to tell me all about herself and her family. They were Christians—there are quite old Christian families in Japan—but yes, they went to the temples to amuse themselves. She had a sister studying at college in America. She herself longed for the day when they had such colleges in Japan for girls; but they would some day, as all Japanese wanted to improve themselves and learn. She told me all about her family and friends and their doings in the most simple and natural way—and on departure must pop in some tiny trifle with the photographs as

a souvenir, must shake hands and say, "Please come again and talk more."

Japanese all study, learn, and want to improve themselves—that alone in itself is a wonderful thing. Most Europeans are entirely satisfied with themselves, don't want to learn anything, and have no idea they could be improved. Think over it, and you will understand many things.

But I spoke of the children's streets. What am I to say of the children? In those streets they swarm, all at play; so many you can scarce get through them. But, if a little one is flying a kite and the string accidentally comes across you, the quaint little bow and apology delights you. The stupidest man steps aside so as not to interfere with them, or stands smiling to watch them. As for me!—well, children anywhere know me instantly as one of themselves, and one that can be taken possession of at once. I love their queer little minds, all their quibs and pranks, their love of little secrets and mysteries, and their unbounded imaginations. They see through me, though—and I am always a victim. So in Japan I could never keep away from the children, and might have been seen sitting for hours on the ledge of a shop watching them.

Japan has many newspapers — some in Japanese, some in English and Japanese. These are well known.

But there are others, sometimes tiny leaflets only, also partly in English and partly in Japanese, which circulate only amongst themselves. I got them to collect a number of these for me, and wonderful they were. They discuss their own manners, defects, faults, ask questions on etiquette, ask to have this or that quotation from an author or poet explained or verified—all in such a naïve way, and the editor answers everything.

These are the little shop-keeping people, mind. Could you imagine one of this class *here*, writing to ask the meaning of some very involved lines from Chaucer? and from Browning also—yet those are the questions. There was even a discussion on the expectorating habit—the Europeans said it was disgusting, unhealthy, and so on—should they not abandon it if it was unpleasing to others?

Somehow all these little papers drew me very closely to the Japanese—revealed traits I might not have known otherwise. There were, however, many other things which gave me an insight into the ideals some Japanese set before themselves. I will here, too, quote some lines from a poem by the Emperor of Japan—

> *"The thing we want*
> *Is hearts that rise above life's worries 'like*
> *The sun at morn, rising above the clouds,*
> *Splendid and strong."*

Of course I went to Kawasaki and saw Kobo Daishi's image—carved by himself when in China, thrown into the sea, drifted to Japan and caught in a fisherman's net, and which then performed miracles—and the village fairs round the temples under the trees formed like junks; was constantly on the Noge-yama full of its Shintu and Buddhist shrines, and its gaily clothed girls sauntering amidst the cherry trees just coming into blossom; went walks and drives everywhere—often with Captain Heinrich and Lieutenant Dzjobek.

I went up and down to Tokio—admired the Mikado's fortress palace, and the beautiful masonry of what remains of the Yasiki or mansions of the great Daimyos; went to this and that temple; disliked the unbuilt spaces here and there in the town and the hideous public buildings in the worst German taste; marvelled at the

odd costumes of the men and their penchant for impossible European hats and caps—but it is useless to attempt to describe the things scores of books have been written about, and which have been pictured thousands of times.

Shiba Park, with its temples and tombs, is by now quite a familiar name in England. Strange it is to think that Kei Ki, the last of the Tokugawa Shoguns, still lives in retirement at Tokio. That marvellous page of Japanese history has no equal in any other land.

As I examined the Kamo-asi, the three-leaved Asarum, which is the crest of the Shoguns, I was rejoiced to think that I had acquired things that bore that mark—and there in the place of honour in the great temple is a beautiful silken cover with the Tokugawa crest, presented by the Emperor—and I have its counterpart. The crest of the Mikado is, of course, the sixteen-leaved chrysanthemum. Shiba, Ueno, Asakusa, Kwannon—who does not know them now? Ueno—called Kimon, or "the Devil's Gate," so famous for its cherry blossom, is regarded as the most unlucky part of the whole world. Here it was that a son of the Mikado was kept in seclusion by the Shoguns in case they should want him to reign.

In the museum the Christian relics are interesting—the rosaries and the medals of Christ and the Virgin set in blocks of wood, on which suspected Christians had to stand and deny their faith—or be killed! They say the Dutch frequently stood on them and swore they were not Christians.

I never cared for the saké in the tea-houses, and disliked the tea; but swallowed gallons of both for the sake of the *beaux yeux* and the silver speech of the women of Japan—and showed very good taste in doing it!

When the Germans were first established at Kiaochou, and in the full flush of their pride in the achievement, they sent an order to Japan for three hundred Japanese girls for the use of the soldiers! The answer they got surprised them!

The Japanese were furious; told them the Japanese women were not commodities to be bought and sold—a mere article of export—but were the honour and the glory of their land.

But about Japan I shall write no more. The books about it are legion. I would only urge others to go, look and learn for themselves ere all the charm is gone; for some of the modern "improvements" are very conspicuous and not at all artistic. The telegraph wires and poles, for instance, are more than evident, and disfigure many places, some of which seem all poles and wires.

Sufficient to say that I revelled in Japan, the little I saw of it. It was very cold at times, and Japanese inns inland were unbearably so at the time. The heat of a charcoal brazier was never sufficient for me, and I have always particularly disliked charcoal fumes. All the trivialities that amused me would be tedious to read—and more, Japan is not a country to read about; it is a country to see. Each one must see and judge for himself.

Europeans resident in Japan make many complaints about the Japanese—I dare say they have cause. But the passer-by is not so affected, and, if a mere pleasure-pilgrim like me, may as well give himself or herself up to the charm and ignore all else.

The hotel at Yokohama being rather full, a young Scotsman was placed at my table one night, who introduced himself, saying he had known me by name and sight for years, had seen me at German watering-places, in Scotland, in London, more lately in Ceylon, and Hong-Kong,

and now found himself at my table in Yokohama : So goes the world ! I had no recollection of seeing him anywhere, but he knew all about me.

Again I had to move onwards, and to say good-bye with regret to places and people. There was dear Paul Heinrich remaining out in the East as flag-lieutenant to the German Admiral in those seas ; when he came to say farewell as I embarked we wondered when and where we were to meet again, or if ever.

[Many have been the meetings since—in Berlin, on his ship at Kiel, on his ship at Corfu—dinners and suppers here and there—drives through the old olive woods and orange groves of the fair Ionian Isle, watching the peasants dance the slow, rhythmical dance they danced in Old Greece thousands of years ago—and but the other day when he was here with his Imperial master, saunters in Piccadilly, dining at the Ritz—supping at the Royal Automobile Club — what different scenes and memories !]

I was returning to England by America and Canada. My intention was to go from Japan to San Francisco. At the last moment I felt quite impelled to change my mind, and despite remonstrances from every one, determined to go by Vancouver, and could have given no reason. Every time I thought of San Francisco something within me said, " Don't go ! " and I let myself be guided by this feeling, this instinct—what was it ?

The boat I was to have taken to San Francisco was wrecked at the Golden Horn and most of her passengers drowned !

Indeed, people at home, knowing I proposed going by her, for a time thought I was one of the victims. When I returned I told them I thought them all looking very well in spite of their great loss!

So it was *Saronaya* to Japan—and the last

words were, "Please come back again"—who cares if they were meant, they were pleasant to hear, pleasant to remember, and made me want to go again.

Auf Wiedersehen you pleasant, kindly land of gentle manners, of cherry blossoms, of quaint little children—you land of smiling, soft-voiced women! I liked you all—I bear you in faithful remembrance, and for your sake I am ever a friend to Da Nippon. *Saronaya!*

On the 22nd of February I left for Vancouver by the *Empress of India*. Usually the ship at this date encountered a blizzard and was coated with ice. This did not happen, so it was said to be a wonderful trip—but it was continually wet, and icy winds blew down on us from Arctic latitudes, and it was dull. Passengers were not numerous—some pleasant enough, and some I had known before.

For hours I used to pace the wet deck with a couple of Japanese gentlemen, Messrs. Sugawa and Nishimura—wonderfully clever, well-informed men, knowing a great deal more about every subject than I did about one. You could not mention a country, a place, or a thing, but they knew all about it. They talked to me even about queer old feudal land laws and customs in the Scottish Highlands which one would have imagined that no one but the unhappy lairds who suffer under them would know.

Whilst I was in Japan and all the East was full of the passing away of Queen Victoria, a question was raised in the Japanese parliament as to whether the Court and people should go into complimentary mourning. It seems, when the Emperor's mother died, no notice was taken of it by our Court or people—Japan was hurt. But the people had settled the question

of mourning for Queen Victoria themselves, and all Japan was in mourning. The shops were hung with black, purple, and mauve crêpe, and Queen Victoria's portrait also so adorned, and with often a green wreath laid across it, was in every window. The sympathy, good feeling, and taste the Japanese showed should not be forgotten.

There is another thing to remember. During the long period during which the Boer War was waged, Japan and her people took our side, stuck to us through thick and thin, lauded our successes, and minimised our mistakes. No nation ever showed to another such loyal faith. We had not many such friends. Why forget it? Japan simply stood for us and by us through it all.

There was an American, Mr. Duncan, on the *Empress of India*, bound for San Francisco. Why did he come by Vancouver? I asked. Whilst he could sail on a British ship with a British captain there was no chance of his going with any other, was his answer. He had crossed the Atlantic *sixty times* without mishap.

There was also an American millionaire on board, the Mr. Collbrand who played such a part in Korea for a time. He was fully conscious of the important part he had taken in things there, or perhaps it was his millions he was conscious of.

It was spring almost when, on the 6th March, we touched the shores of Canada in that part they call British Columbia, of which the capital is Victoria, with 25,000 inhabitants—situated on the southern extremity of Vancouver Island. Esquimault Harbour in the vicinity is our naval station on the North Pacific.

At a quarantine station all the Chinese on board were landed, turned into a building, stripped, fumigated, and their clothes were piled up outside and fumigated also. We passengers were

all leaning over the taffrail watching this, when suddenly the doors of the fumigation room were opened and out poured all the Chinese in their natural khaki, much to our amusement.

Vancouver city, the terminus of the C.P.R., on the mainland, has 25,000 inhabitants (1901). Until May 1886 its site was covered by a dense forest. In two months it had grown quite a town, then a fire destroyed every house save one. It lies on the fine Coal Harbour, a widening of Burrard Inlet. It is easy to see what a fine city is to be here one day.

I found the Vancouver hotel large, comfortable enough, but ordinary. Stanley Park is the Government reservation, and contains very old and gigantic trees—what a magnificent land, another of the heritages of the British race. Wonderful people!—how they attack every remote wilderness and in no time make it theirs. No wonder they are proud of their new land and their work—it makes the spectator proud to belong to such a race. Only the fittest of a nation could do what these people do.

Ere I left the ship I was summoned to the baggage-room and pointed out all my numerous trunks and cases; shuddering at the thought of what I should have to undergo in the Custom-House. But having done that, and every one being busy, I was handed a check for the things, told it was all right, and bundled out.

When I boarded the famous trans-continental railway on 7th March, bound for Montreal, every one seemed surprised to find me wandering about with that check asking for my baggage, and I was told it was "all right"—so I worried no more, had nothing to do with any custom-house, and embarked, wondering whether I was not leaving my luggage behind. I had two companions on the

journey—a Mr. Aitken and Captain Farquhar, who had been A.D.C. to Lord Lamington in Queensland. A fellow-passenger, who had something to do with the railway, came and ordered the negro car-attendants, very brusque personages, to look after us well, and I, particularly, was entrusted to their care. In fact, I was so looked after at Vancouver that I was perfectly confused as to where I was—had not had time to even plan out what I wanted to do, but somehow found myself bound for Montreal. I really had had ideas of staying at Vancouver for a time, but just submitted to the attentions of others and allowed myself to be taken about and eventually put on the train, all my "Buts" being interrupted with "That's all right—you come along!"

So at 1 p.m. we started. I soon had a view of Mt. Baker, 14,000 feet high, and we were winding about through tunnels and round spurs, always ascending amidst rivers, forests of magnificent trees, and wild scenery. At North Bend (425 feet) we dined at 5.50 p.m. in the refreshment-room—turkey being the fare. It was very cold outside and the train very warm inside. Till bedtime we climbed about amidst forests and mountains. It was when bedtime came that I first realised that I really knew nothing about this famous C.P.R. line or its ways. I had meant to make myself acquainted with everything in Vancouver. There was a little smoking-room. There were also state rooms, for which you had to pay very large sums, and my companions remonstrated with me when I wanted to hire one of these; so I did as they did, and most reluctantly consented to occupy one of the rows of berths in the long cars formed by turning up the seats. Like berths on a ship, there is one above the other, and I took a top one. Curtains hung in front. You had

to get into this berth, undress and dress in it in the most uncomfortable way; and all along the car legs and arms every now and then protruded out of the bulging curtains. The coloured attendants would not permit us to undress outside these curtains, though there were few people in the long car. Of course, I could not sleep—never can under such circumstances.

How I hated that car and that weary journey! At 7.25 in the morning we were at Glacier House (4122 feet up), with the pyramidal peak named "Sir Donald" after Lord Strathcona, rising above the hotel, and the glacier near by. A little later Rogers' Pass (4275 feet), discovered by Major A. Rogers in 1883, before which time no human foot is supposed to have penetrated to the summit of the Selkirks. It is all very fine, but dreadfully monotonous—the spruce, Douglas firs, and cedars grow to great heights—it is grand, silent, still, almost no sign of life. I called the car attendant up and, much to his amusement, demanded why stuffed Indians, grizzly bears and things were not posed about to give local colour, and let us photograph them from the train? They would make striking pictures; you would not have time to see they were not alive, and think how interesting for the passengers! I am astonished the C.P.R. does not attend to this—especially at Six-Mile-Creek and Bear Creek and such places. We lunched at Field, crossed the Great Divide where a stream trickles down on one side to the Pacific and on the other to Hudson's Bay, and at 1.15 were at Stephen (5296 feet), the summit station of the Rockies. Then at Laggan you become an hour older or younger, according to which way you are going, though I cannot say I felt any different, and Captain Farquhar and Aitken looked just the same—so did the scenery.

everywhere as we went on descending, and the monotony was most boring.

Do not let it be supposed I did not realise the grandeur of this human work and all it means, but scenery viewed from an incessantly moving train—scenery advancing on you and then receding—leaves no clear impression on the mind, I was very tired of it, and there were few passengers to vary the monotony. When we got to Brandon (1150 feet) at 8 a.m. on the morning of the 10th, and I learnt we had done 1349 miles of the journey, I rejoiced so much at least was over.

At Winnipeg we made a stop of some time. The minute I alighted from the train I was greeted by name by a stranger, who handed me an envelope with a ticket, informed me my berth on the *Majestic*, leaving New York on such a date, was No. So-and-so, that I would find my baggage there "all right," and vanished at once. I had not asked any one to get me a berth on the *Majestic*, and was perfectly blank as to what unseen person or persons were doing everything for me. Then a newspaper interviewer addressed me as Captain Farquhar, so I referred him to that gentleman's valet, who was standing by, and he gave the interview!

It was Sunday. Snow and slush were everywhere as I walked the melancholy-looking streets; the church bells ringing and crowds of Scottish people in their Sunday best going to church with just the same dismal Sabbath face they assume in Scotland. I was depressed to the ground. I have not the slightest idea what Winnipeg is really like—I saw only snow, slush, and dismal Sabbath faces, so boarded the train and looked no more. As it has 50,000 people, is the capital of Manitoba, a chief port of the Hudson's Bay Company, and is at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, both navigable for steamboats, it can be imagined

my fleeting impression of Winnipeg does it injustice—but that is all I saw of it. On 11th March we were passing along Lake Superior, and the following day arrived at Montreal, I exceedingly thankful those dreary six days in that train were over! As we passed through the great plains—impressive in their immensity—one heard at every station strong Scottish accents and saw Scottish faces. It is surely the Scot who has made Canada what she is.

Montreal was so deep in snow, houses covered, great mounds of it piled high on either side of the streets, which were so slippery one could scarce keep one's feet, that I formed no definite idea of this handsome city. The cold was terrific, and really, after my 2906 miles of train, I could not rise to any enthusiasm over the place. The people tobogganing did not, however, seem to mind the frigid atmosphere.

The hotel was large, overheated, and contained a strange collection of beings, who afforded some speculation and interest. The people in the shops would not or could not speak English, and as I declined to speak French in a British city I only made one purchase, and was sorry afterwards I made that. It had been my intention to visit the "City of Mackellar," but learning it had only 500 inhabitants, and being pressed for time, I decided to let it grow a little first.

So one night I left Montreal at 8 p.m., spent an uncomfortable night in the train, and arrived at New York at 8.55 in the morning.

I did not like New York, and merely remained a week there till the *Majestic* sailed for England.

The passengers and the voyage were devoid of interest; and Liverpool, on arrival, was in the throes of a blizzard, so that my home-coming was not particularly cheerful.

L'ENVOI

If there be any who have travelled with me through all these lands I have written about, I thank them for their good-nature, and their endurance of my many moods.

I have treated them almost as if they were intimate friends with whom one need not be formal, because I know the world I live in, and that there are still in it many kindly *human* beings who respond to friendly greetings; and to them I now bid Farewell.

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